

GOOKIE

NO 23
FEB.-
MAR.

10¢

The Funniest Kid in Town...

NOW
IF THAT GUY THAT
SOUNDS LIKE HE'S
DYIN' WOULD DROP
DEAD, THIS WOULDN'T
BE BAD!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

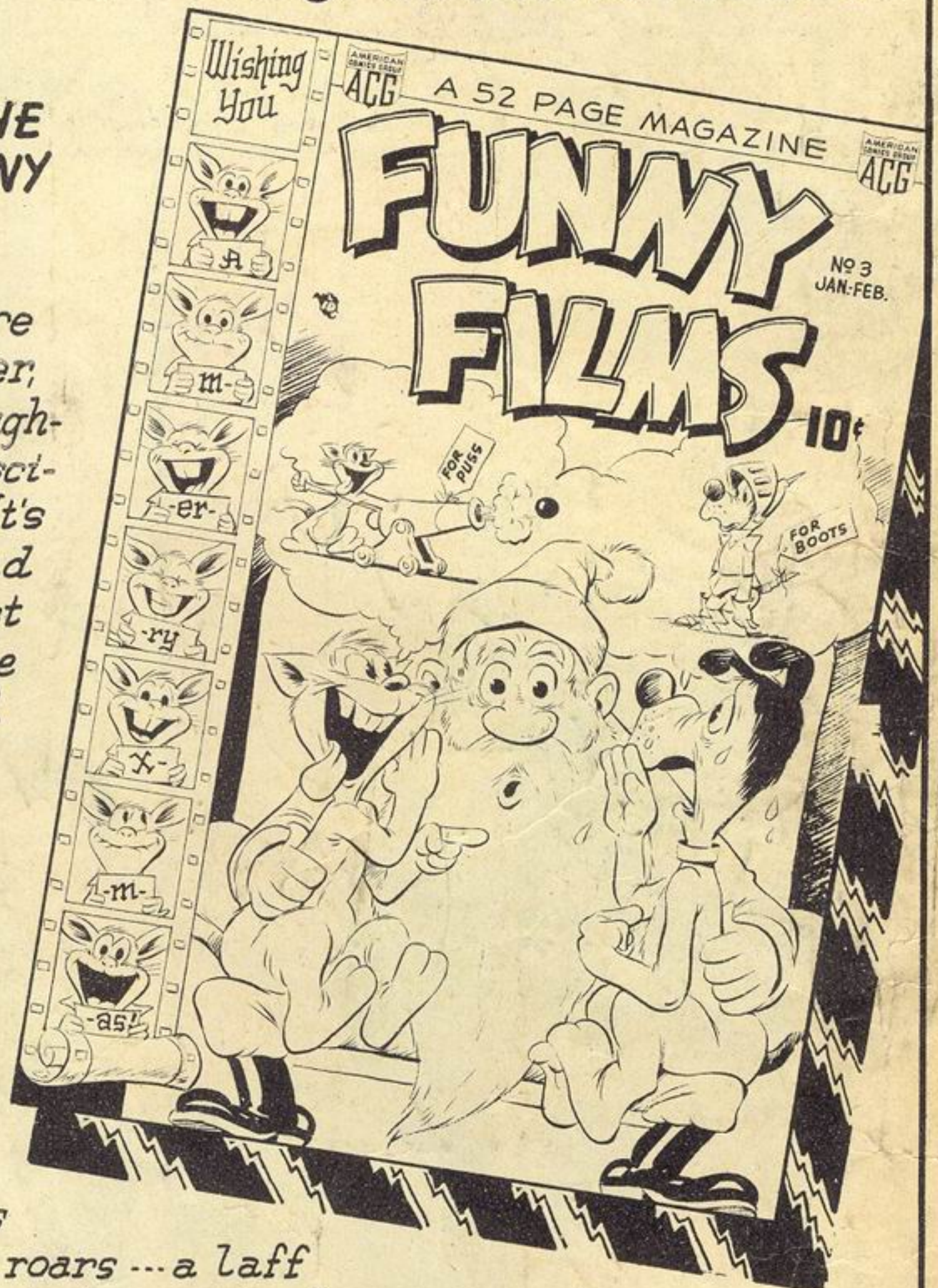
Announcing SOMETHING NEW... SOMETHING DIFFERENT!

...A mirthful magazine that brings the MOVIES to YOU!

9¢ FUNNY FILMS ...THE
FIRST REAL NOVELTY IN FUNNY
ANIMAL COMICS!

You've roared at moving picture cartoons...now, for the first time ever, see them brought to life in the laugh-packed pages of the funniest, most fascinating book in the history of comics! It's turned out by the very writers and artists who produce Hollywood's most hilarious hits! And now they bring the movies **RIGHT INTO YOUR HOME!**

FUNNY FILMS features characters such as you've laughed at on the screen... in rollicking **LAFF MOVIES** that'll stretch you in the aisles! From cover to cover, it's chockful of the very type of mad, gay antics that your theatre charges high prices for! Full of racy, riotous roars... a laff a second guaranteed... and a host of sensational surprises that you'll **NEVER** forget! So remember... you don't have to go to the movies anymore to see the best in cartoon comics... **WE'RE BRINGING THE MOVIES TO YOU!**



They're
all in... **FUNNY
FILMS**

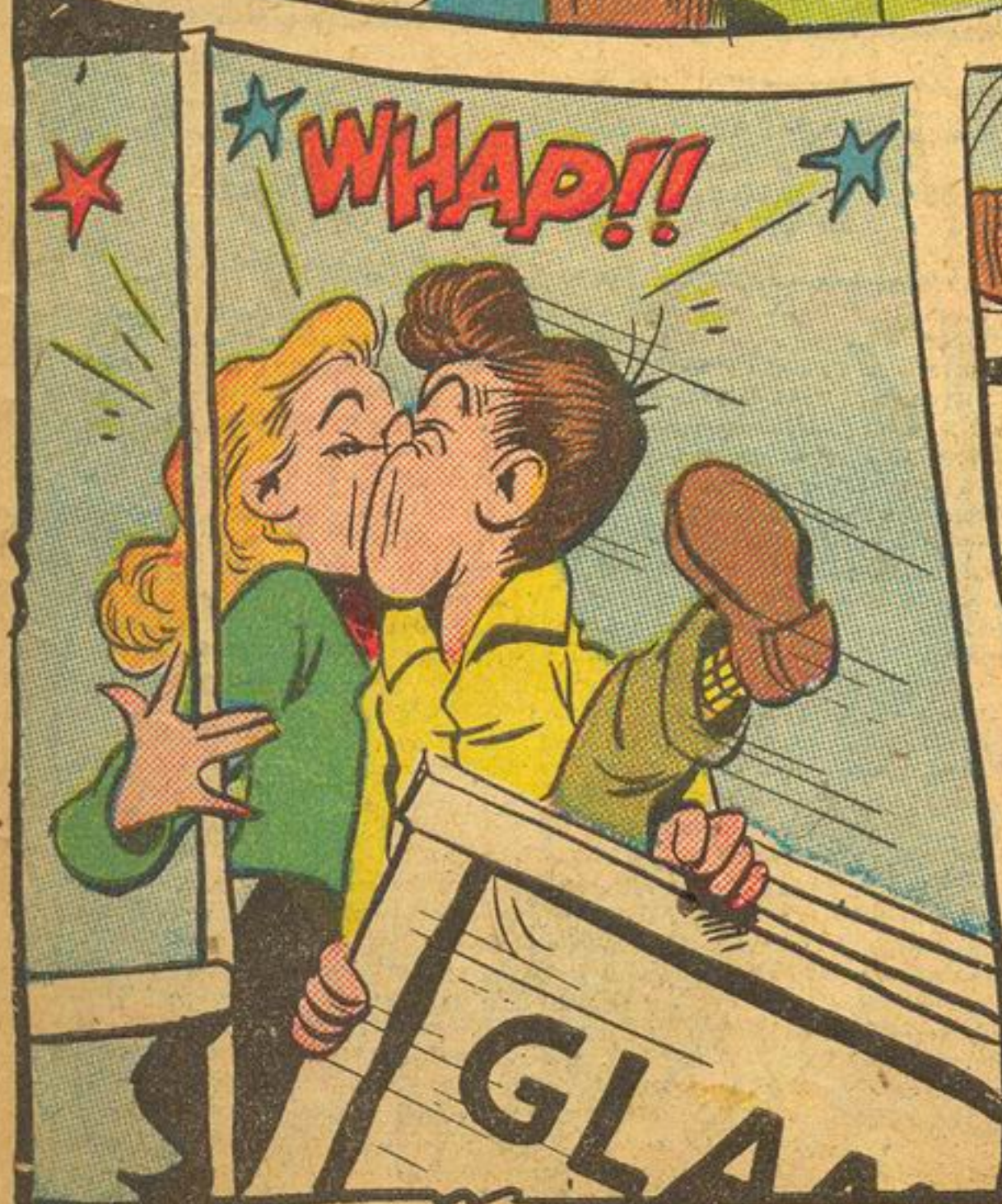
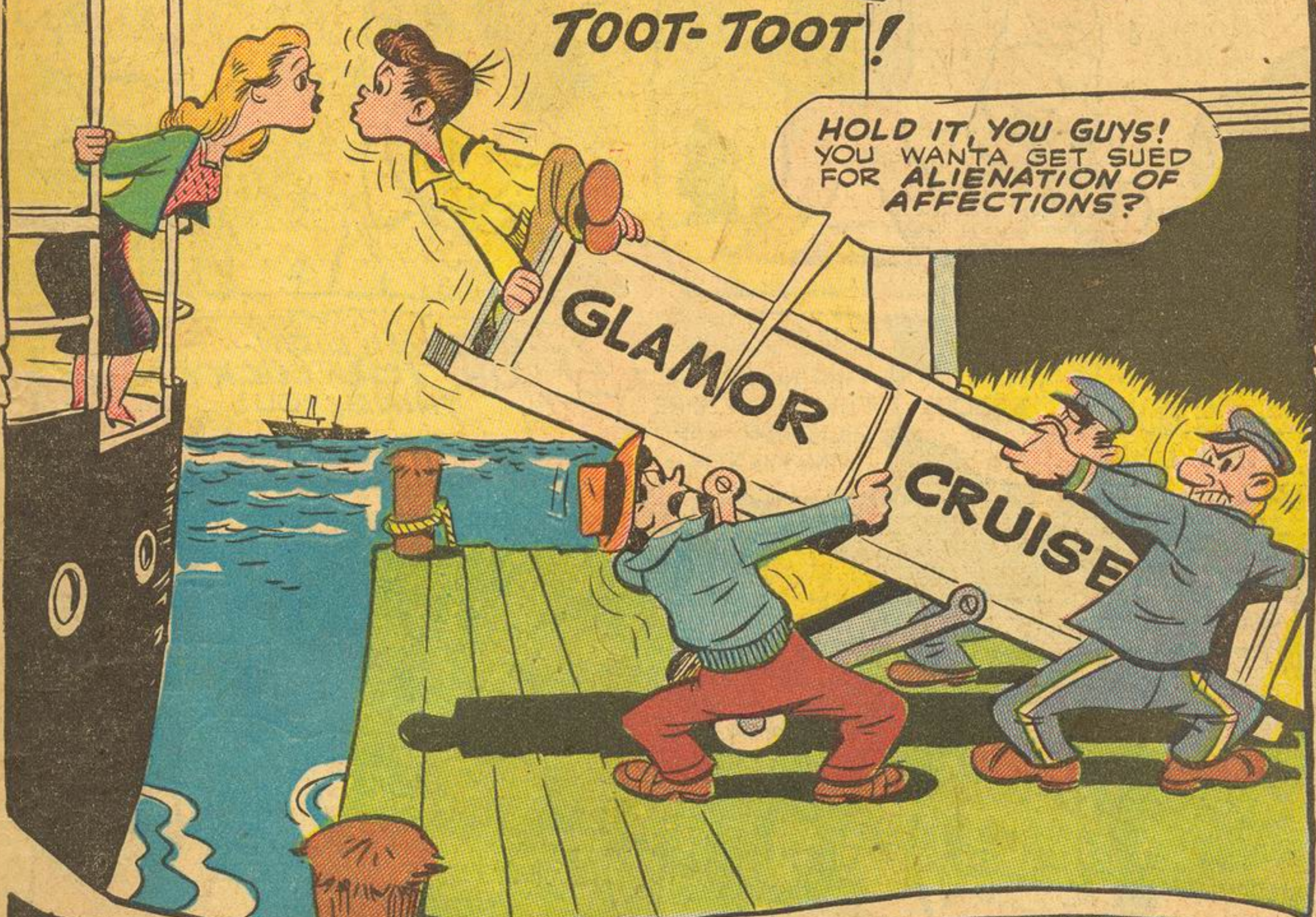
10¢
ON ALL
STANDS

COOKIE

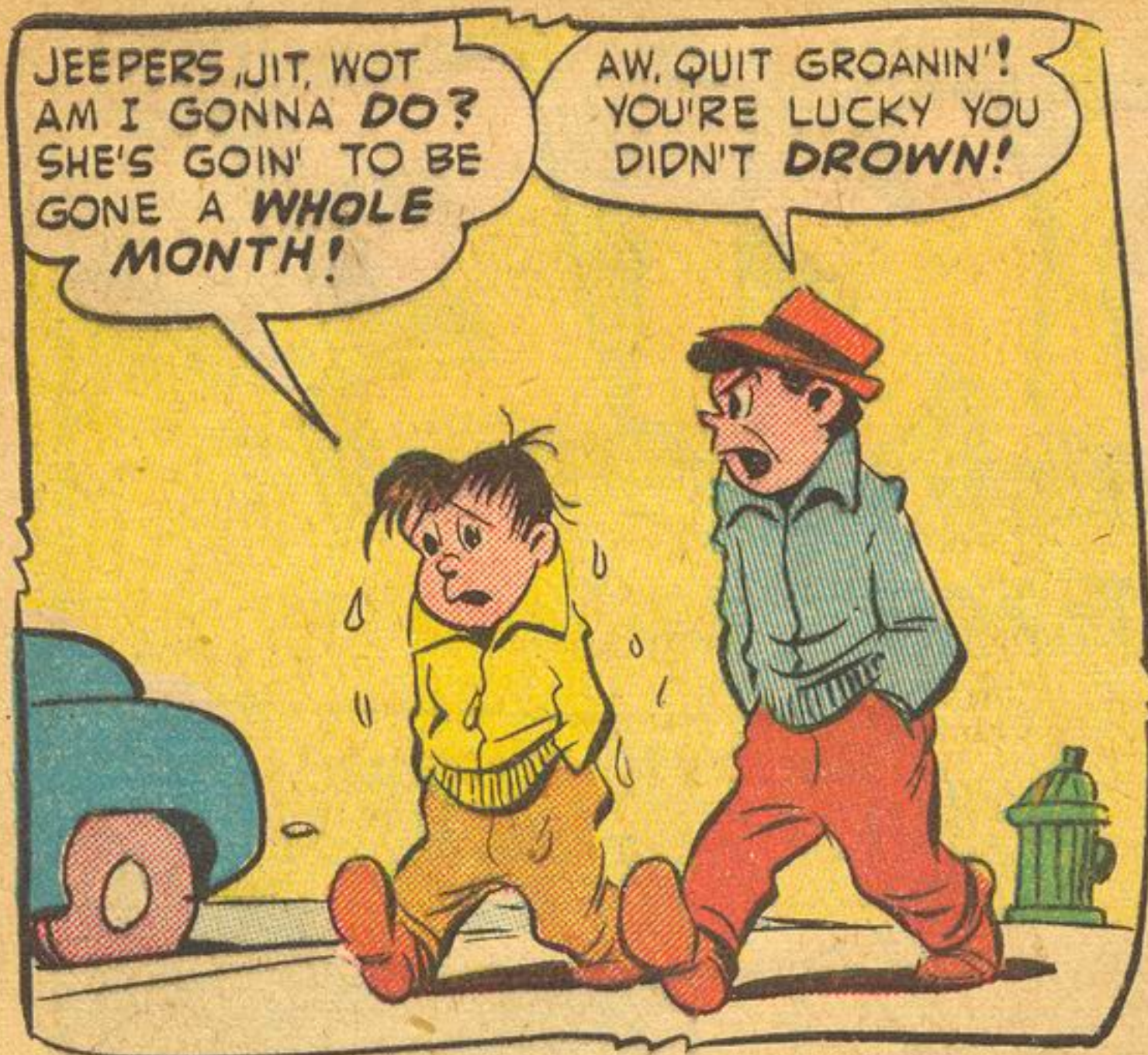
ALL ABOARD!

TOOT-TOOT!

HOLD IT, YOU GUYS!
YOU WANTA GET SUED
FOR ALIENATION OF
AFFECTIONS?



LEGGO OF
THAT
GANGPLANK,
YOU!



JEEPERS, JIT, WOT
AM I GONNA **DO**?
SHE'S GOIN' TO BE
GONE A **WHOLE**
MONTH!

AW, QUIT GROANIN'!
YOU'RE **LUCKY** YOU
DIDN'T **DROWN!**



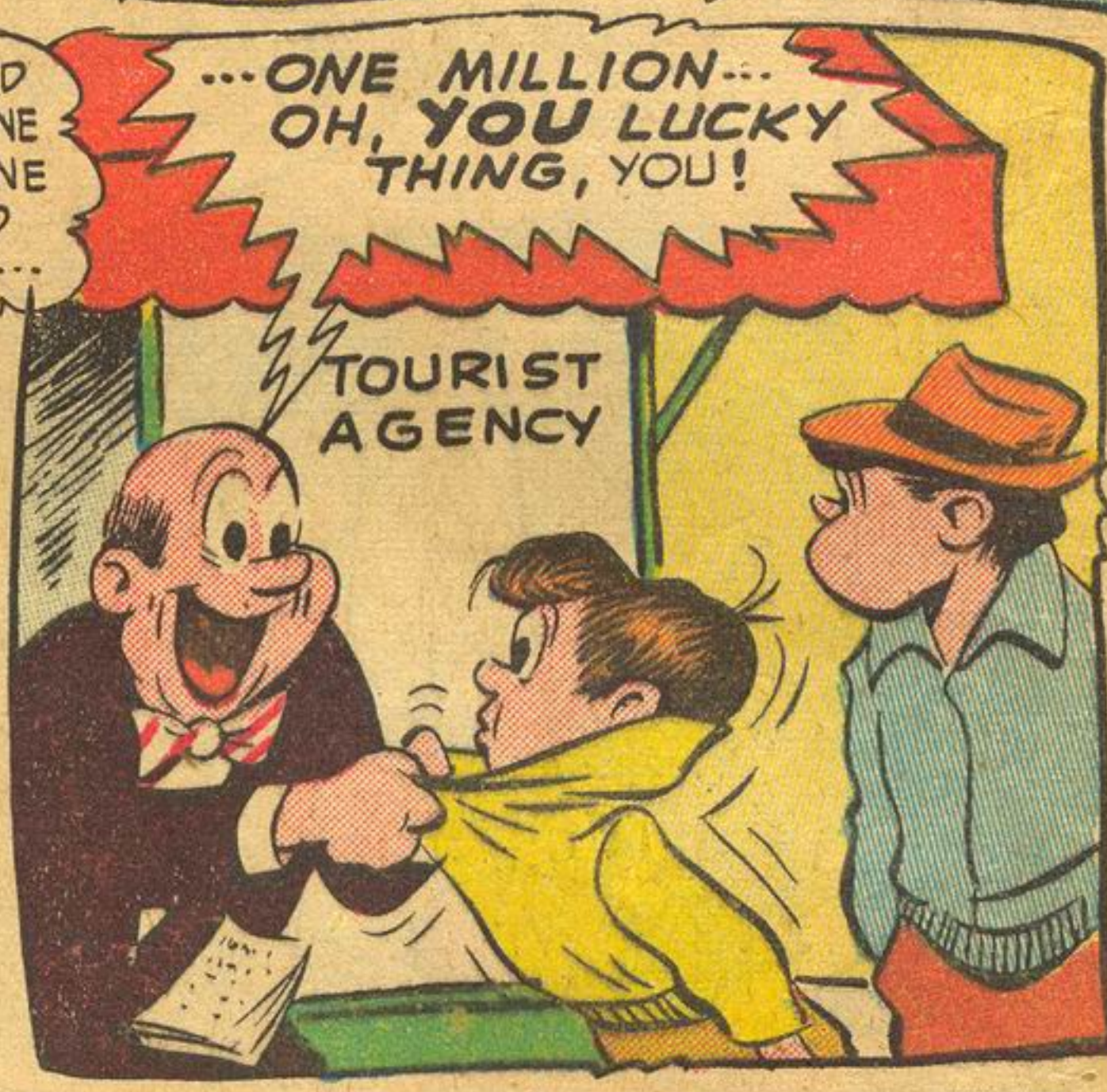
LUCKY!! DO YOU CALL IT **LUCKY**
TO KNOW THAT YOUR BEST GIRL IS
GOING ON A CRUISE TO A TROPICAL
ISLAND **CRAWLIN'** WITH **HANDSOME**
LATIN LOTHARIOS?

I GUESS NOT!



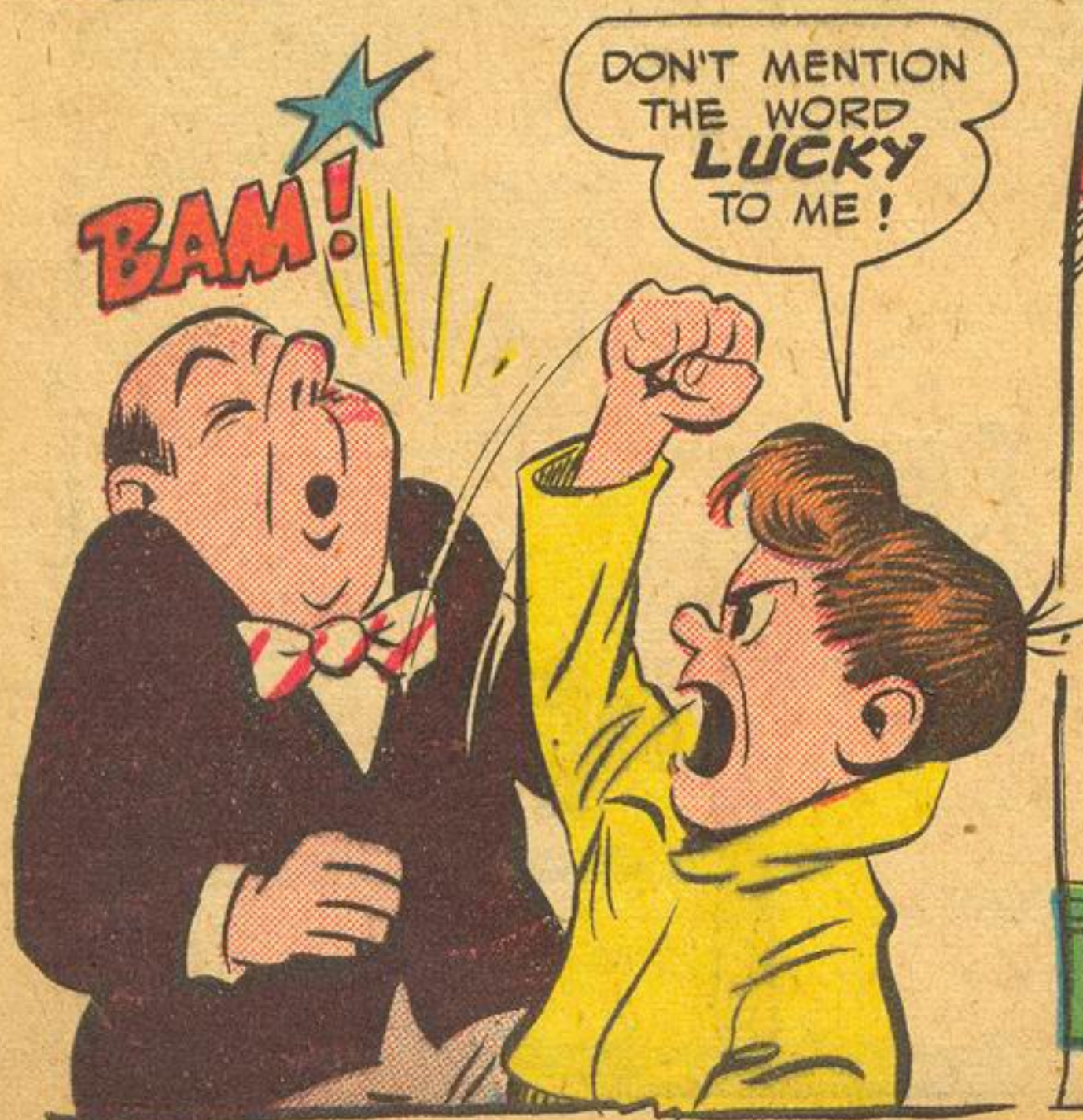
LUCKY! BALONEY... THE
NEXT GUY THAT TELLS
ME I'M **LUCKY** IS GOIN'
TO GET **PUNCHED IN**
THE NOSE!

...NINE HUNDRED
AND NINETY-NINE
THOUSAND NINE
HUNDRED AND
NINETY-NINE...



...**ONE MILLION...**
OH, YOU LUCKY
THING, YOU!

TOURIST
AGENCY



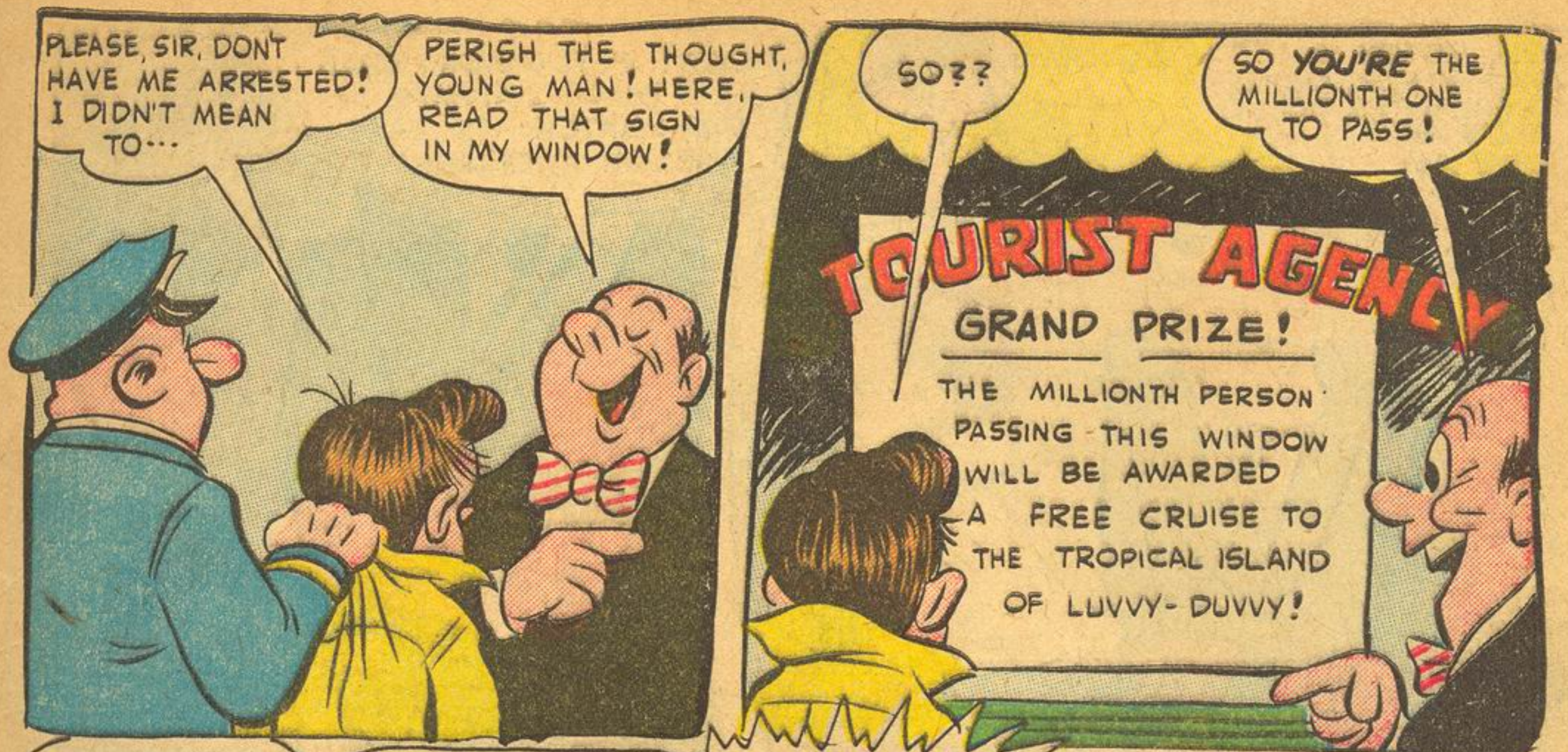
BAM!

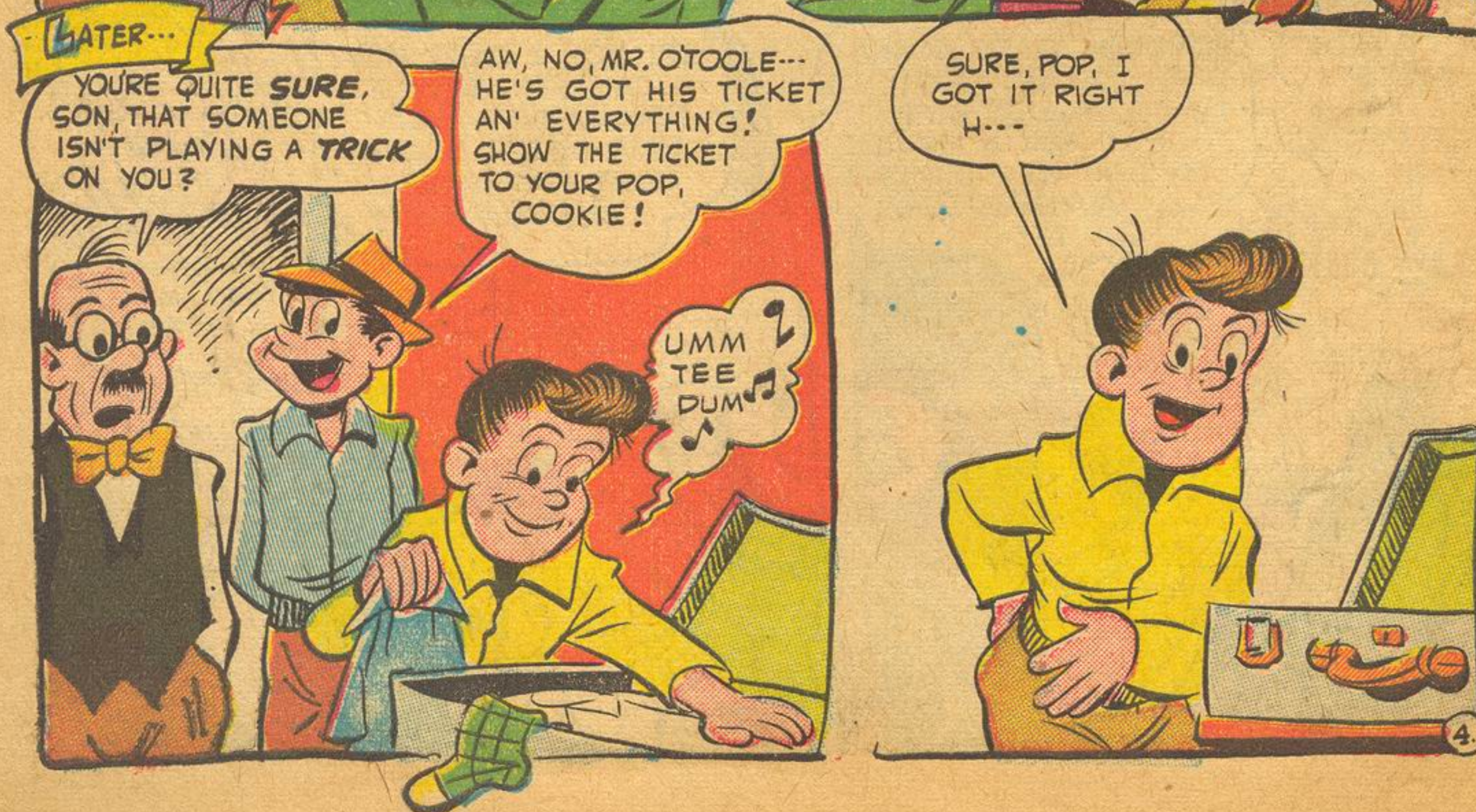
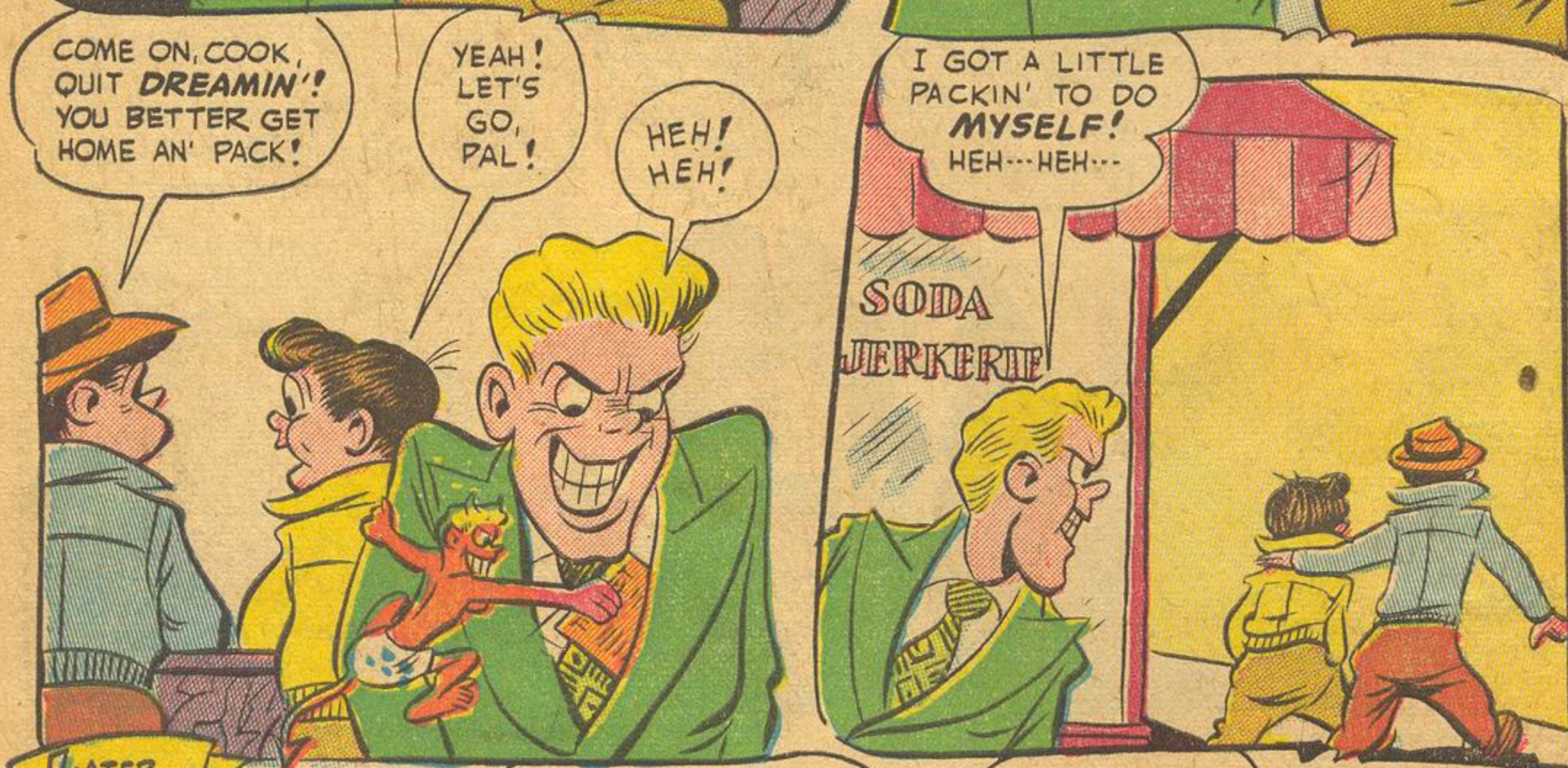
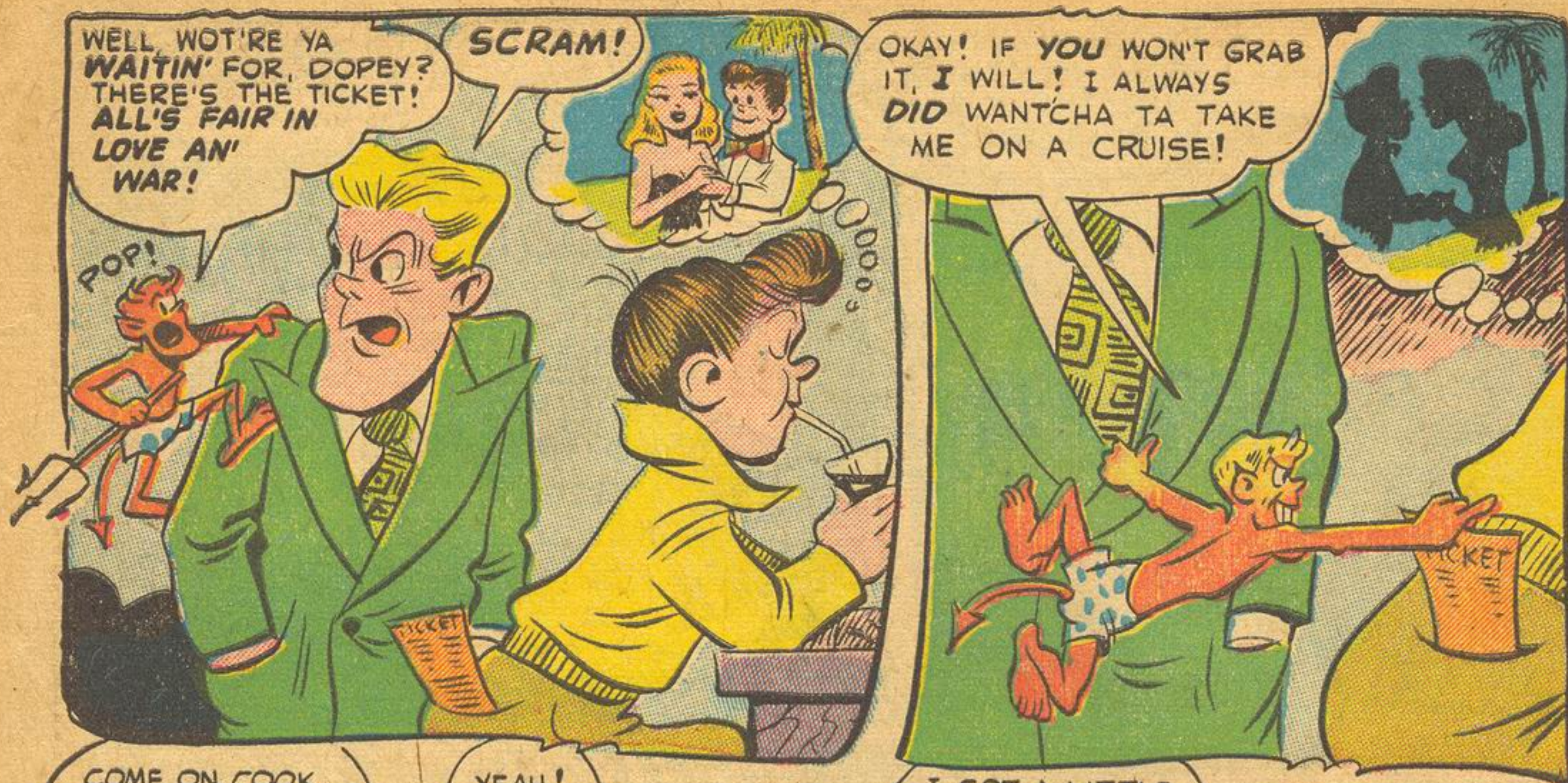
DON'T MENTION
THE WORD
LUCKY
TO ME!

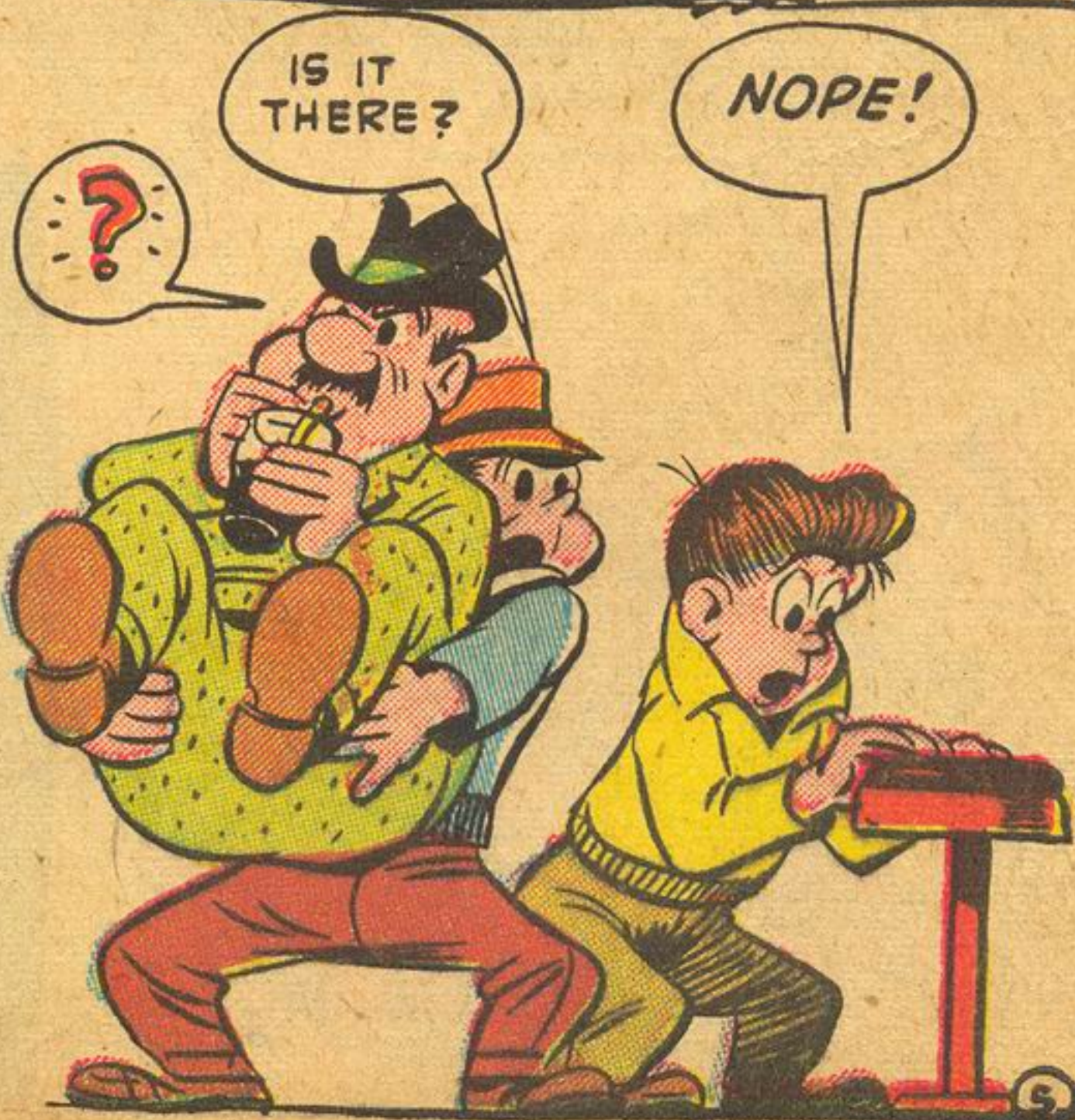
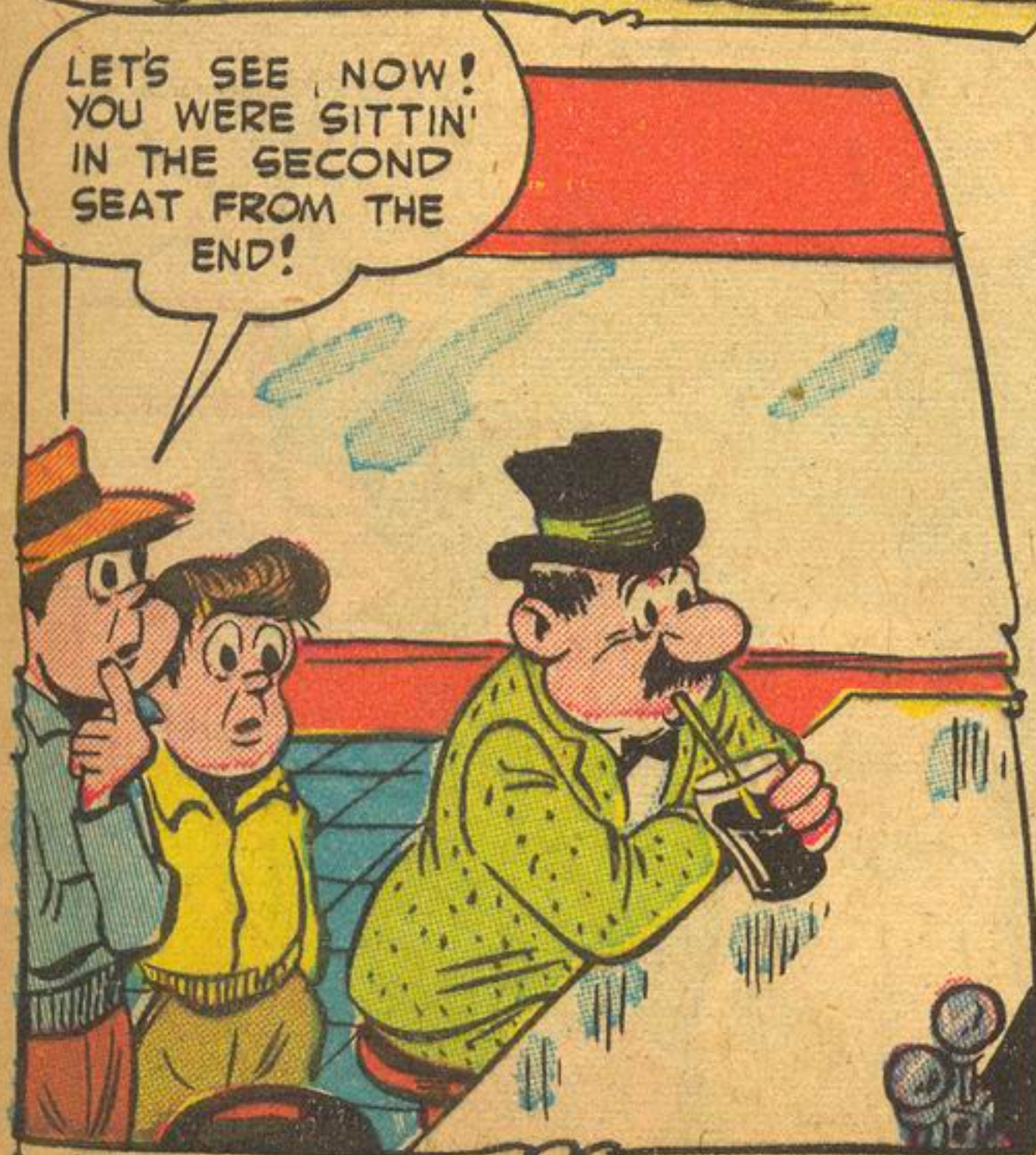
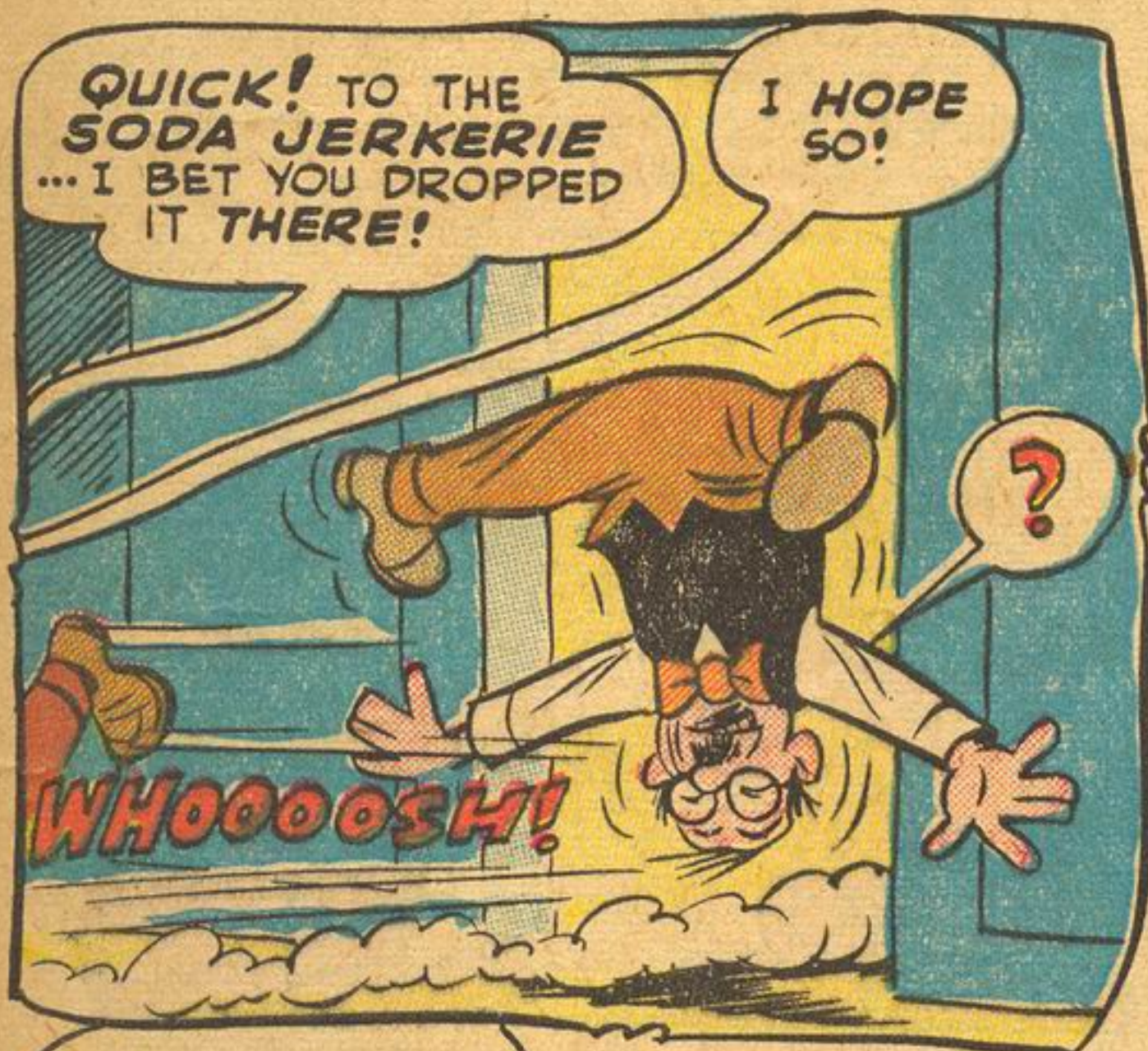
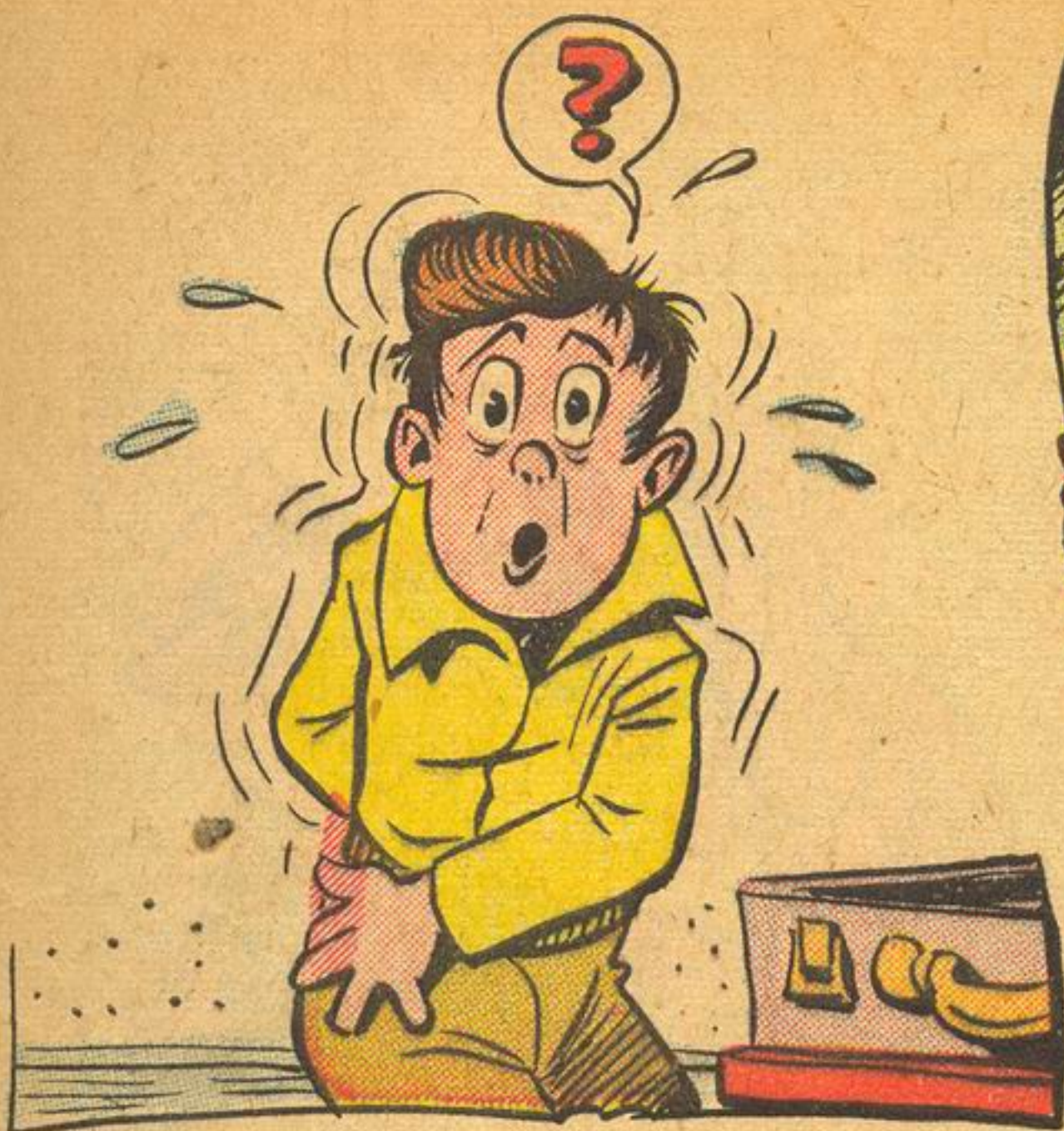


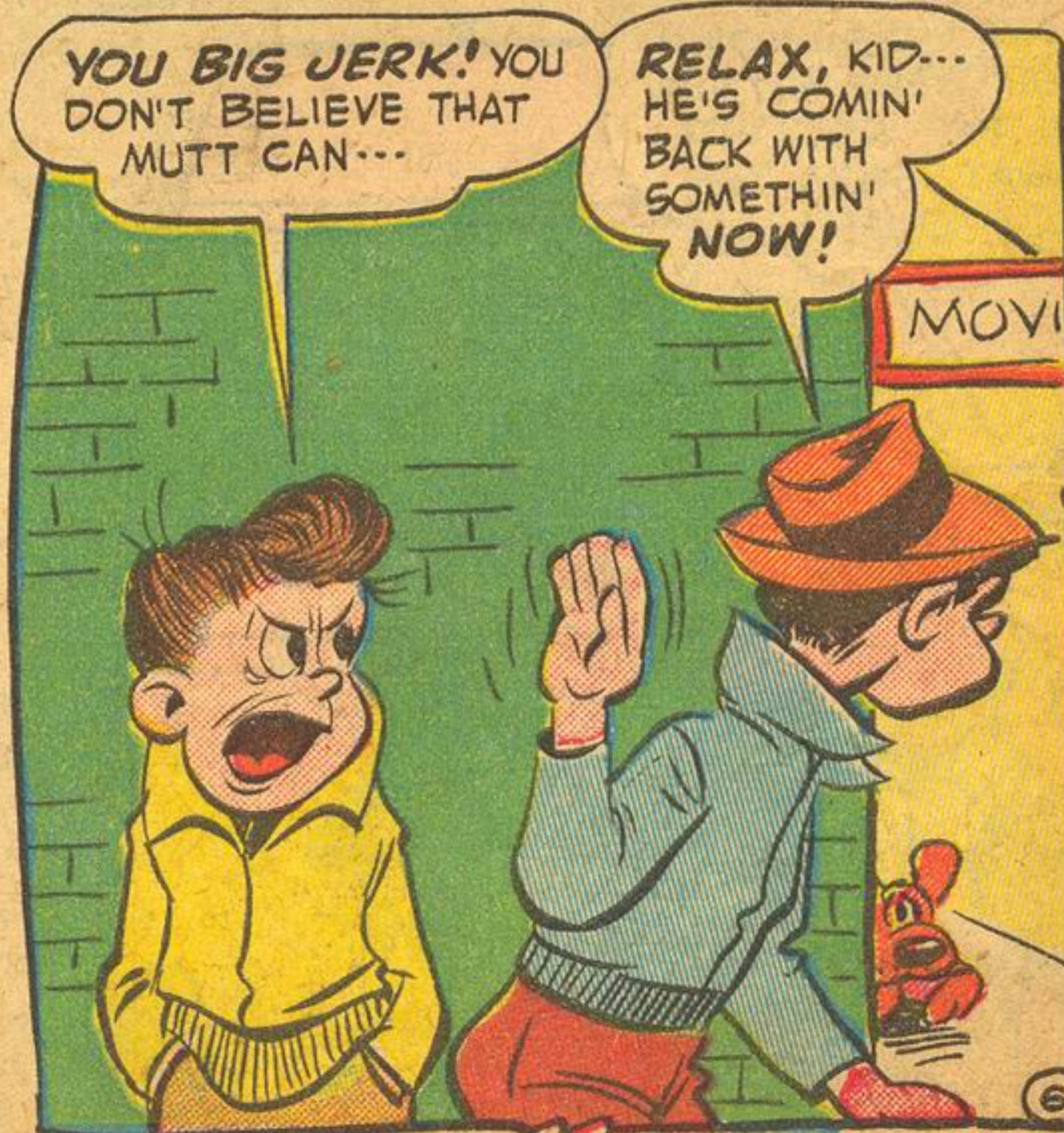
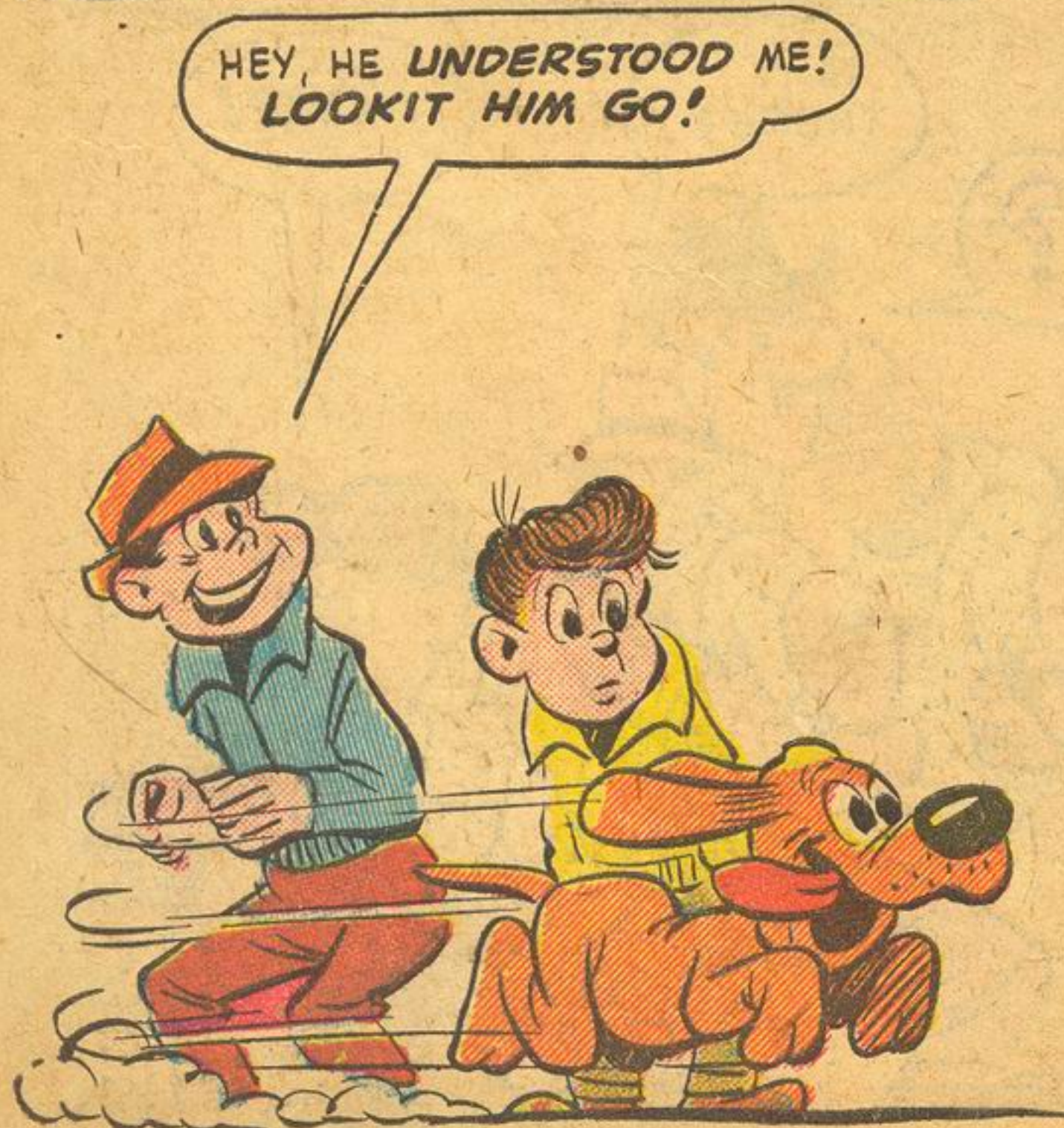
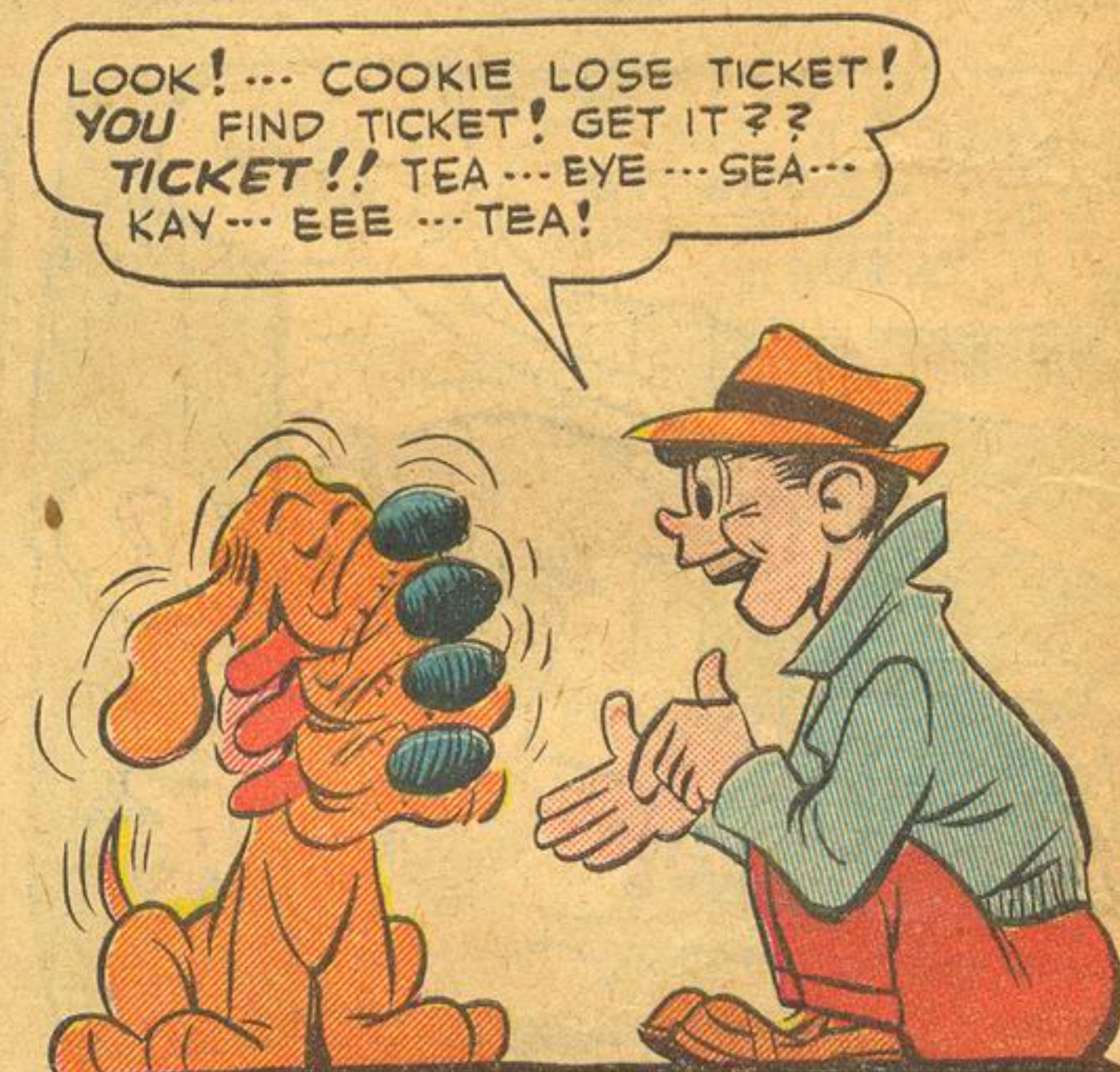
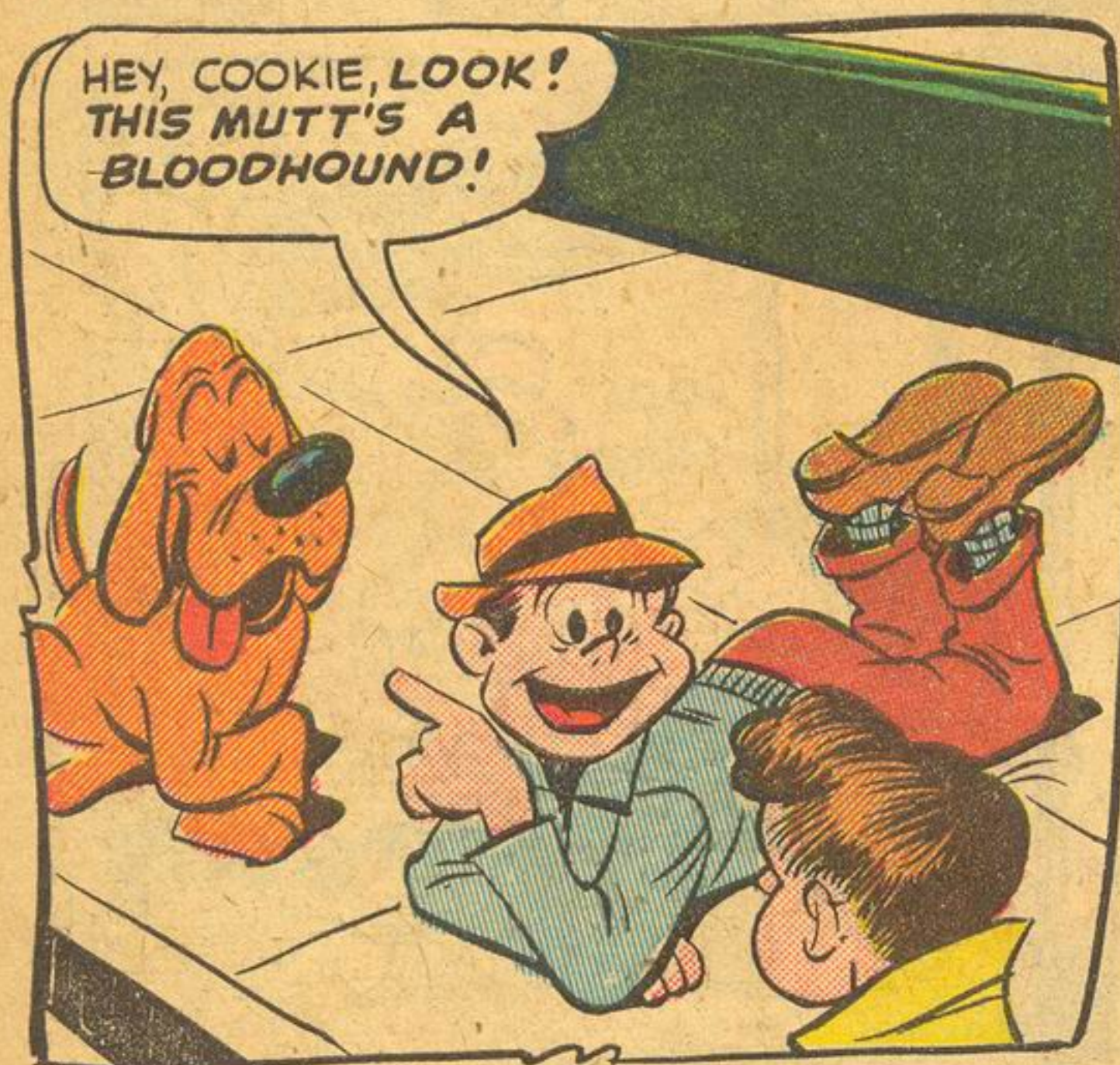
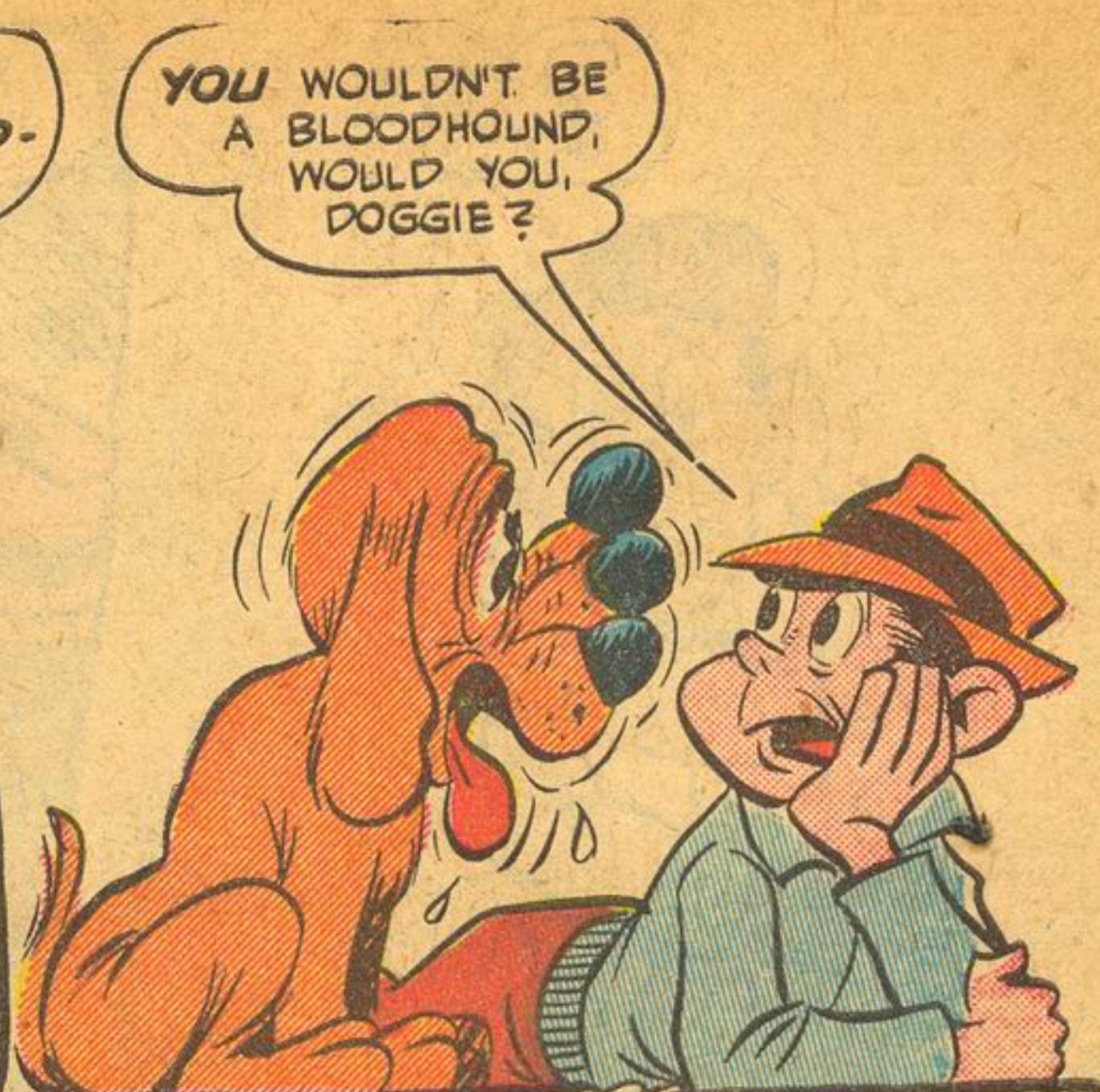
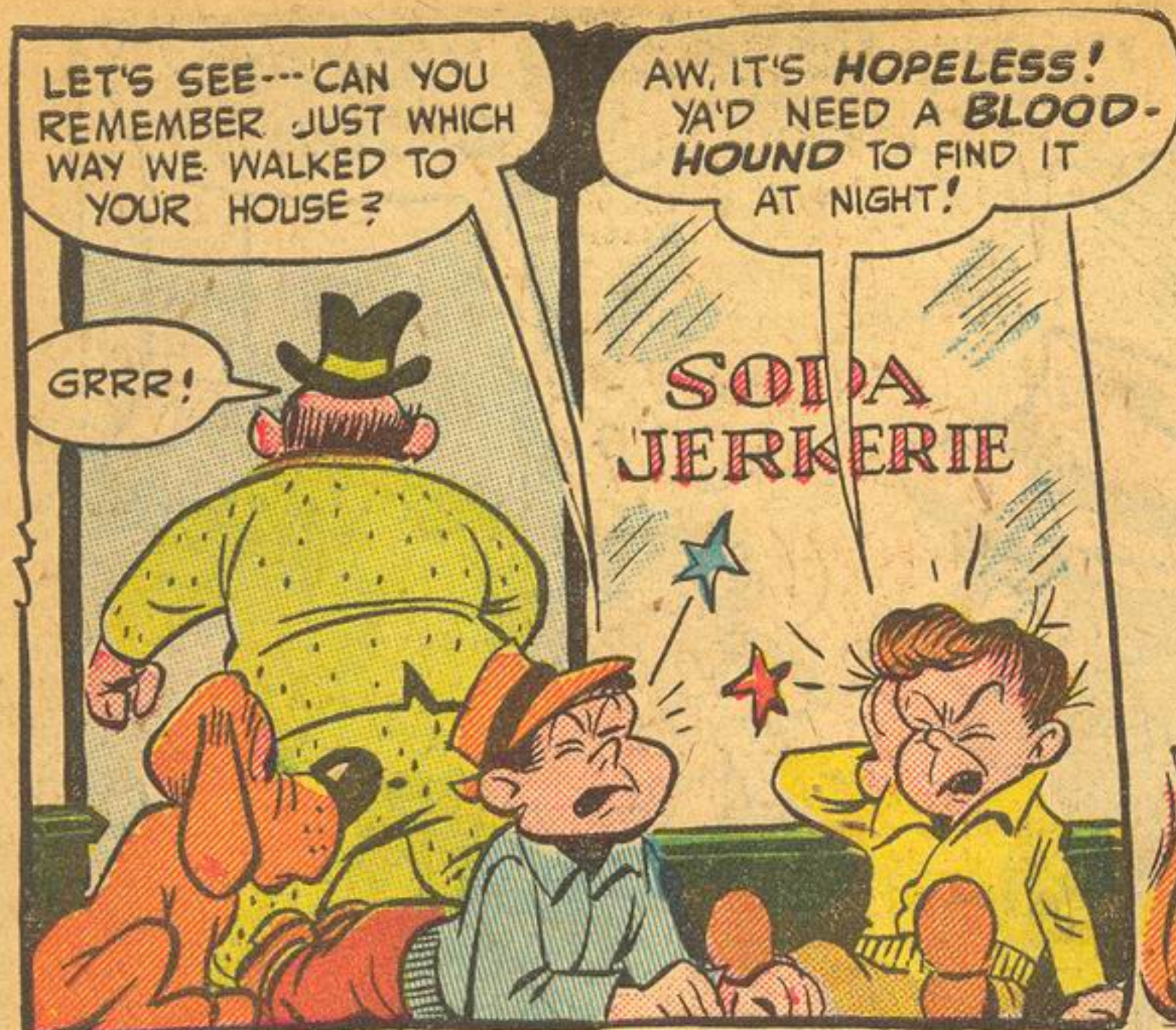
HELP, OFFICER! GRAB
THAT YOUNG MAN!

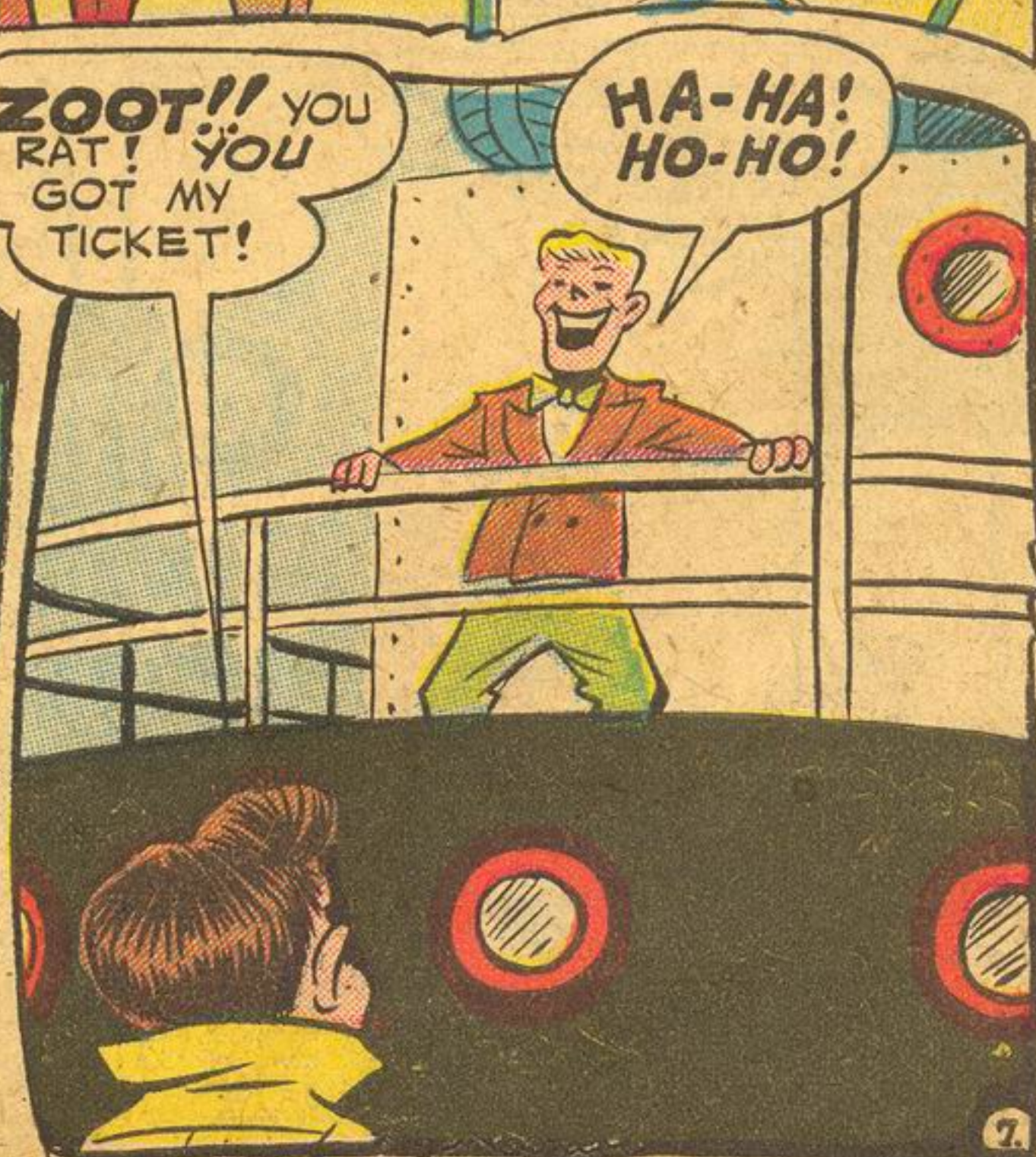
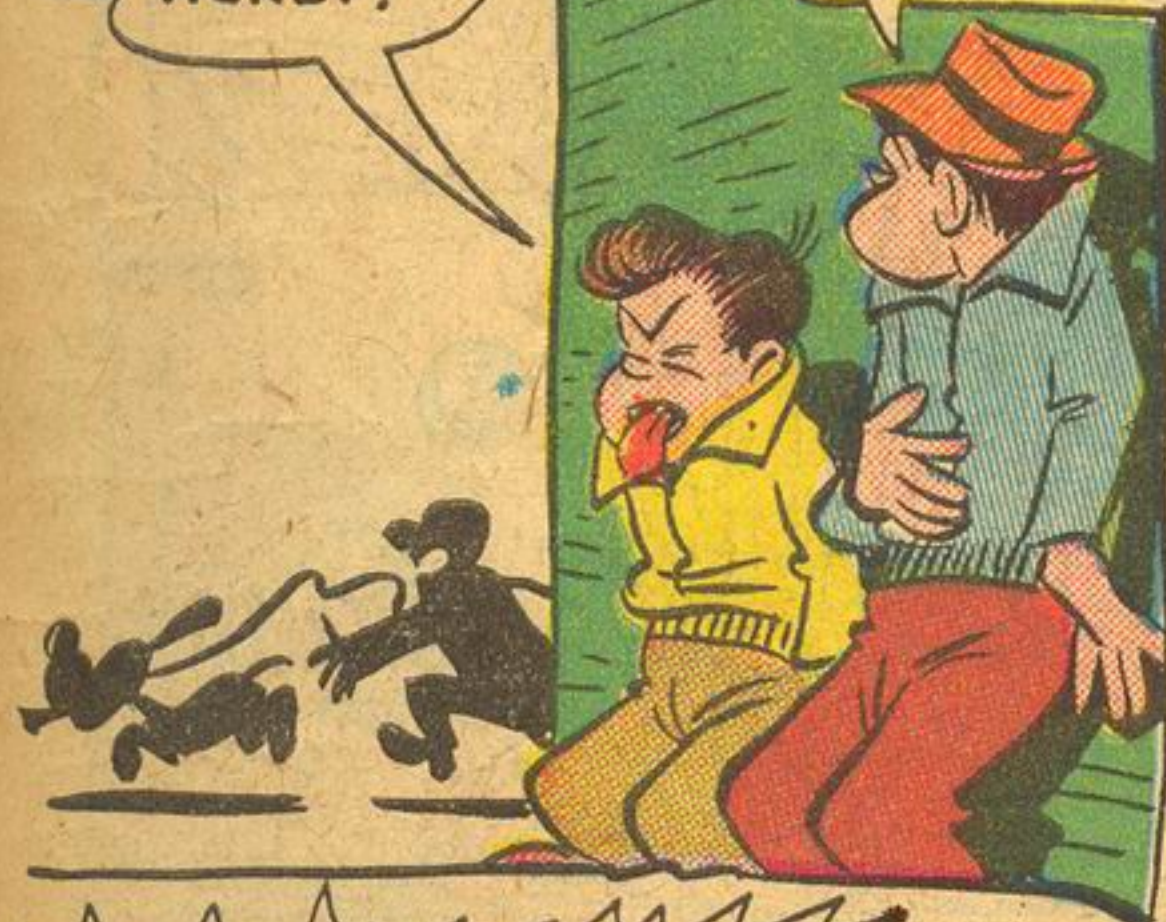
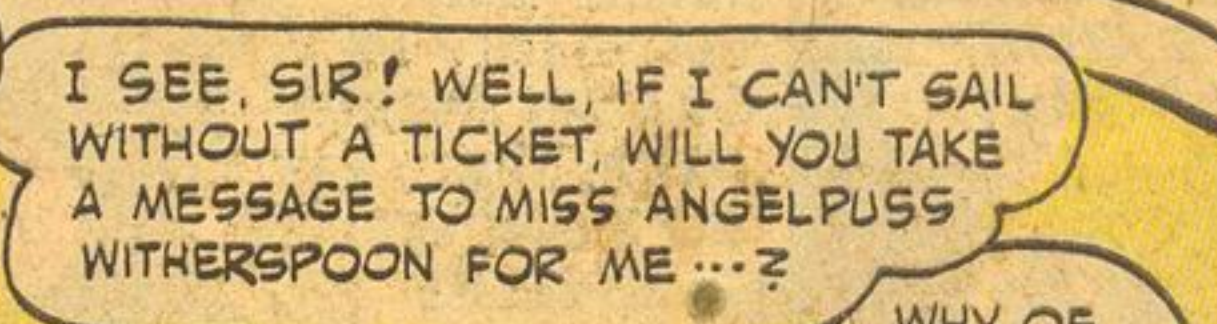
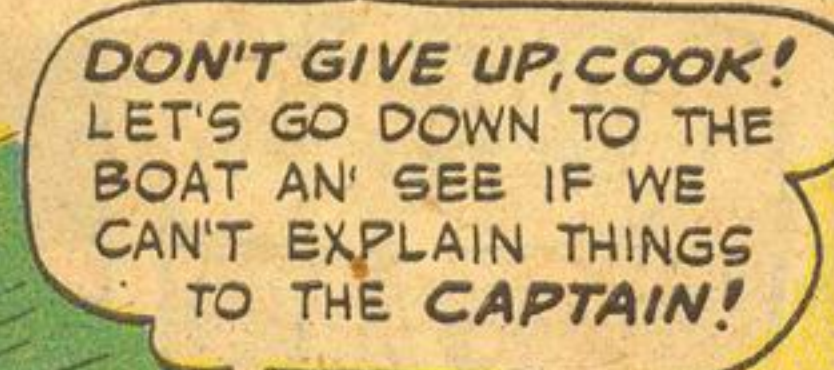
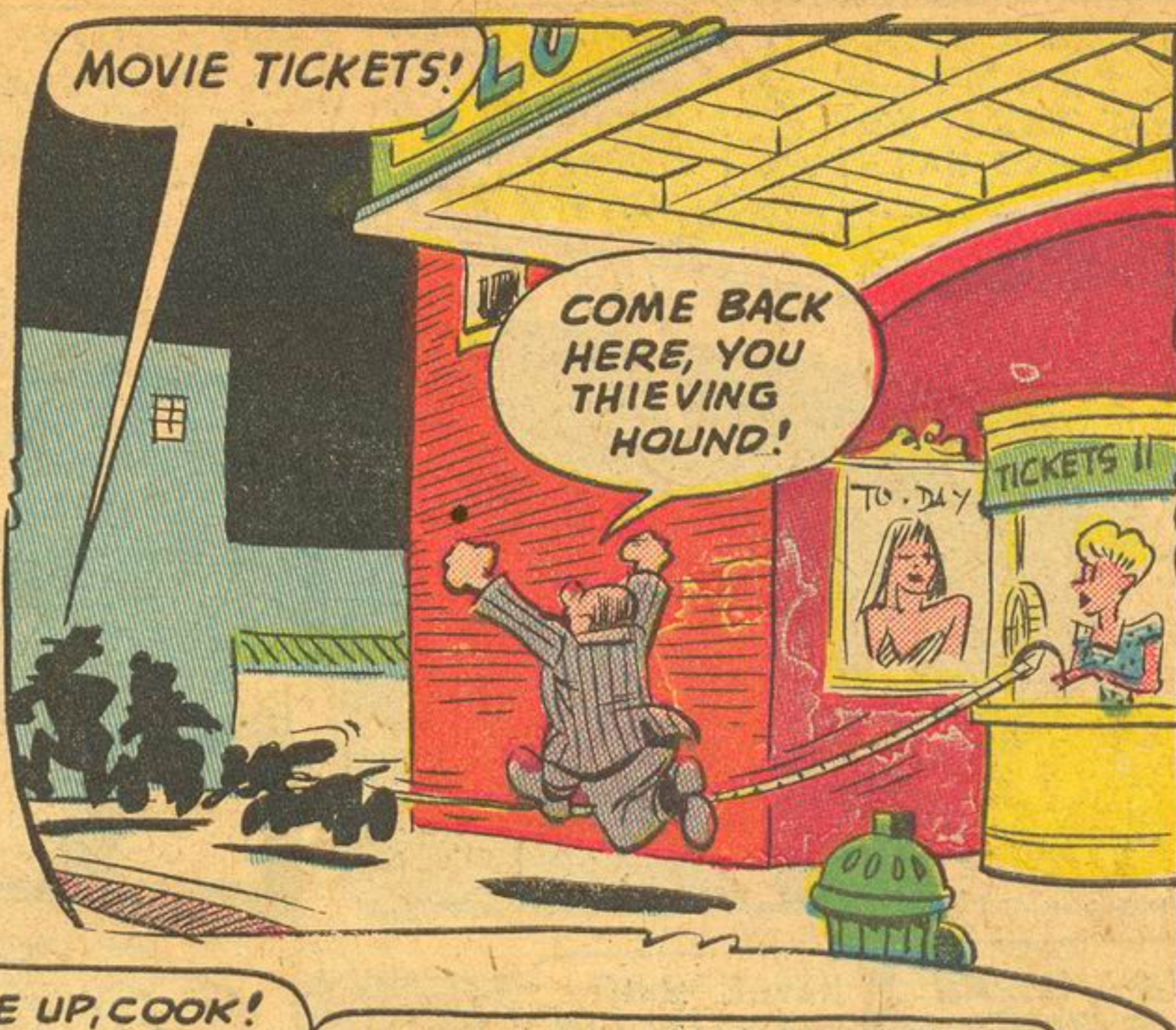
HOLY SOX,
WOT'S THE
MATTER WITH
ME? I DIDN'T
MEAN TO DO
THAT!

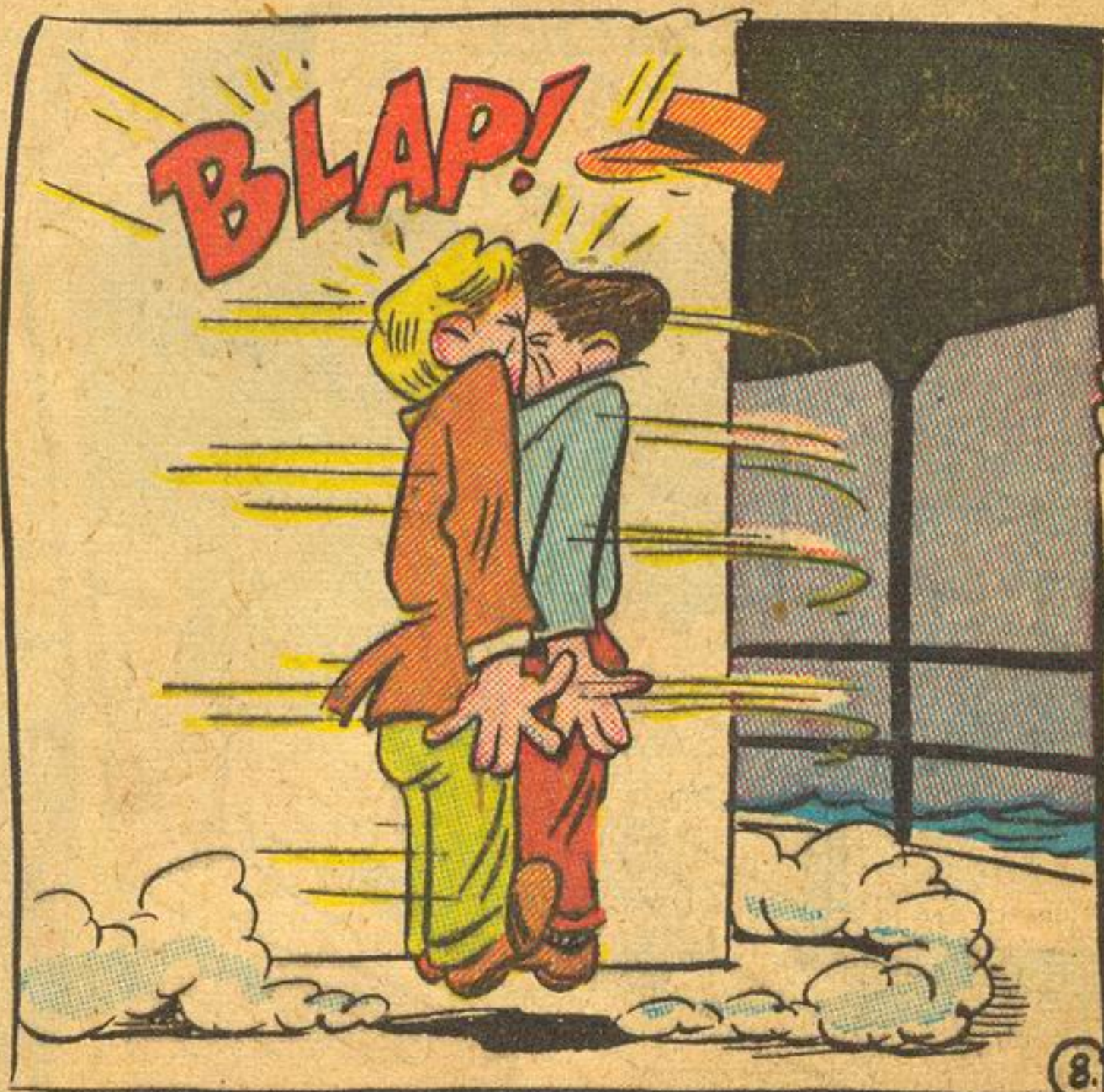
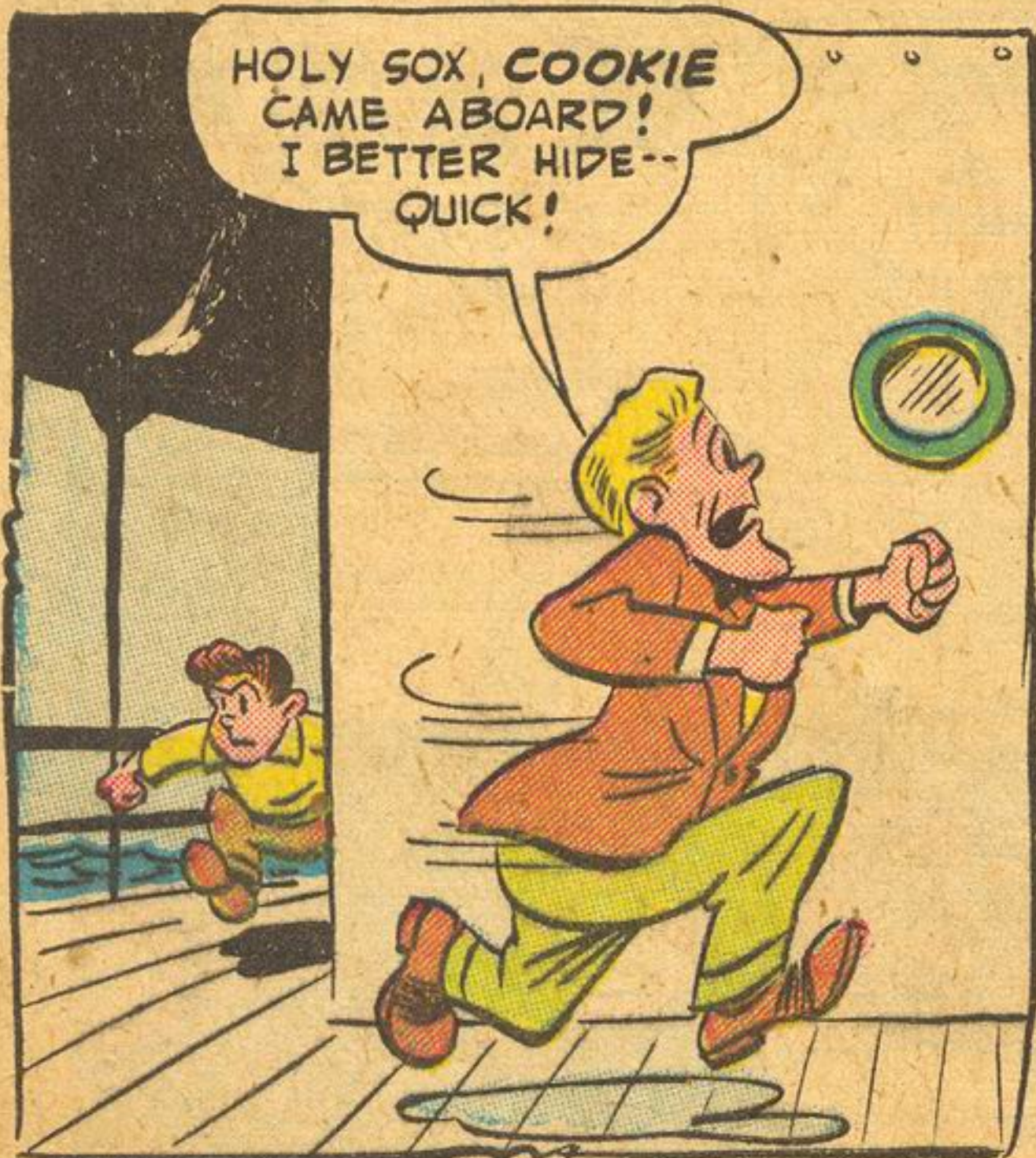
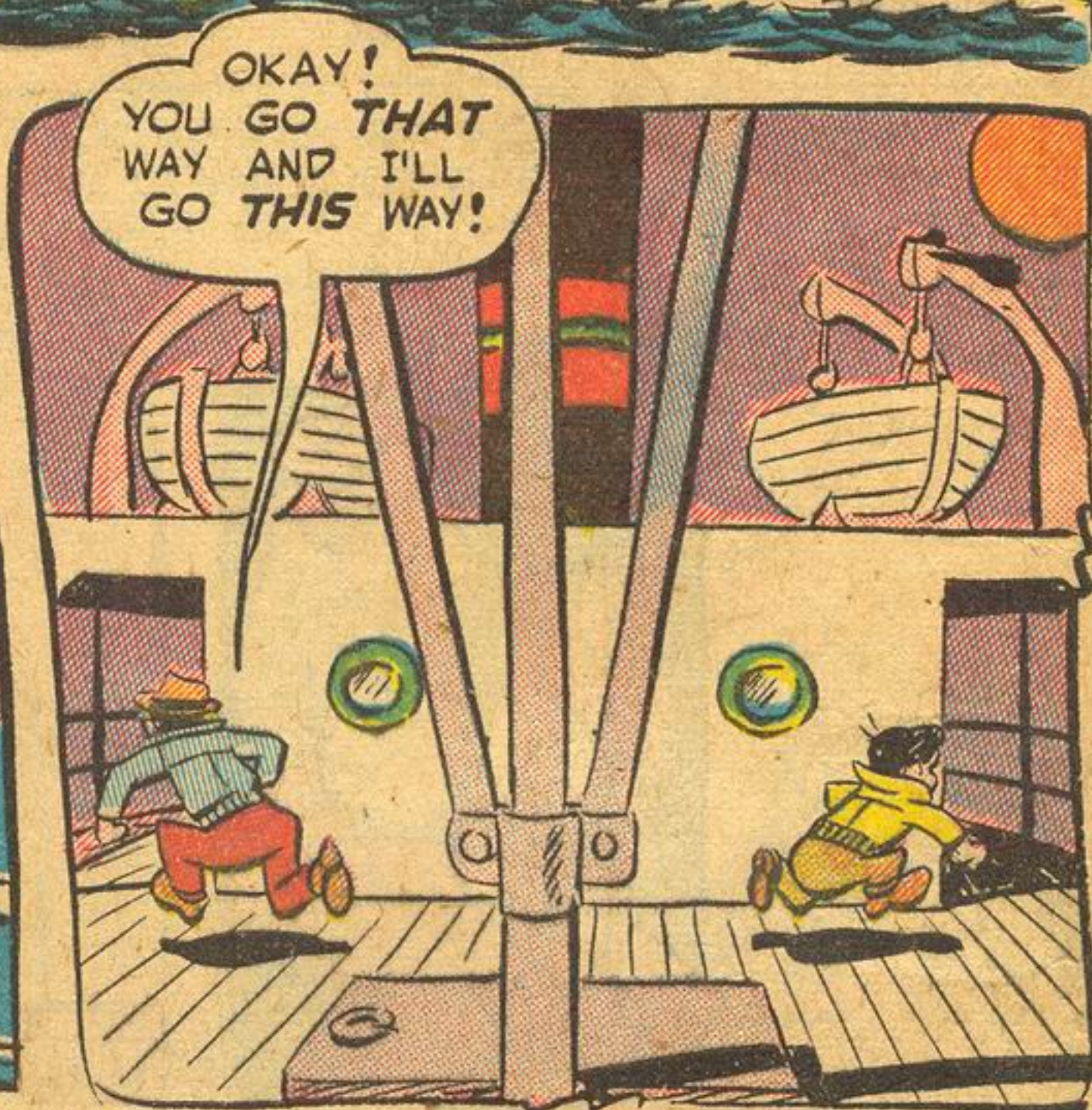
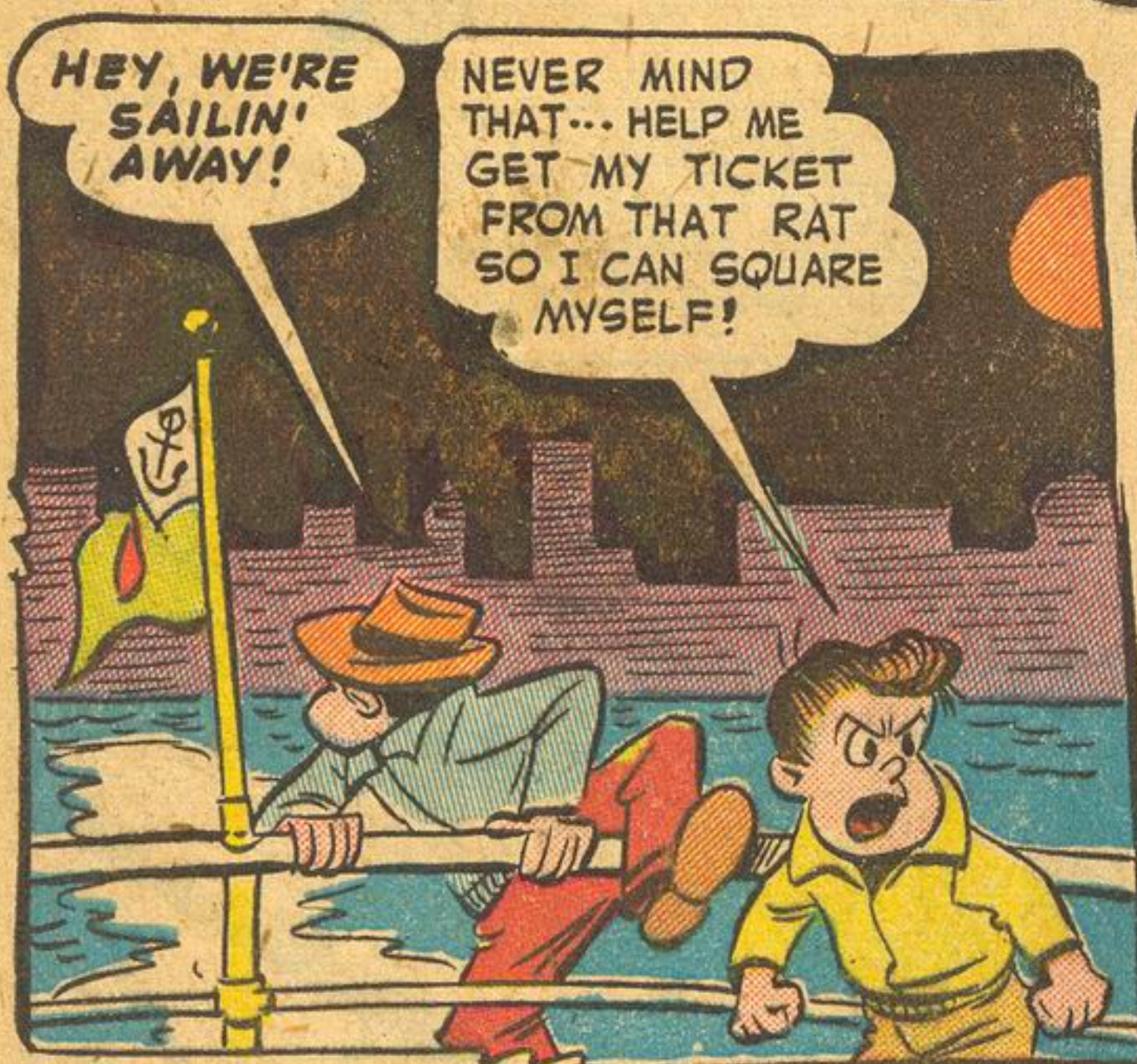


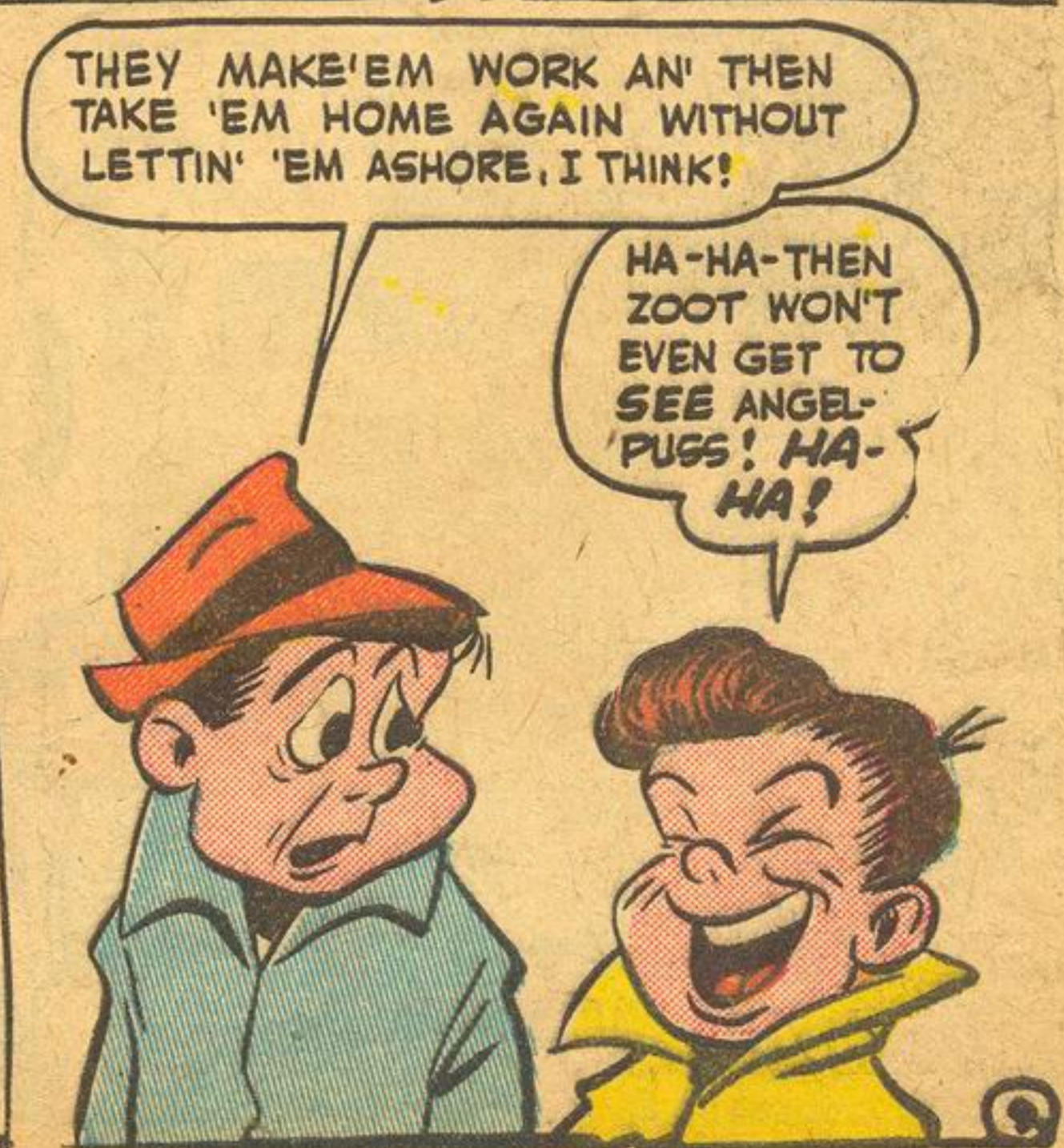
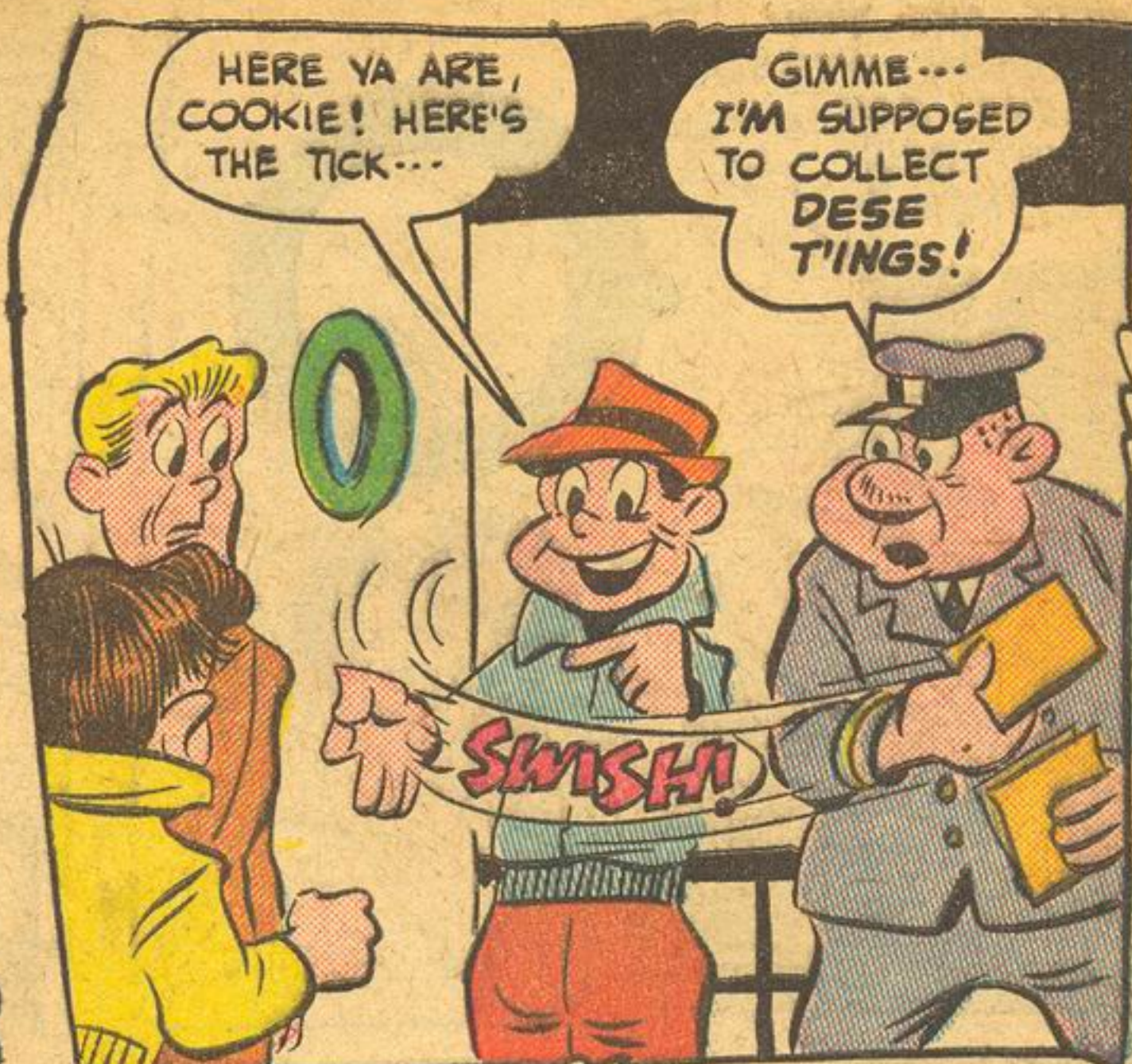
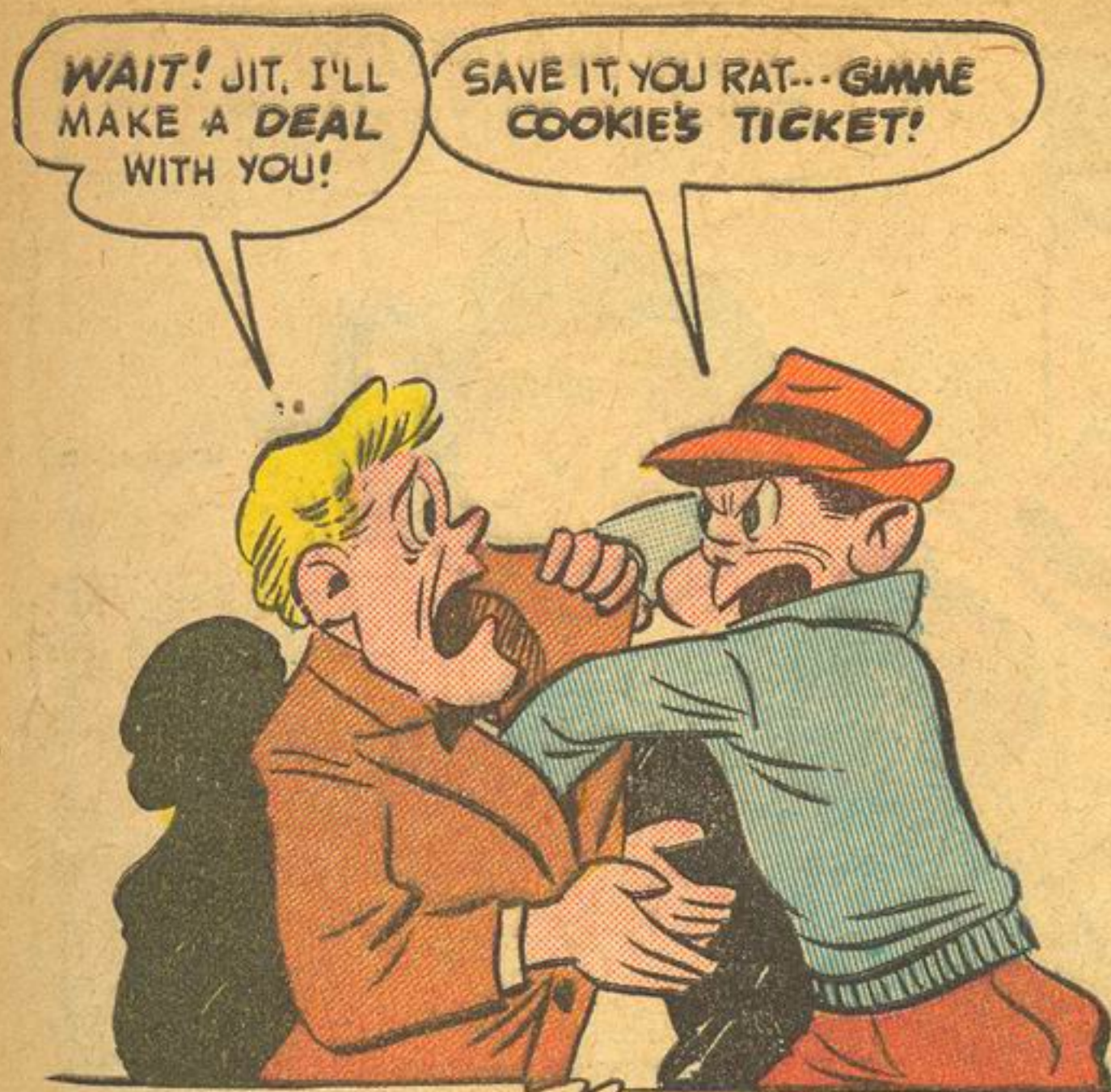


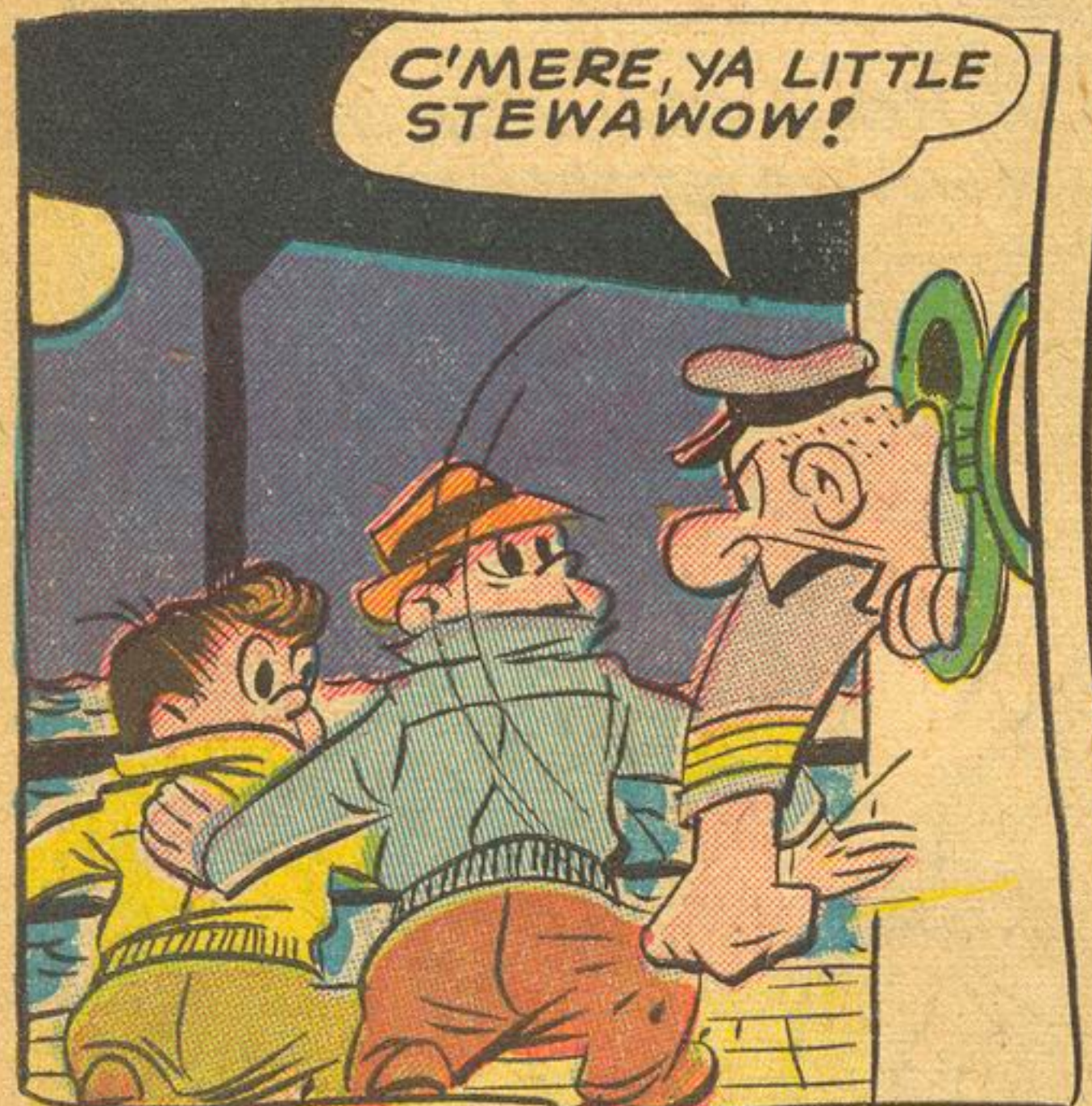
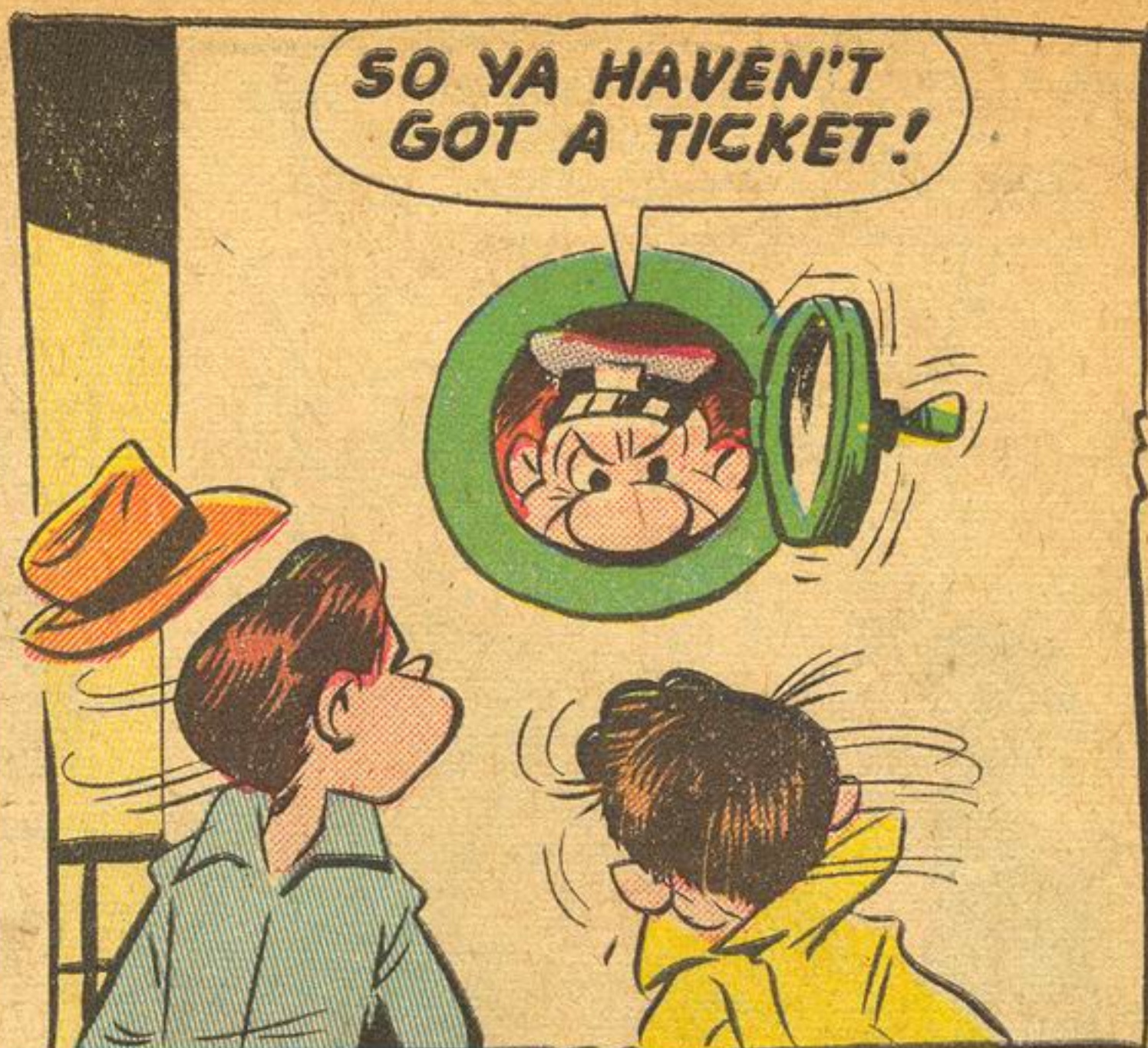
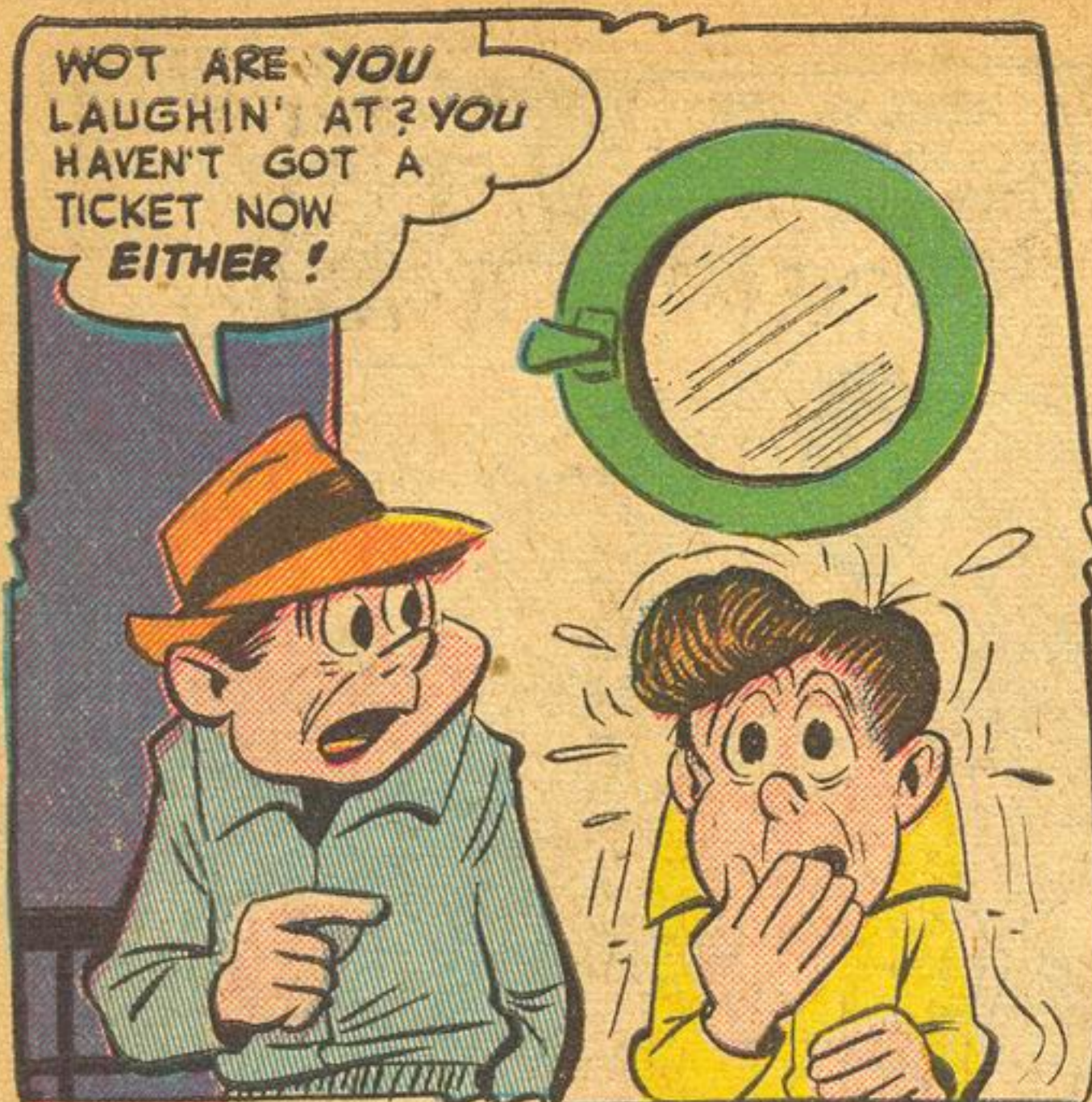


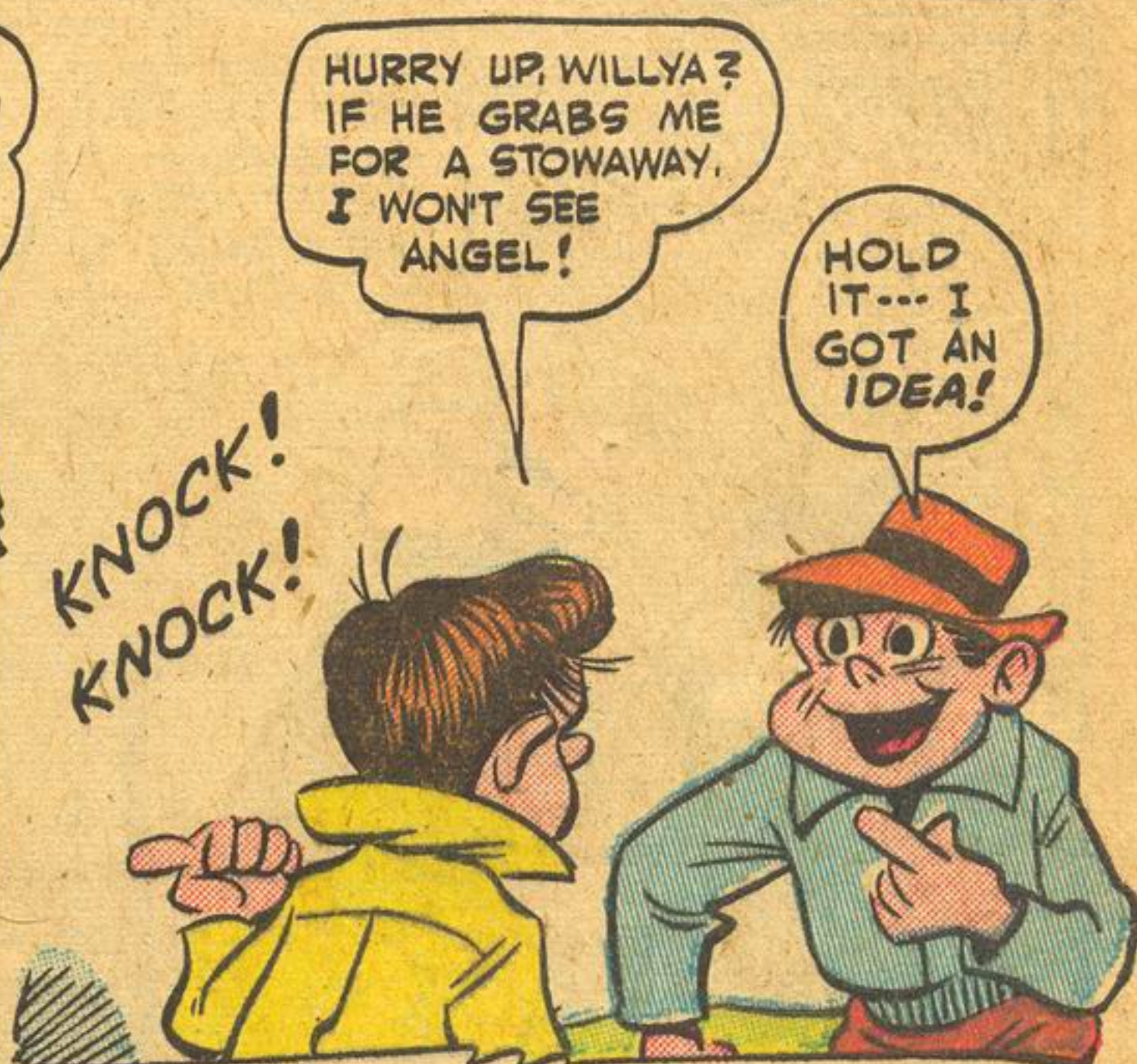
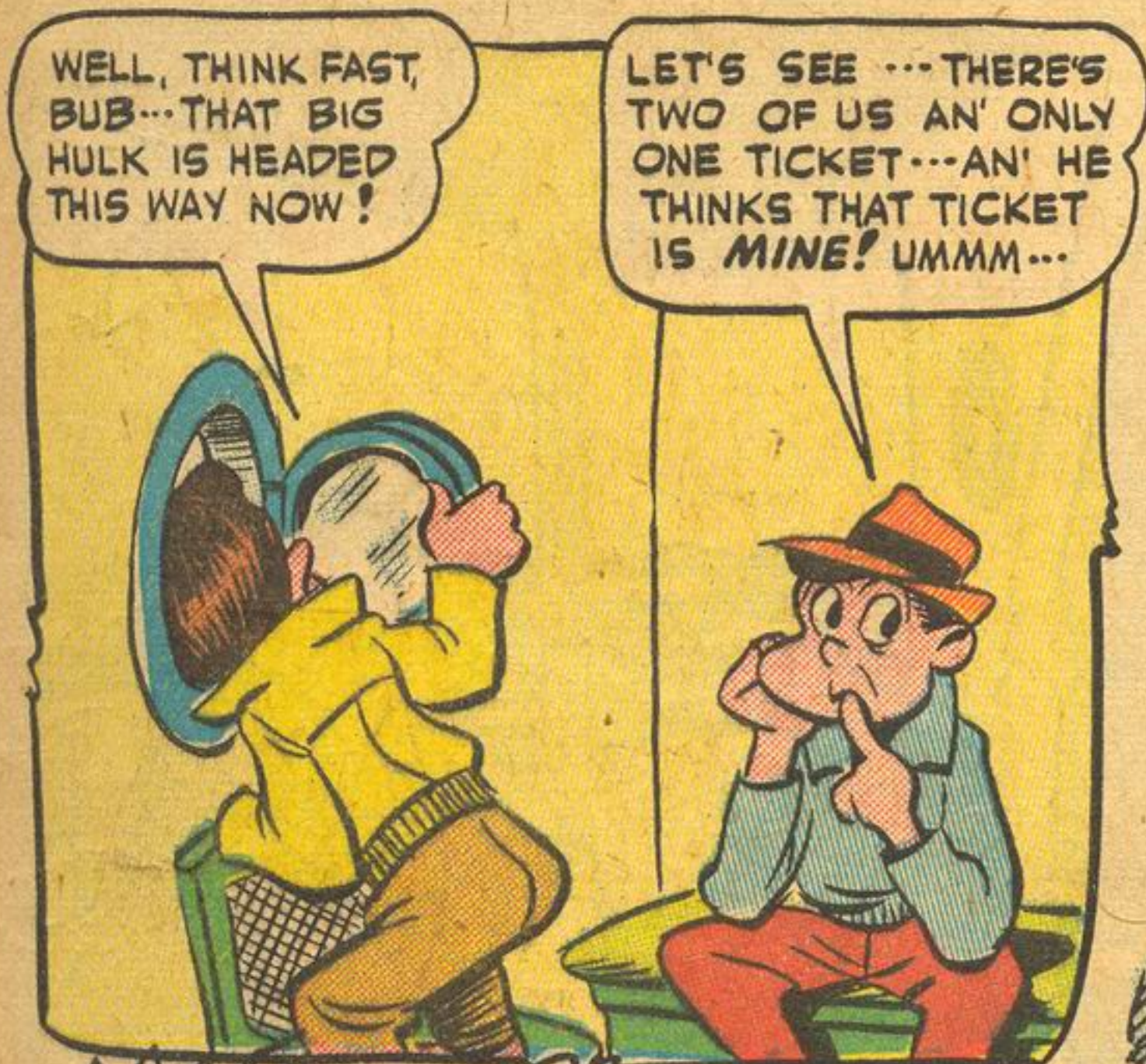
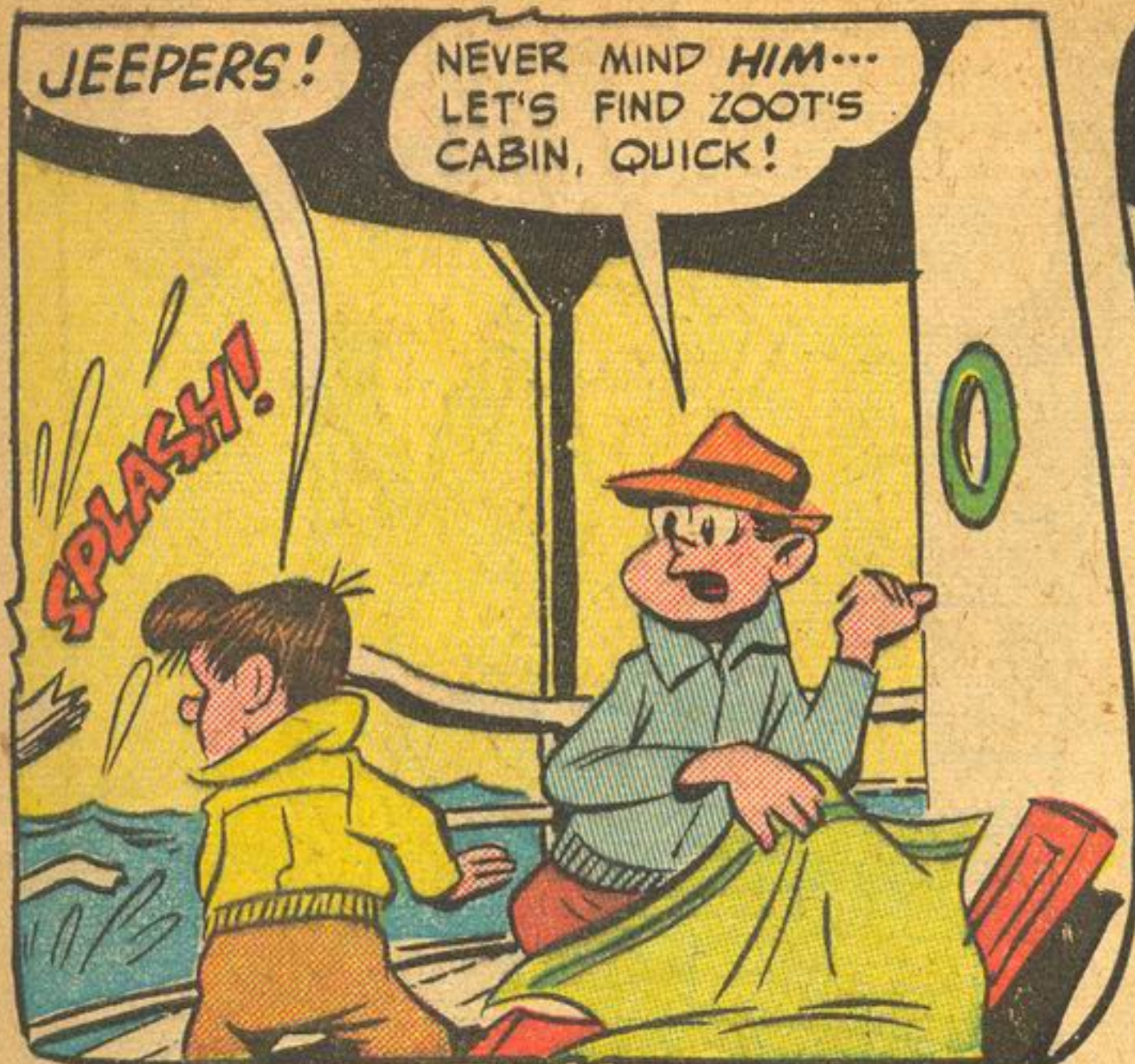












AND SO, FOR THE REST OF THE VOYAGE...

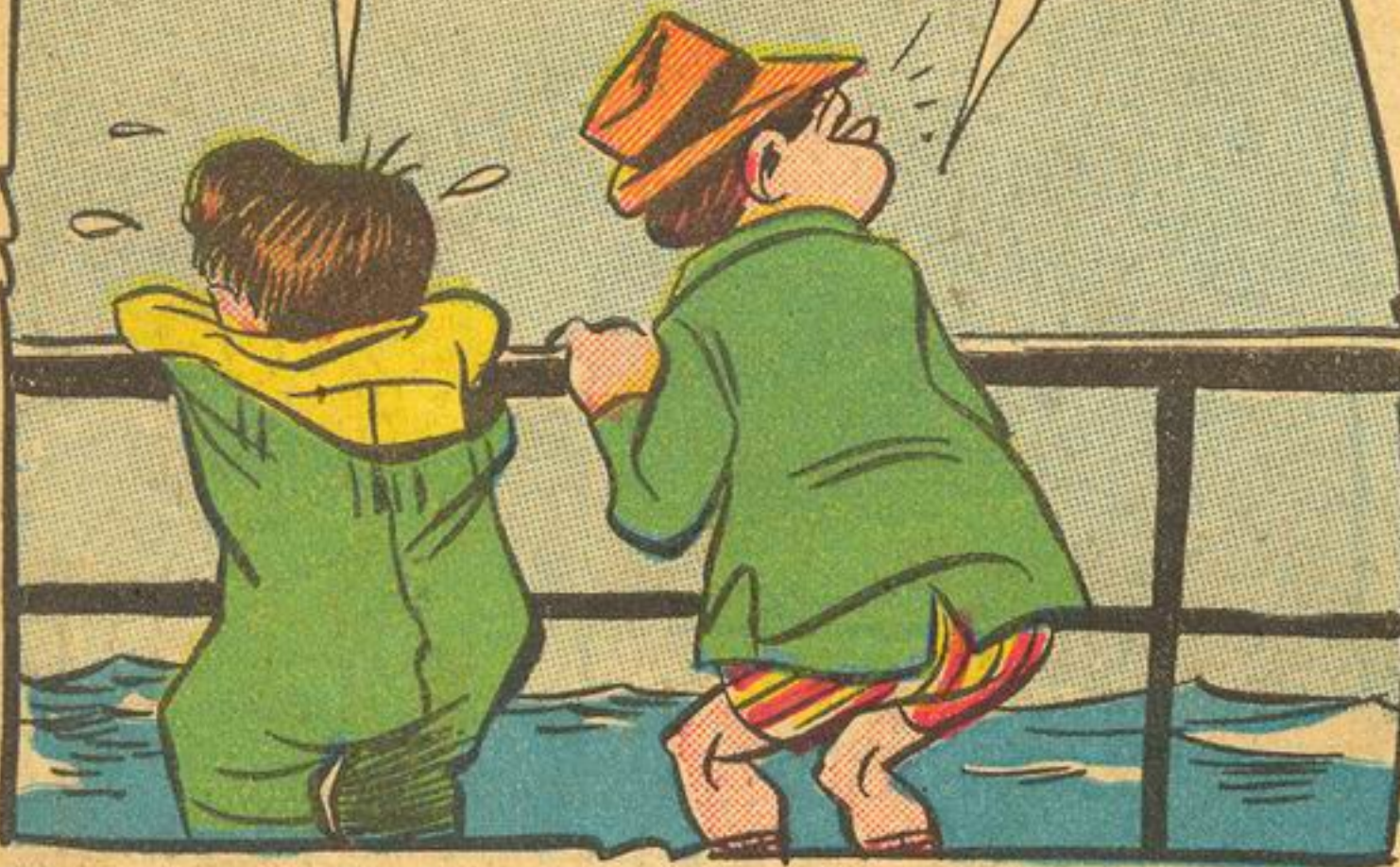
IT'S WORKIN' OUT
SWELL, ISN'T IT,
COOKIE?

YEAH... BUT
YOU'RE GETTIN'
HEAVIER! DON'T
EAT SO MUCH!



WHEW! BOY,
THAT'S BETTER!

YEAH... ULP!
QUICK--OUTA
SIGHT! HERE
HE COMES
AGAIN!

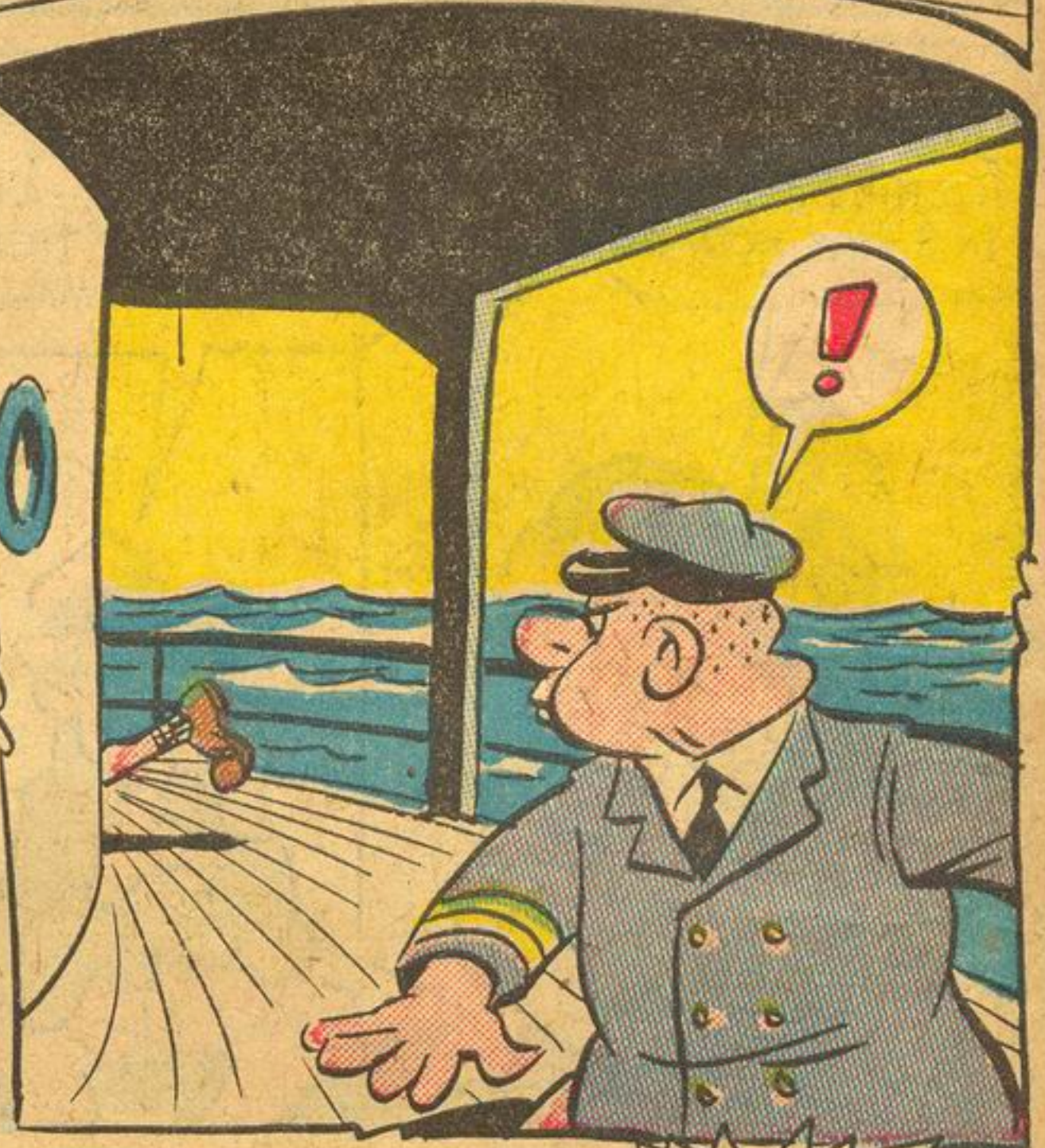


IF THAT GUY,
AIN'T LOOKIN',
CLIMB OFF FOR
A MINUTE AN'
GIMME A
REST!

OKAY,
KID!



!



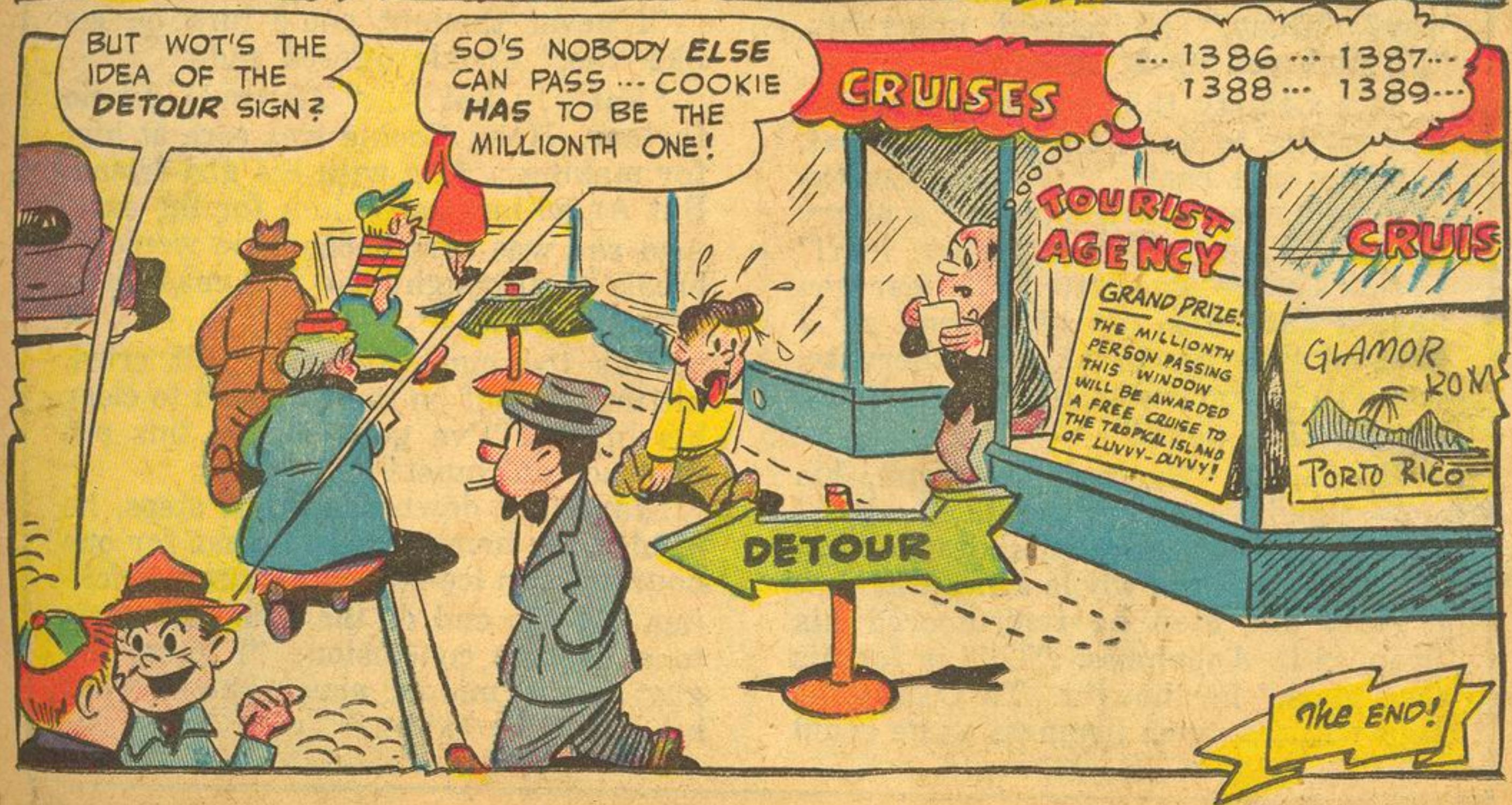
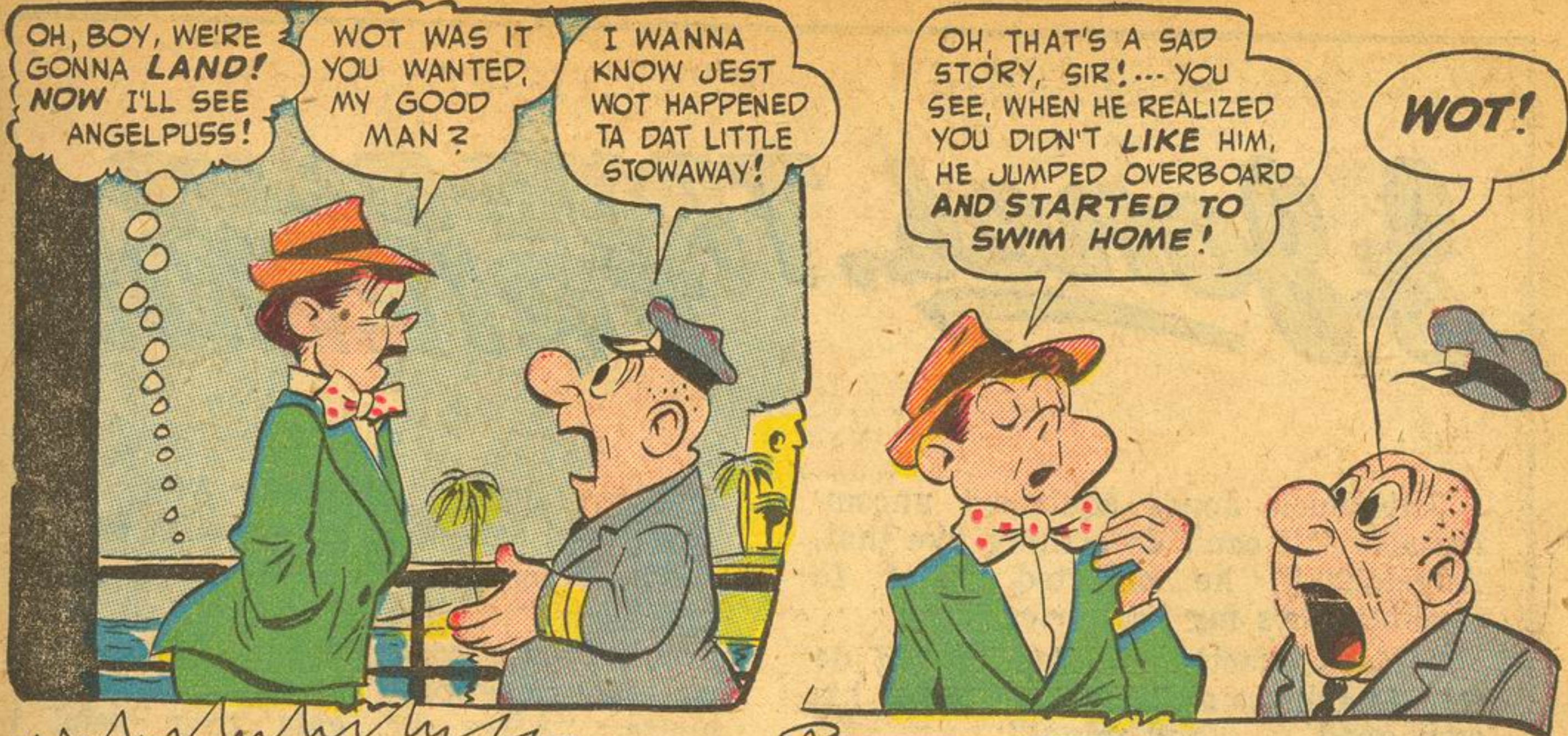
HI,
MATEY!



JUST A MINUTE,
YOU! I'D LIKE
TA ASK A ...

LAND
AHOY!





J. Jones, TRUE-BLUE FRIEND!

Jitterbuck Jones squirmed uncomfortably. "I *can't* do a thing like that, Angelpuss!" he objected. "Not to Cookie! He's my *best friend!*"

"That's exactly why you *should* do it!" Angelpuss answered. "It's for his own good . . . and mine!"

Jit could find no answer for this. Angel had come to him with a sob in her voice and told him that Cookie was becoming a very inattentive escort these days. "He's too sure of me," she had explained. "What he needs is someone to be jealous of, and that someone is *you!*"

"What . . . what do you want me to do?" Jit asked.

"Oh, just make a date with me for tonight," Angel said. "We'll go to the movies, and won't Cookie be surprised when he comes around and I'm out with *you?*"

"Yeah," Jit moaned. He still didn't care for the idea. Still, if it was for Cookie's own good *and* for Angelpuss's welfare, how could he stand in the way? "Okay," he agreed miserably, "I'll pick you up at seven."

At six-thirty that night, just as Jit was trying to make his hair stay flat, a phone call came . . . from Cookie. Jit had never heard Cookie so angry before. "Call yerself a friend, huh!" Cookie's voice was bitter. "I hear you have a date with my girl-friend an' I demand that you break it! Otherwise, you will be known as Jitterbuck Jones, my *former friend!*"

Jit gulped. His pal, his chum, his closest buddy, talking to him like that! For a moment, he wanted to explain to Cookie that the whole thing was just a ruse, but then he remembered his promise to Angelpuss. "This is for his own good," he thought. To Cookie, he said with as much firmness as he could

muster, "Sorry, old man! After all, Angelpuss agreed to go out with me!"

There was a click at the other end and then . . . silence! "Aw, he'll get over it," Jit consoled himself as he walked unhappily towards Angel's house. "After he gets over bein' jealous!"

As he walked up the front steps, however, Jit was startled to find *two* accusing faces turned on him.

"Well!" Angel's indignant voice was icy. "Cookie tells me you refused to break our date tonight . . . and you *know* Cookie and I are a twosome!"

"Boy, what a pal!" Cookie said scornfully, sneering at Jitterbuck.

"But, Angelpuss," Jit's tone was filled with disbelief, "you *said* you wanted Cookie to be . . ."

"Never mind what I said!" Angel interrupted him quickly. "The point is that Cookie asked me for a date tonight, after I spoke to you! And if you had any courtesy, you'd understand!"

"I never thought you'd turn on me like this," Cookie offered sadly.

"But . . . but . . ." Jit could get no further. Here, Cookie was sore at him for making a date with his girl friend. But Angel had *asked* him for the date. And *she* was sore because he wouldn't break it, although she had made him promise . . .

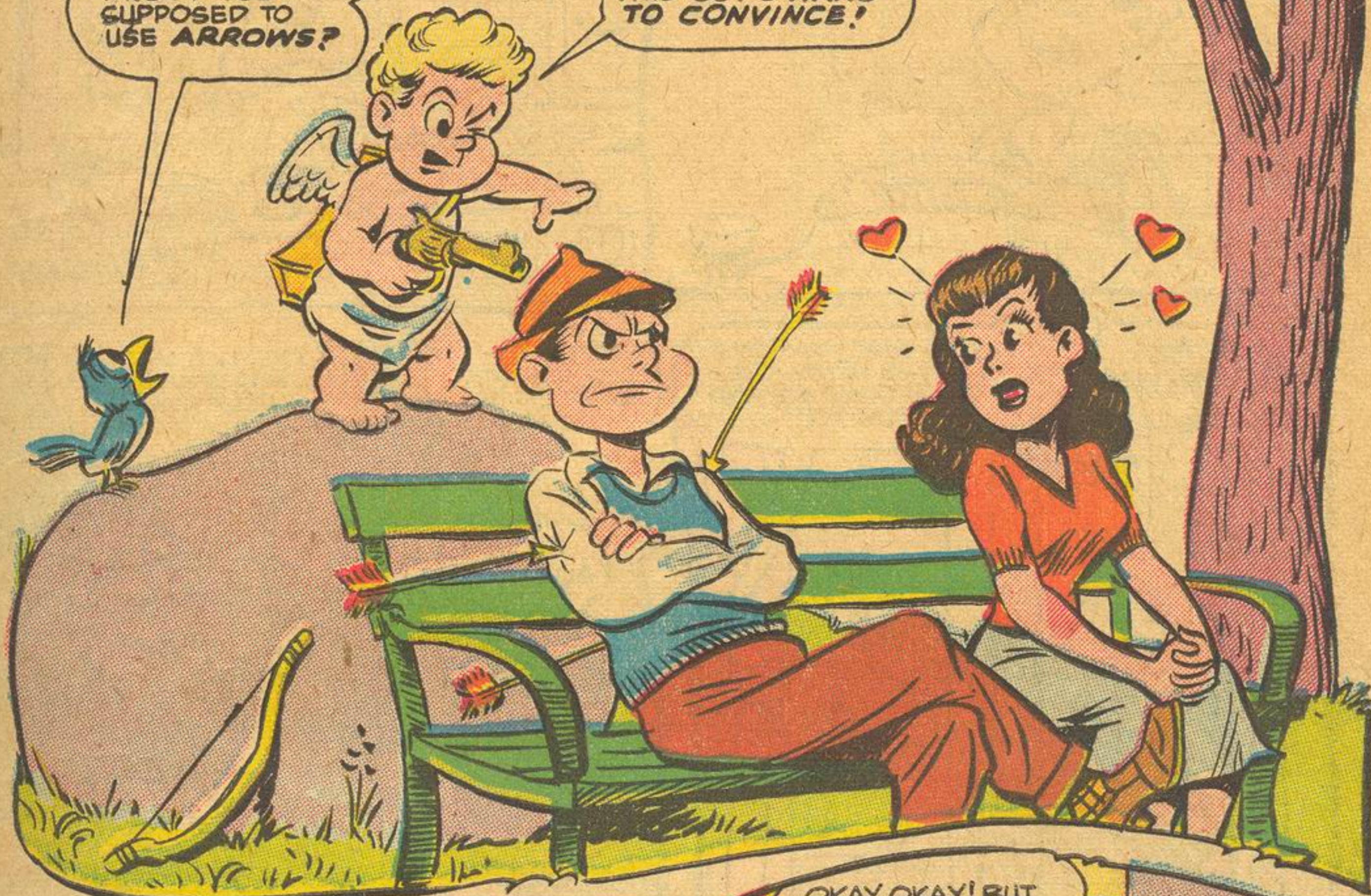
"It's too much for me!" Jit cried, hitting himself on the forehead to clear his brain. "I've gotta figure this out in peace an' quiet!"

Stumbling down the front steps, he headed for home, where he sat for one hour with an ice-bag on his head, thinking. At the end of the hour, Jit came to a definite conclusion. "I guess the guy in the middle *never* knows what hit him!" he said.

JITTERBUCK

BUT MR. CUPID!
AREN'T YOU
SUPPOSED TO
USE **ARROWS?**

I DID! BUT
THIS GUY'S HARD
TO CONVINCE!

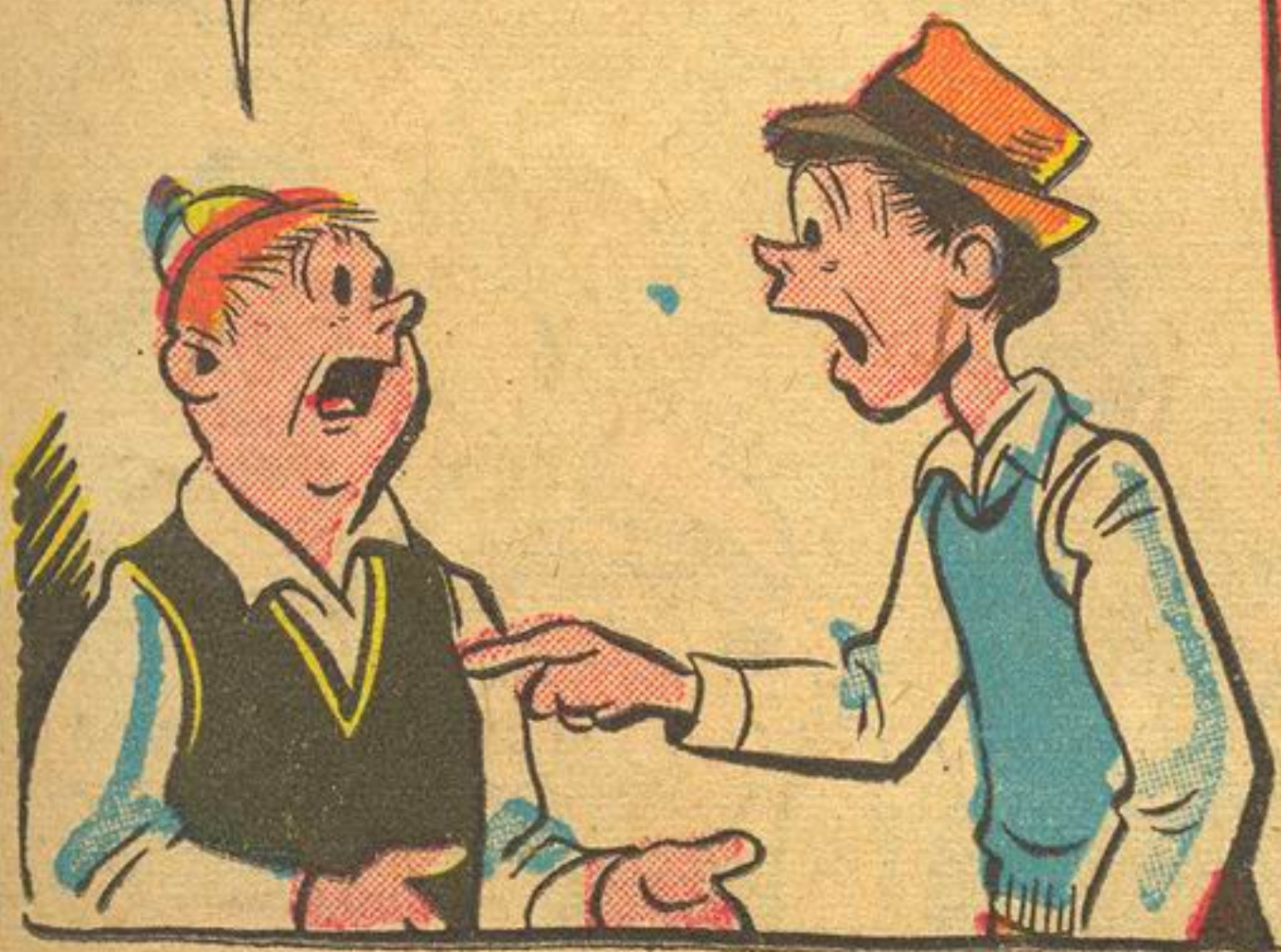


AW, C'MON, JIT---BE
A **PAL!** I'VE NEVER
SEEN HER, BUT SHE'S
A FRIEND OF MY
GAL'S, AN' IF **SHE**
SAYS---

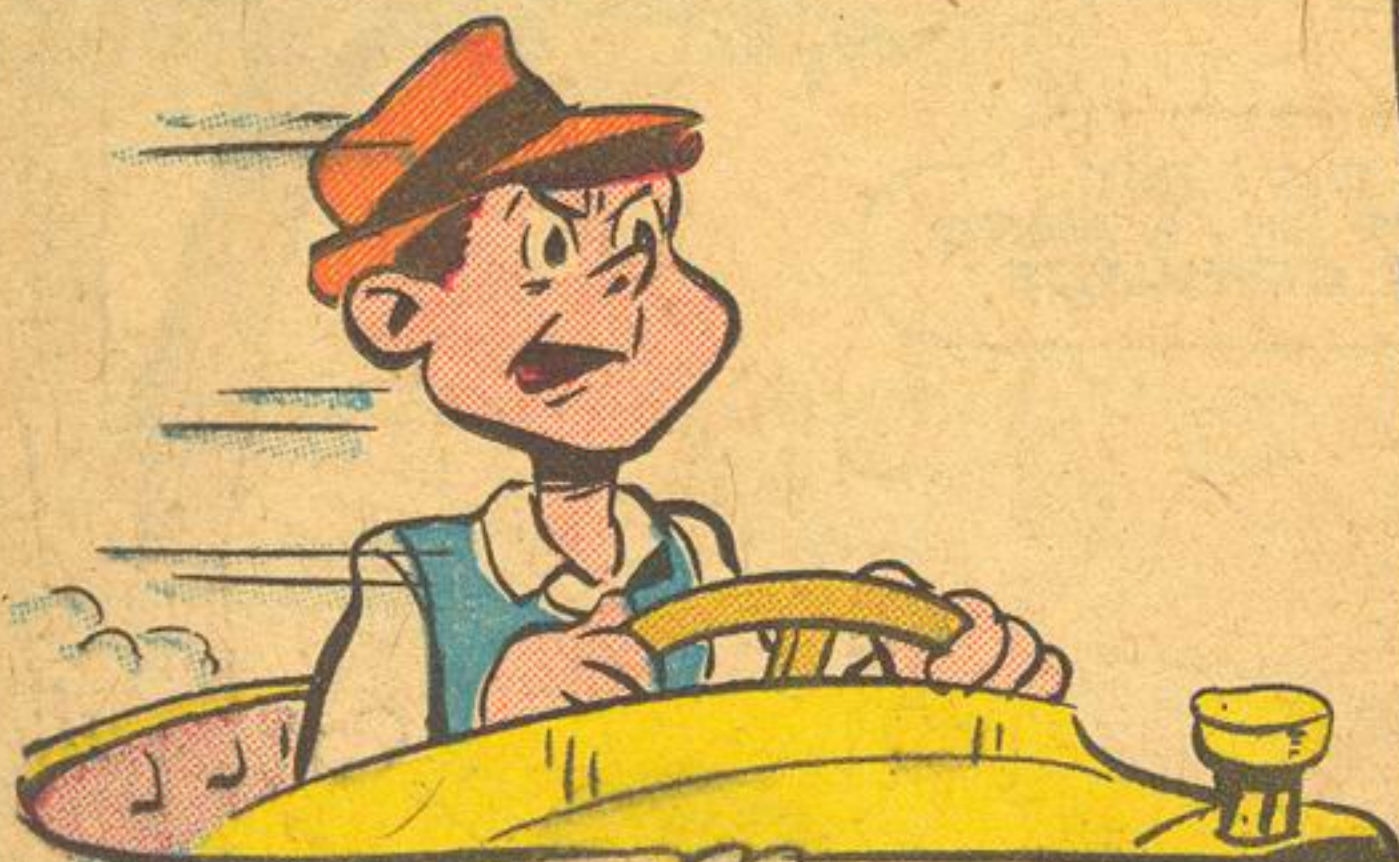
HOLD IT, HEP!
THERE'LL BE NO **BLIND**
DATES FOR THIS BOY
---TONIGHT OR ANY
NIGHT! SO PEDDLE
YOUR BABE SOME-
PLACE ELSE!

OKAY, OKAY! BUT
I WARN YA---WHEN
YA GET TO THE SHINDIG,
DON'T TRY TA CUT IN
ON ANY OF MY
DANCES!

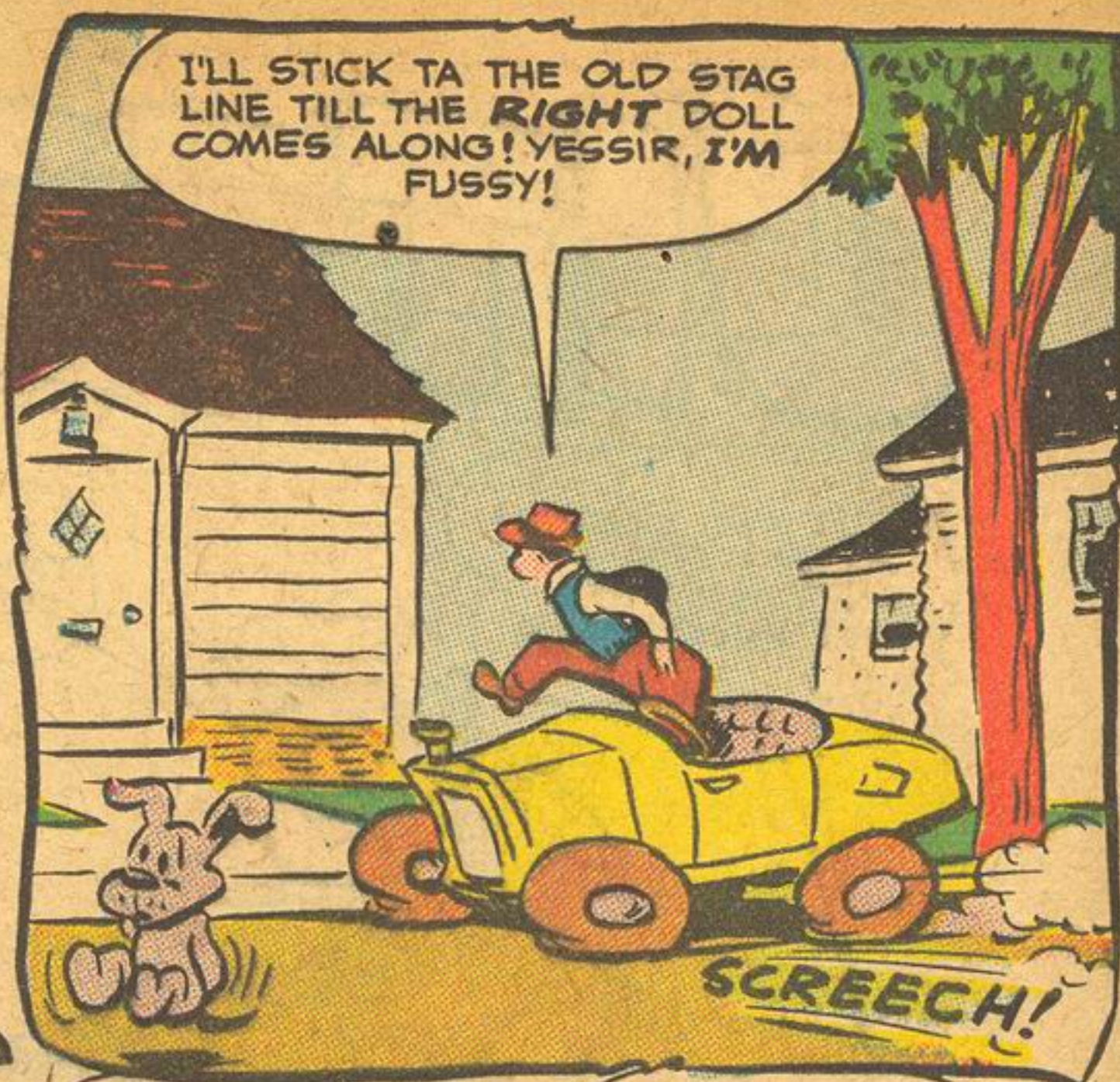
DON'T
WORRY, KID...
THERE'LL BE
PLENTY TA
CHOOSE
FROM!



HUH...I SHOULD SHOW UP AT THE DANCE WITH SOME FRECKLE-FACED, FOUR-EYED FEMME! NOT ME, BOY! NOSSIR!

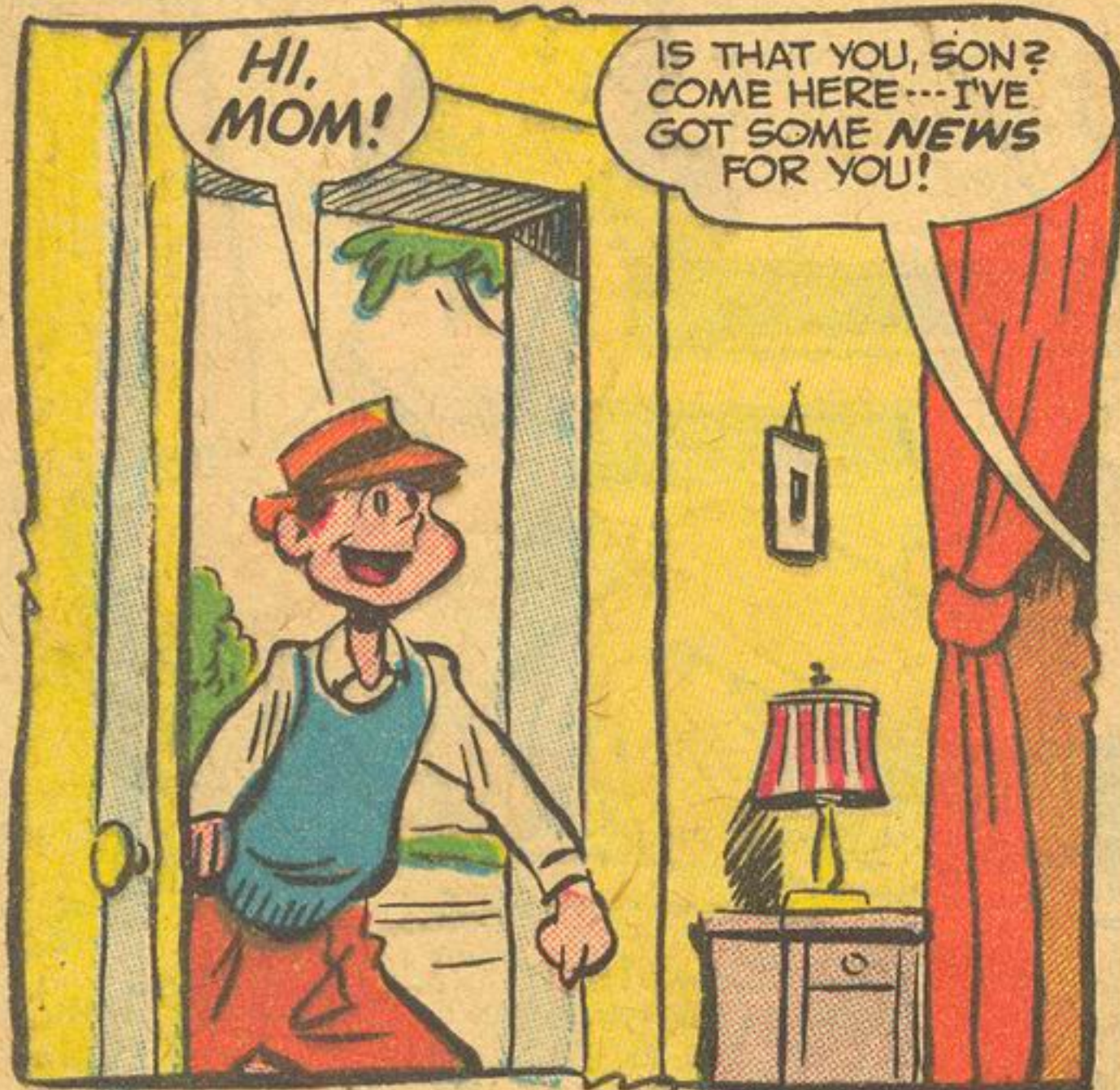


I'LL STICK TA THE OLD STAG LINE TILL THE **RIGHT** DOLL COMES ALONG! YESSIR, I'M FUSSY!



HI, MOM!

IS THAT YOU, SON? COME HERE...I'VE GOT SOME **NEWS** FOR YOU!



WOT IS IT... DID POP PUT OVER HIS BIG DEAL?

NO, NOT YET... BUT **YOU** CAN HELP HIM!

FAT ALLOWANCE

I HOPE, I HOPE!



WELL, NOW, I WAS **WONDERIN'** WHEN HE'D BEGIN TA RESPECT MY BUSINESS TALENTS!

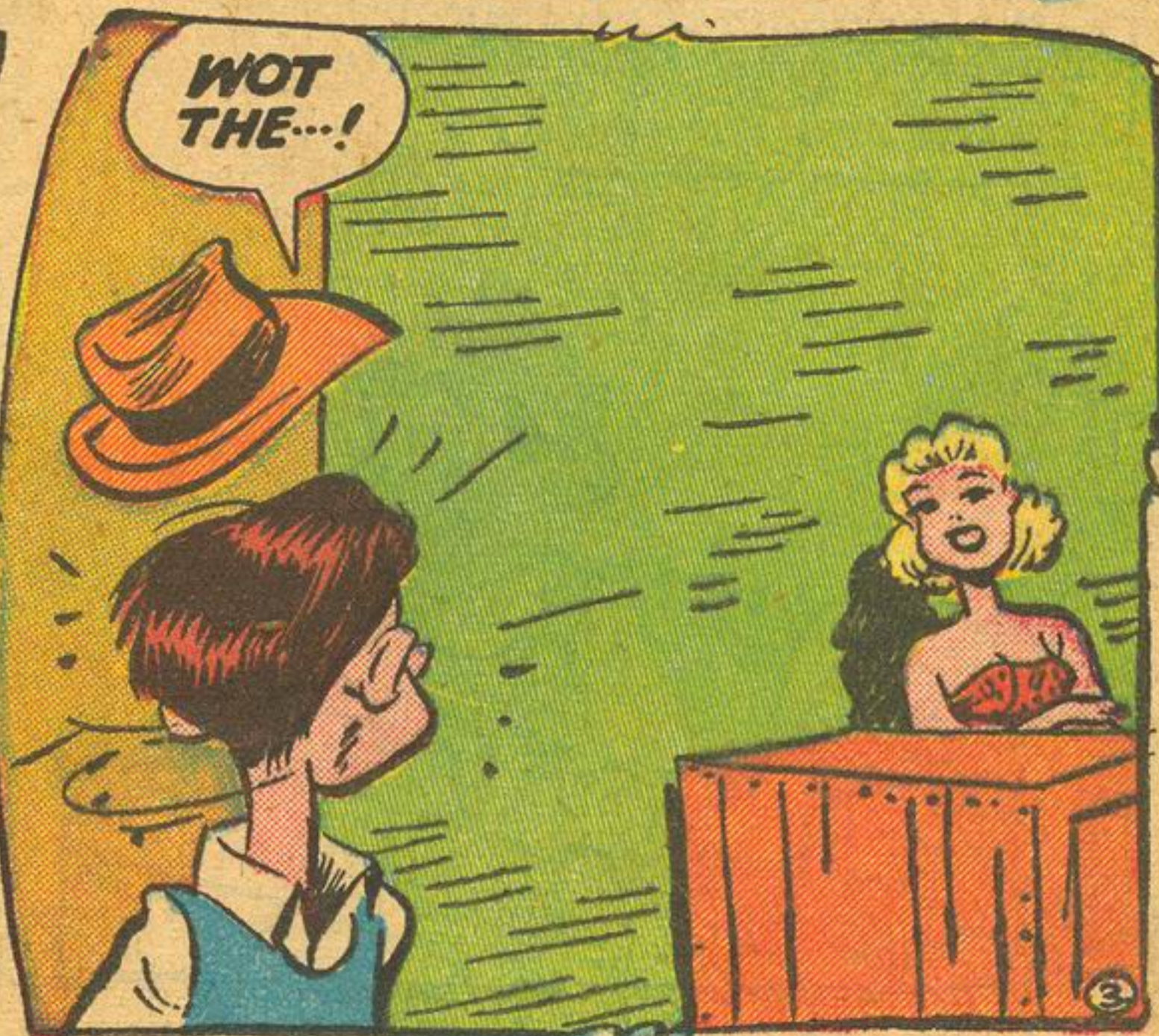
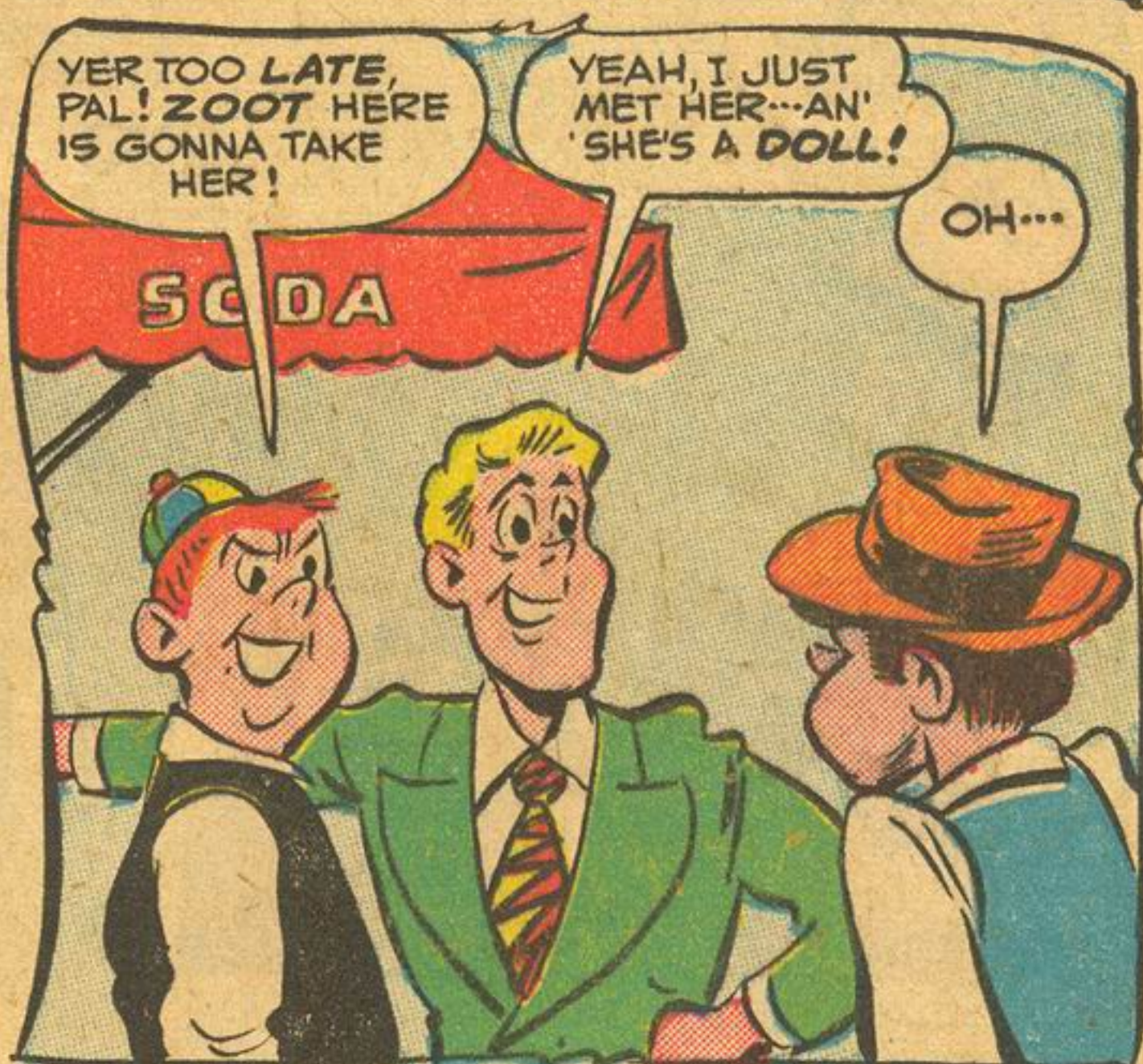
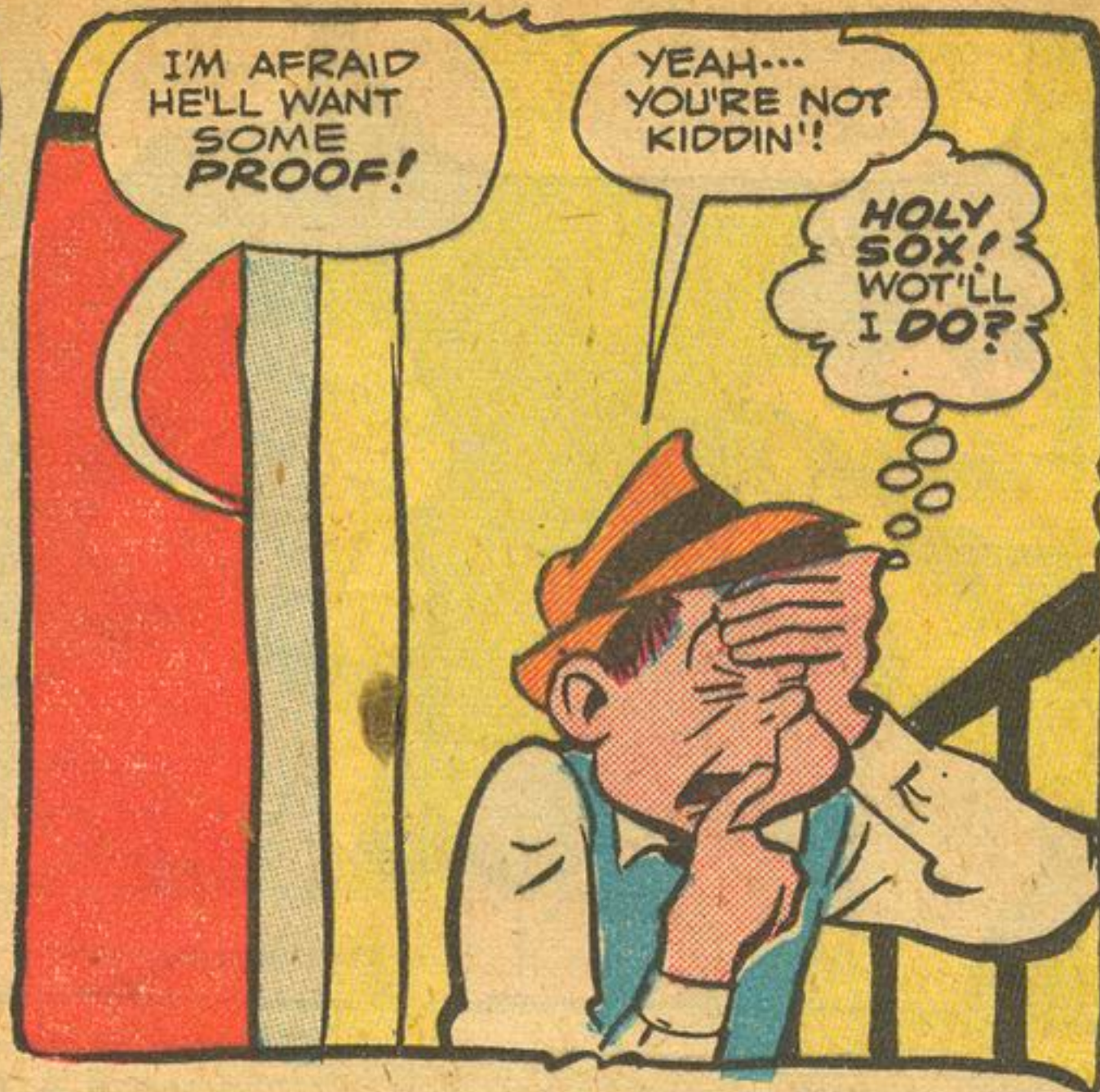
NOT SO FAST, JITTERBUCK! HE CALLED TO SAY THAT THIS MAN HE'S DOING BUSINESS WITH HAS A **NIECE** VISITING WITH HIM...AND SHE'S QUITE **LONESOME!**

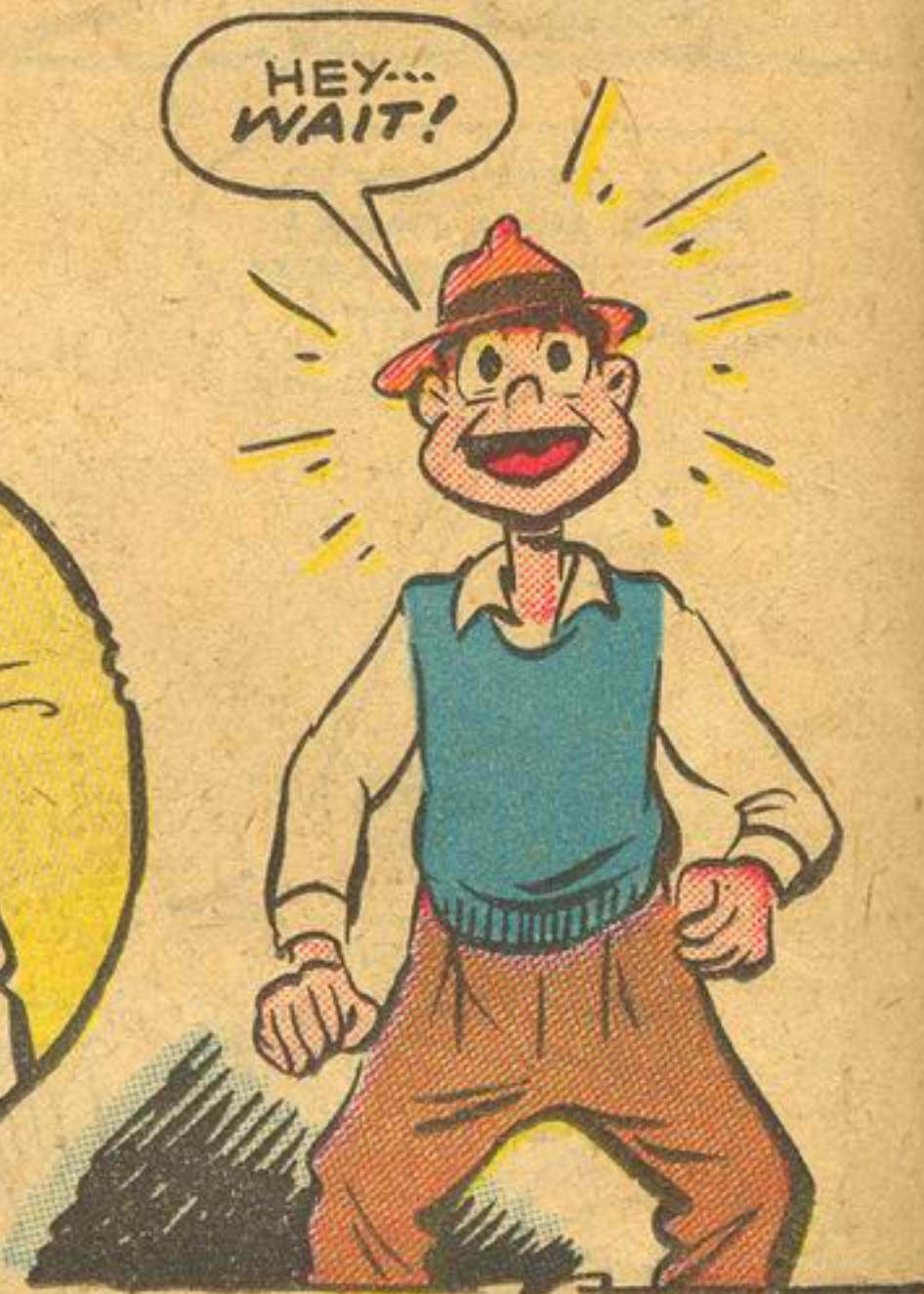
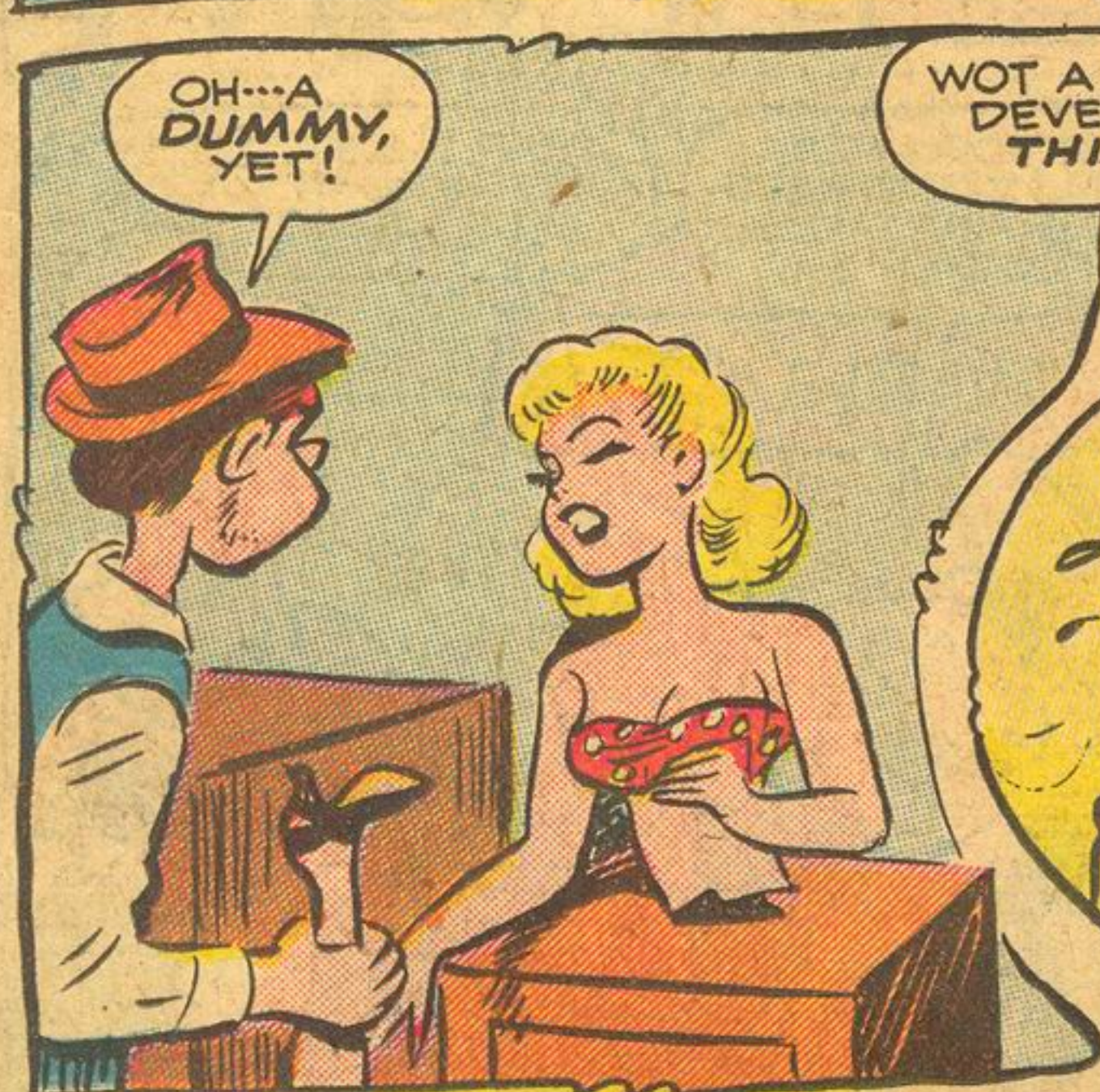
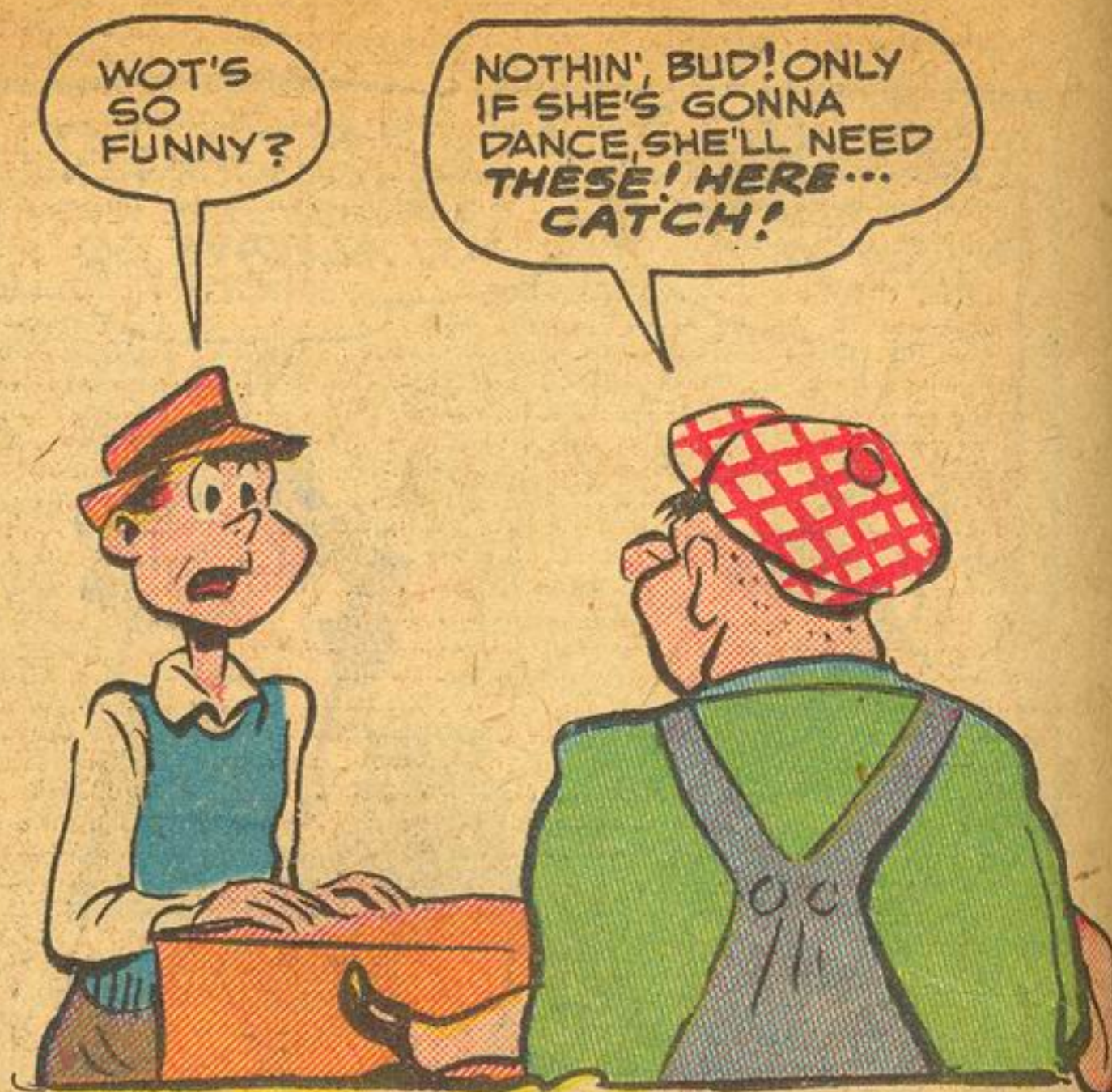
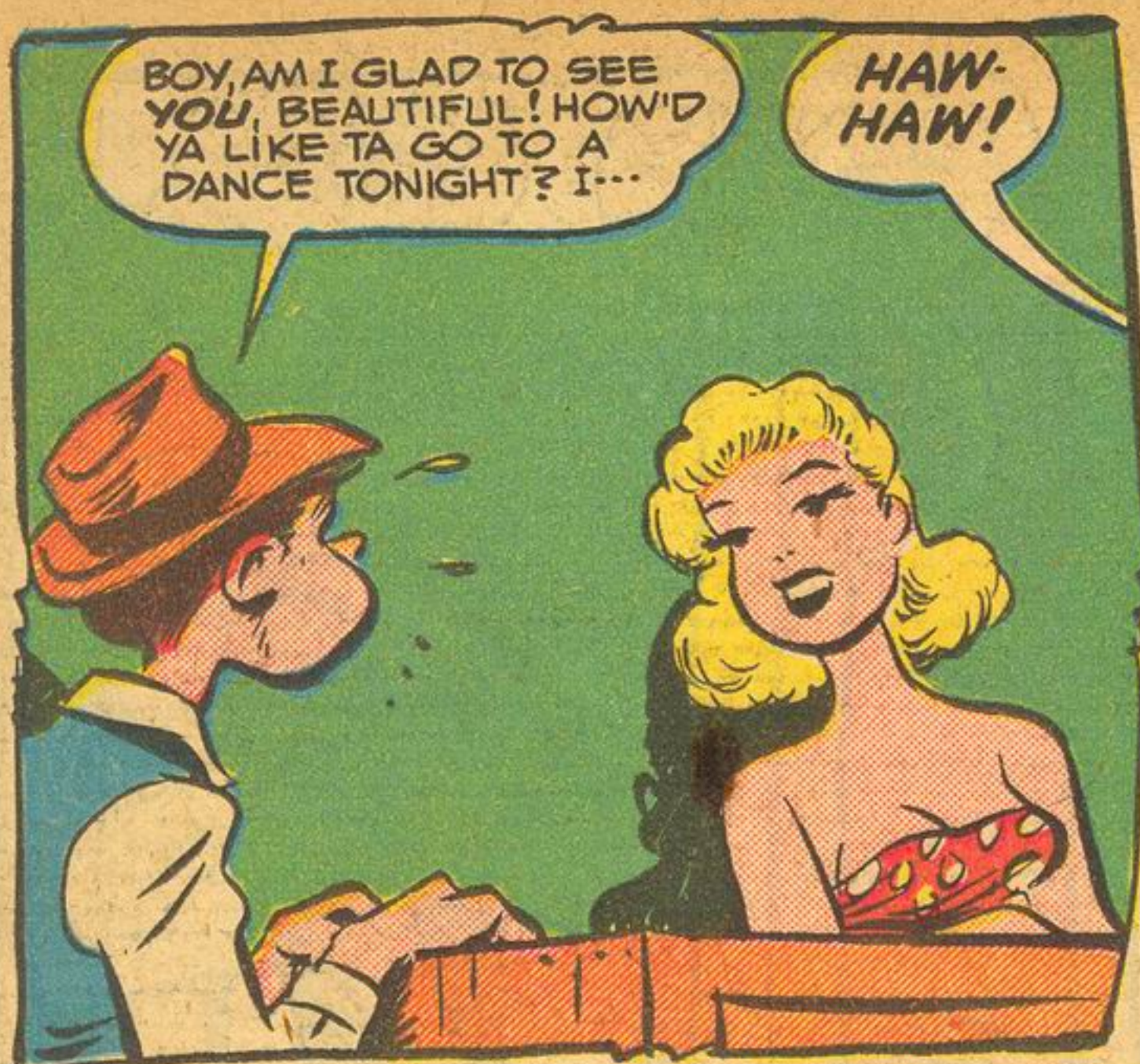
SO YOUR FATHER, KNOWING YOU WERE GOING TO THE DANCE **ALONE** TONIGHT, ARRANGED TO HAVE YOU TAKE HER! ISN'T THAT **NICE?**

ER, YEAH...AH... IT'S JUST **PEACHY!** BUT...ER...YA SEE, I **CAN'T...** AH...

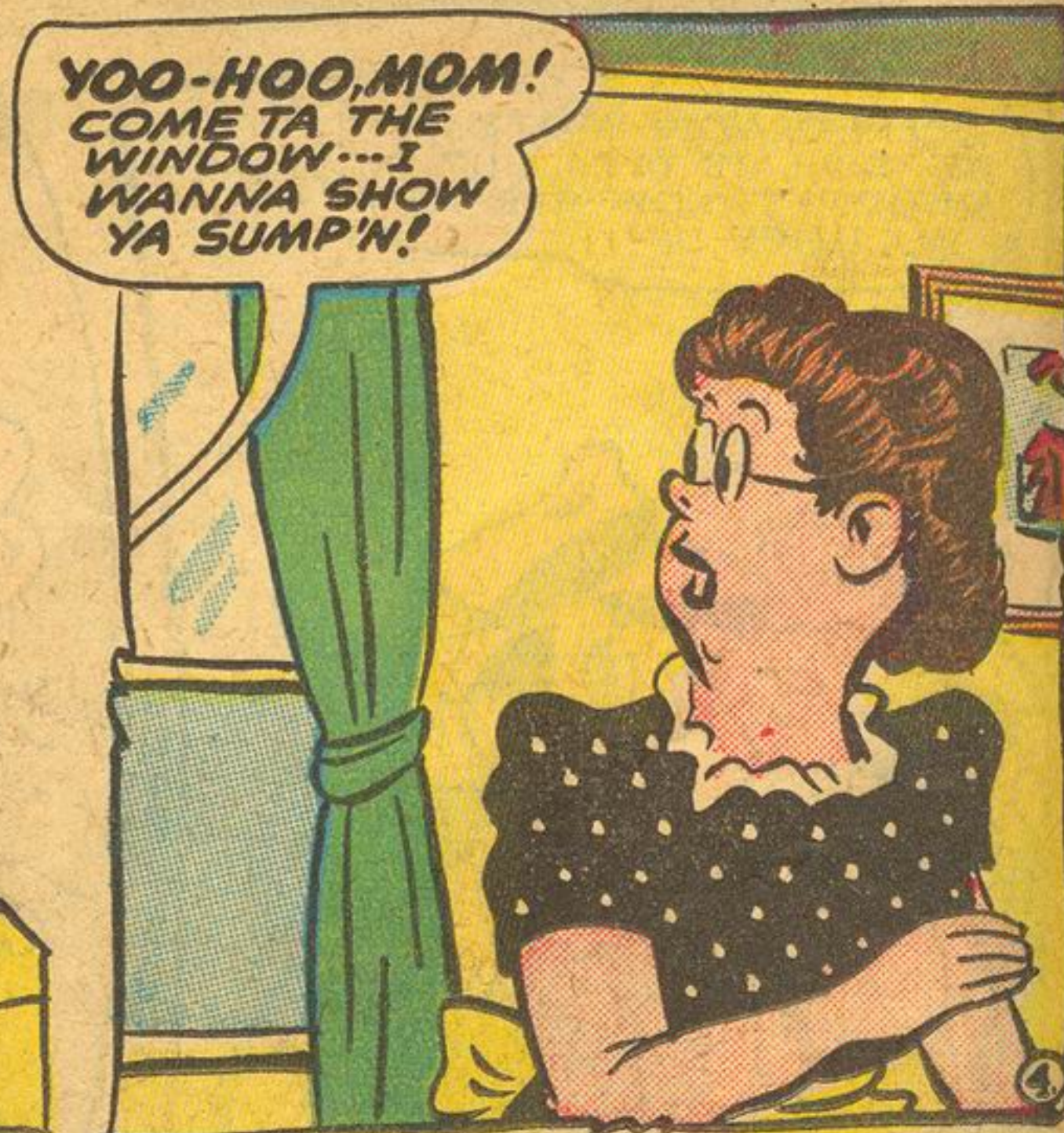
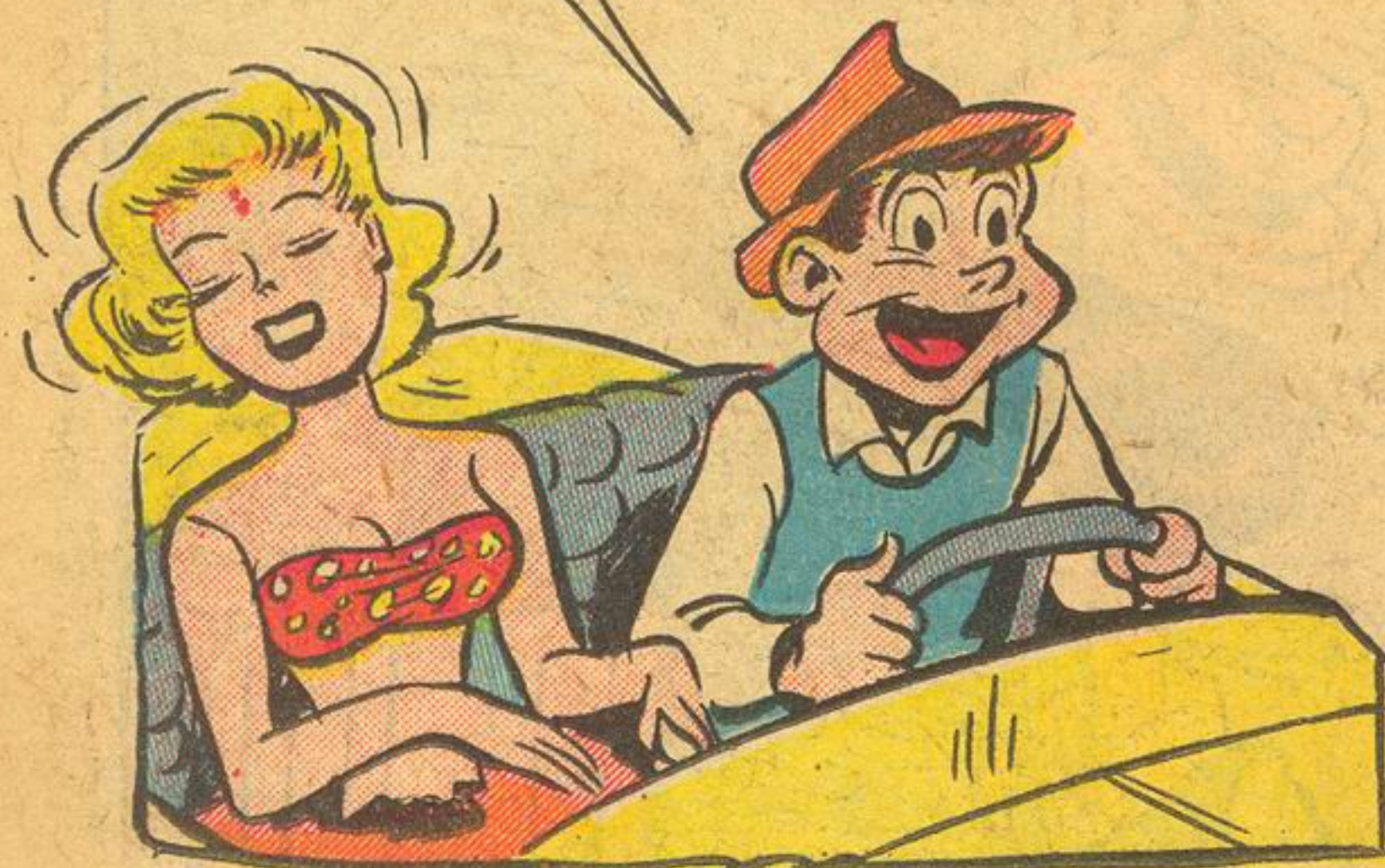


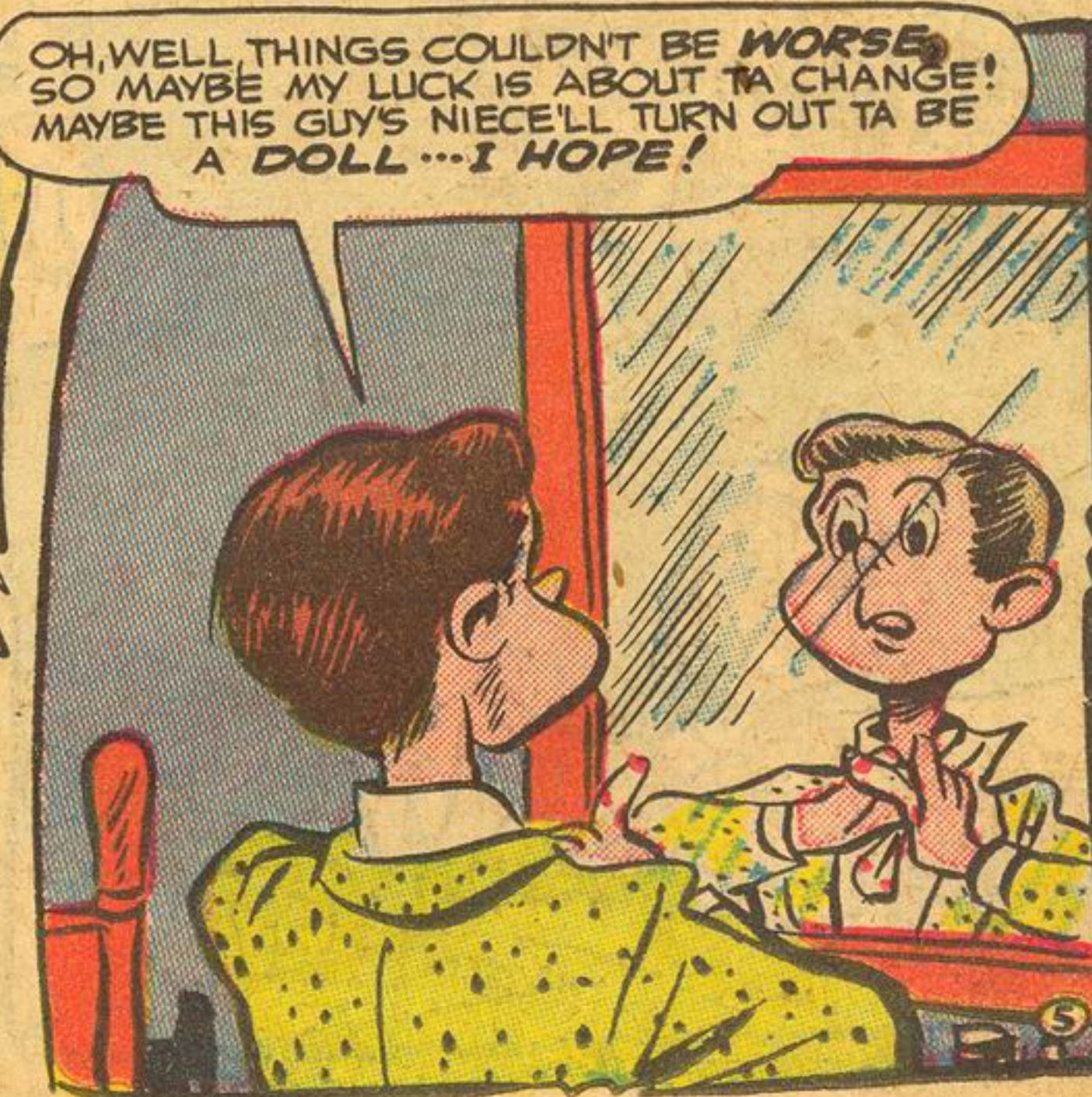
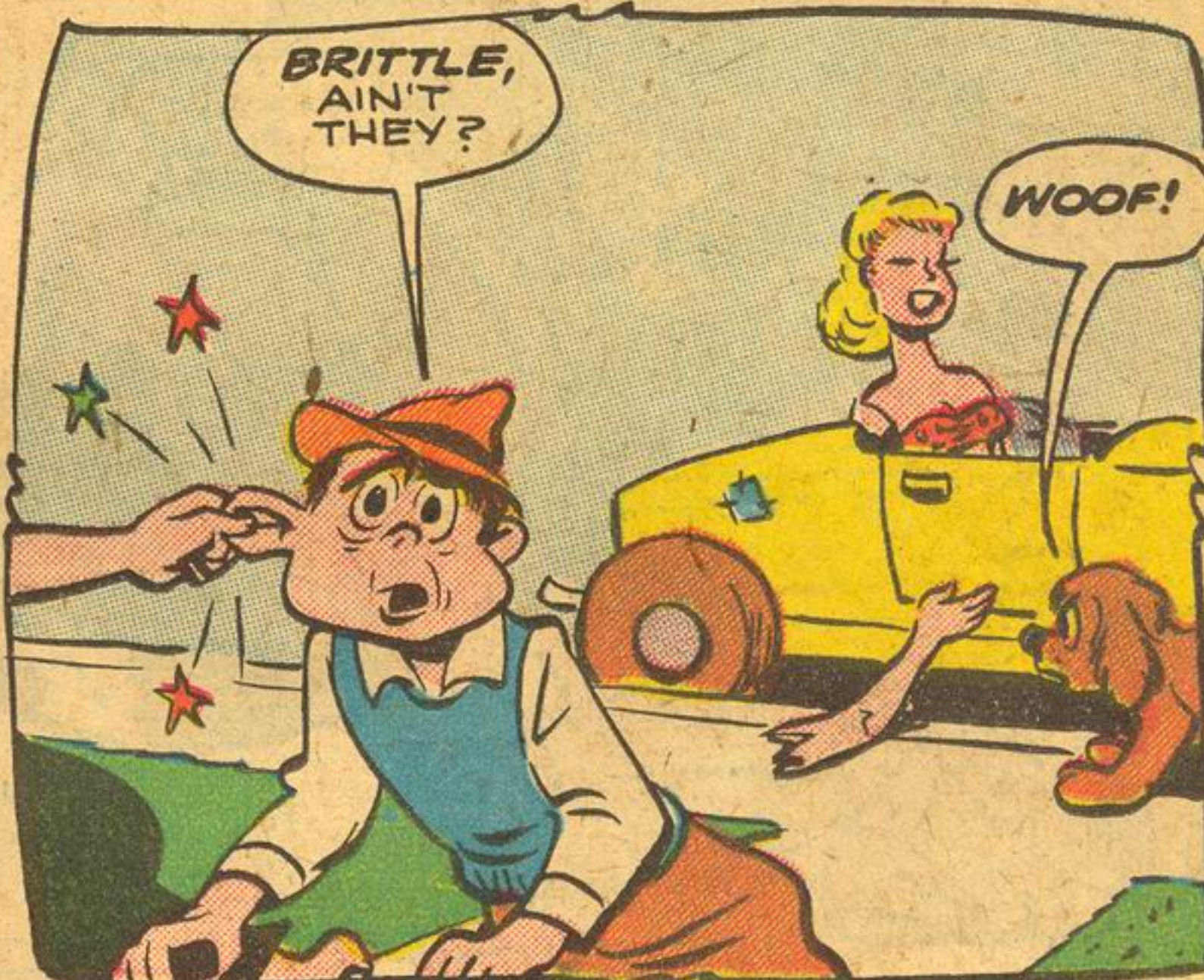
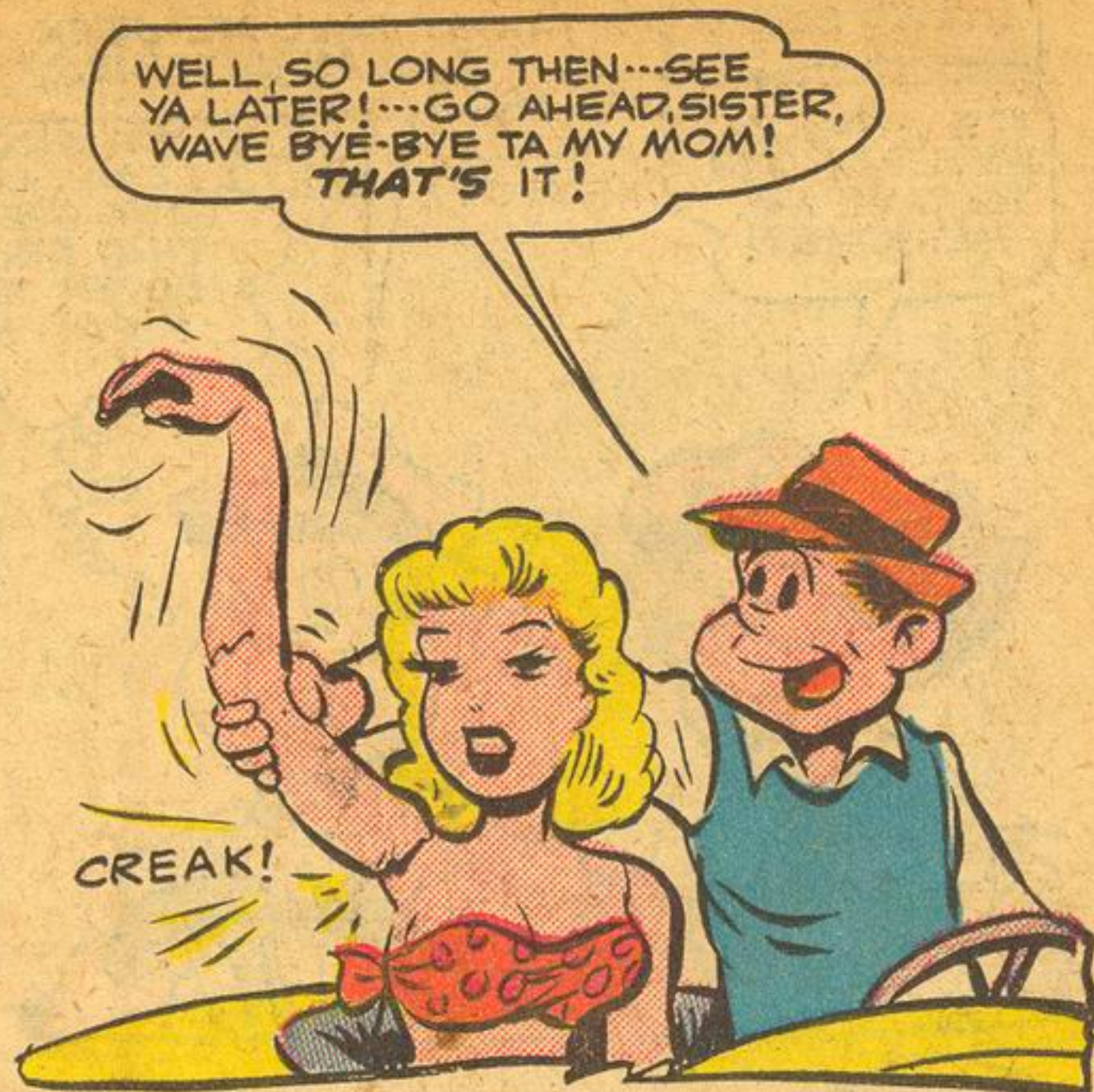
I GOTTA THINK FAST!





BABY, YOU MAY JUST BE WINDOW DISPLAY TO OTHER PEOPLE, BUT TO ME, YOU'RE AN ANGEL FROM HEAVEN! YESSIR, YOU'RE MY DATE FER TONIGHT!





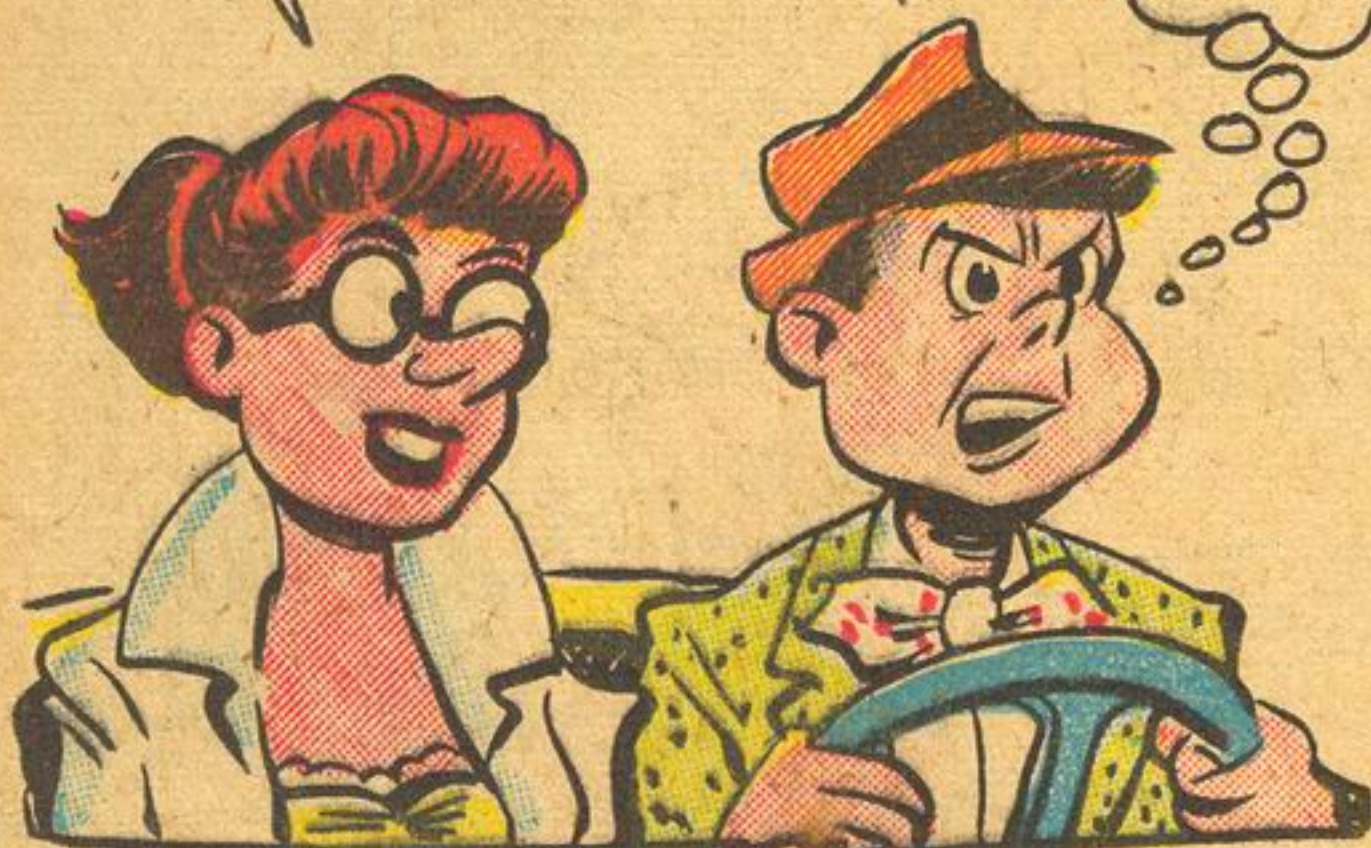
AND SO...

IT'S AWFULLY SWEET OF YOU TO TAKE ME, MR. JONES!

JUST CALL ME JERK
...I MEAN, JITTERBUCK!

OH, BROTHER!
I CAN'T LET THE GUYS SEE ME WITH THIS DRIP...THEY'D NEVER FINISH RIDIN' ME!

OH-OH...A COP! MAYBE IF I GOT PINCHED FER SPEEDIN' OR SUMP'N, I'D HAVE A GOOD ALIBI FER NOT SHOWIN' UP AT THE DANCE! WELL...HERE GOES!

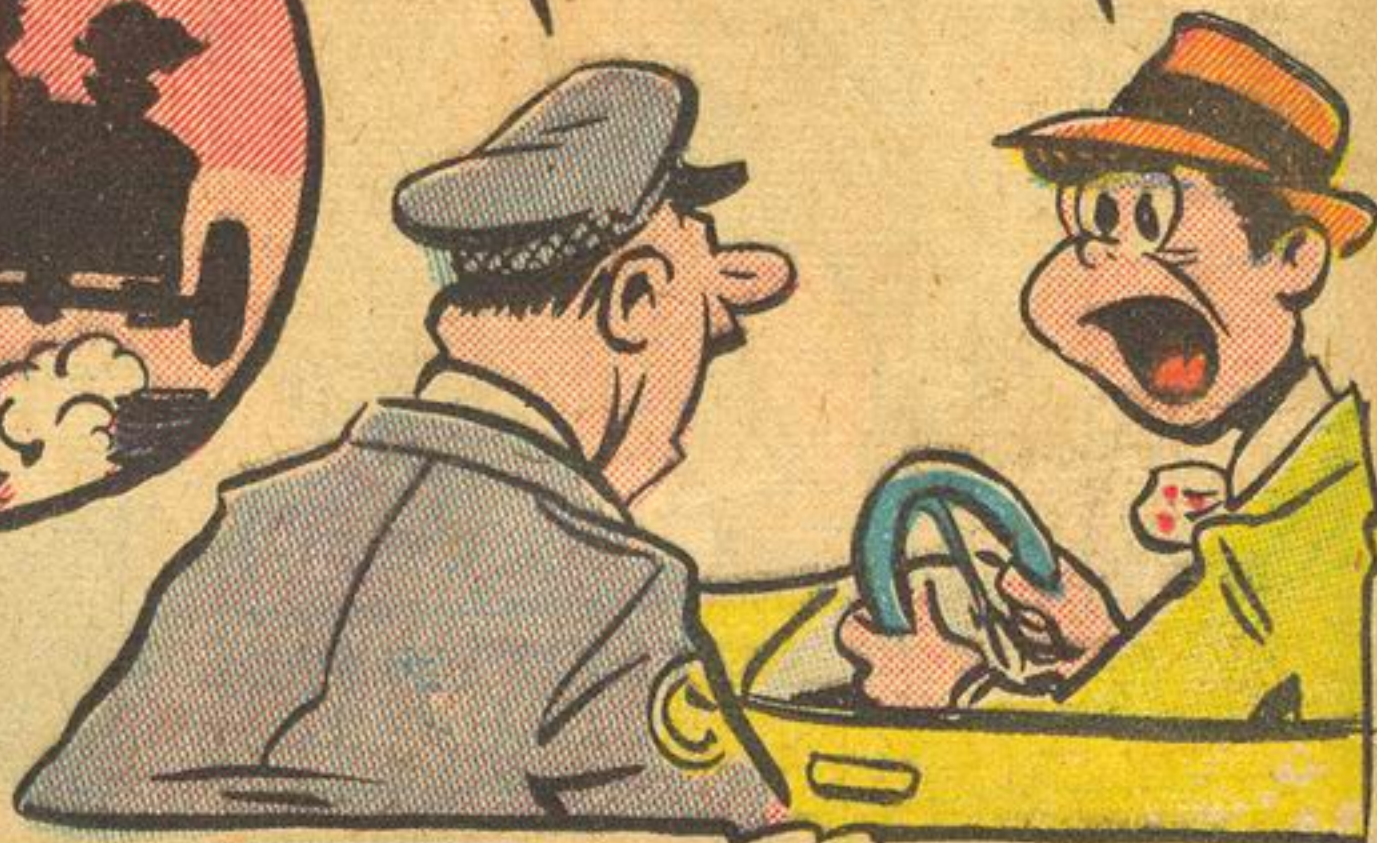
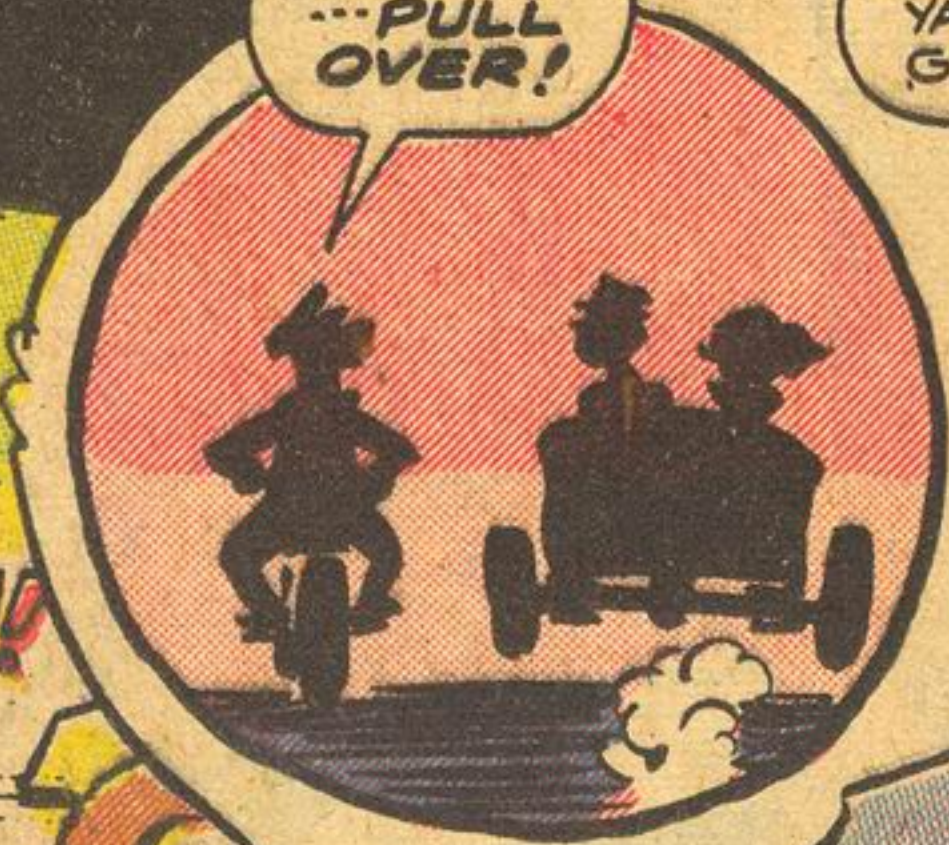
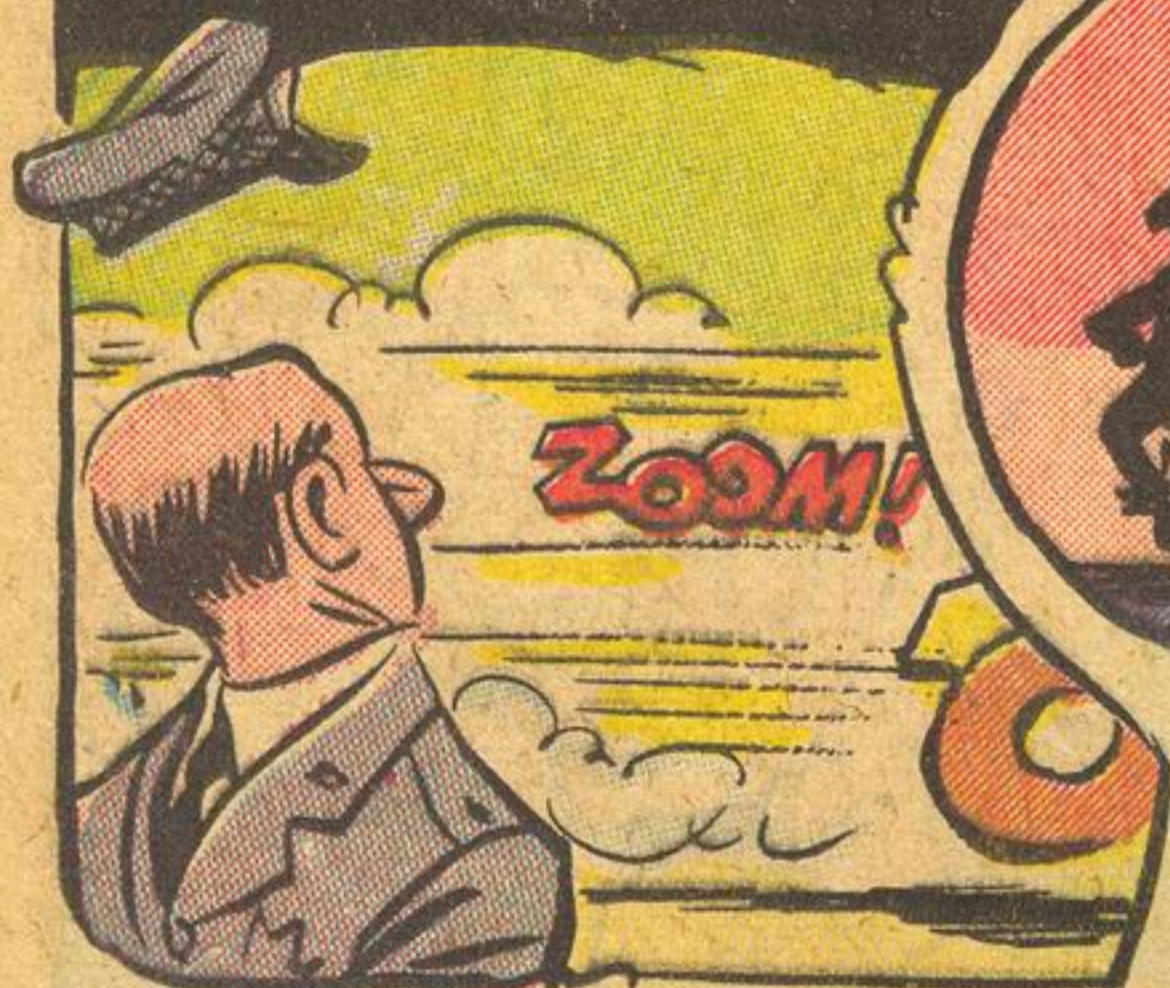


WOT THE...!

AWRIGHT
...PULL OVER!

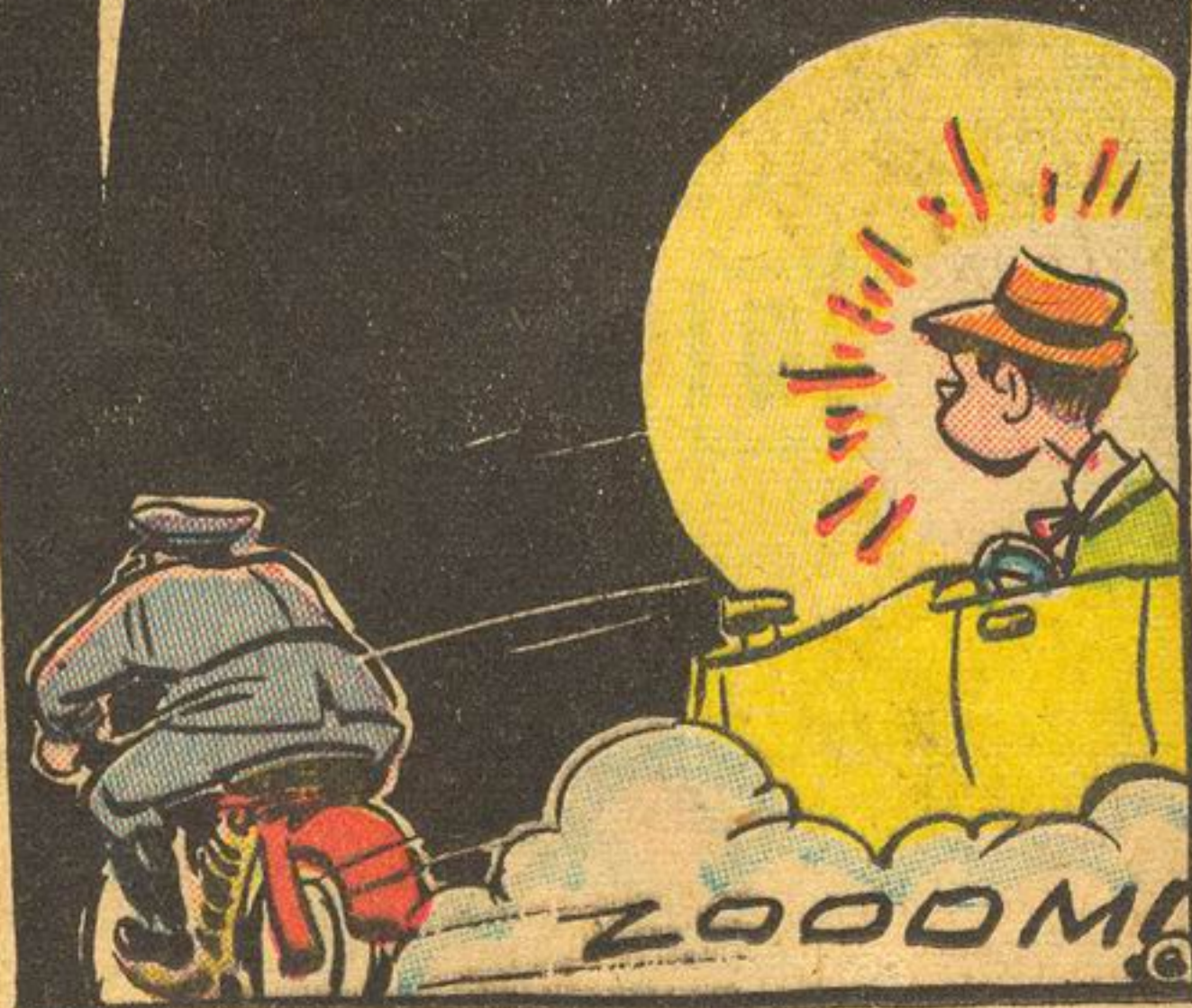
OKAY, SONNY, AN' JUST WHERE DO YA THINK YOU'RE GOIN' IN SUCH A HURRY?

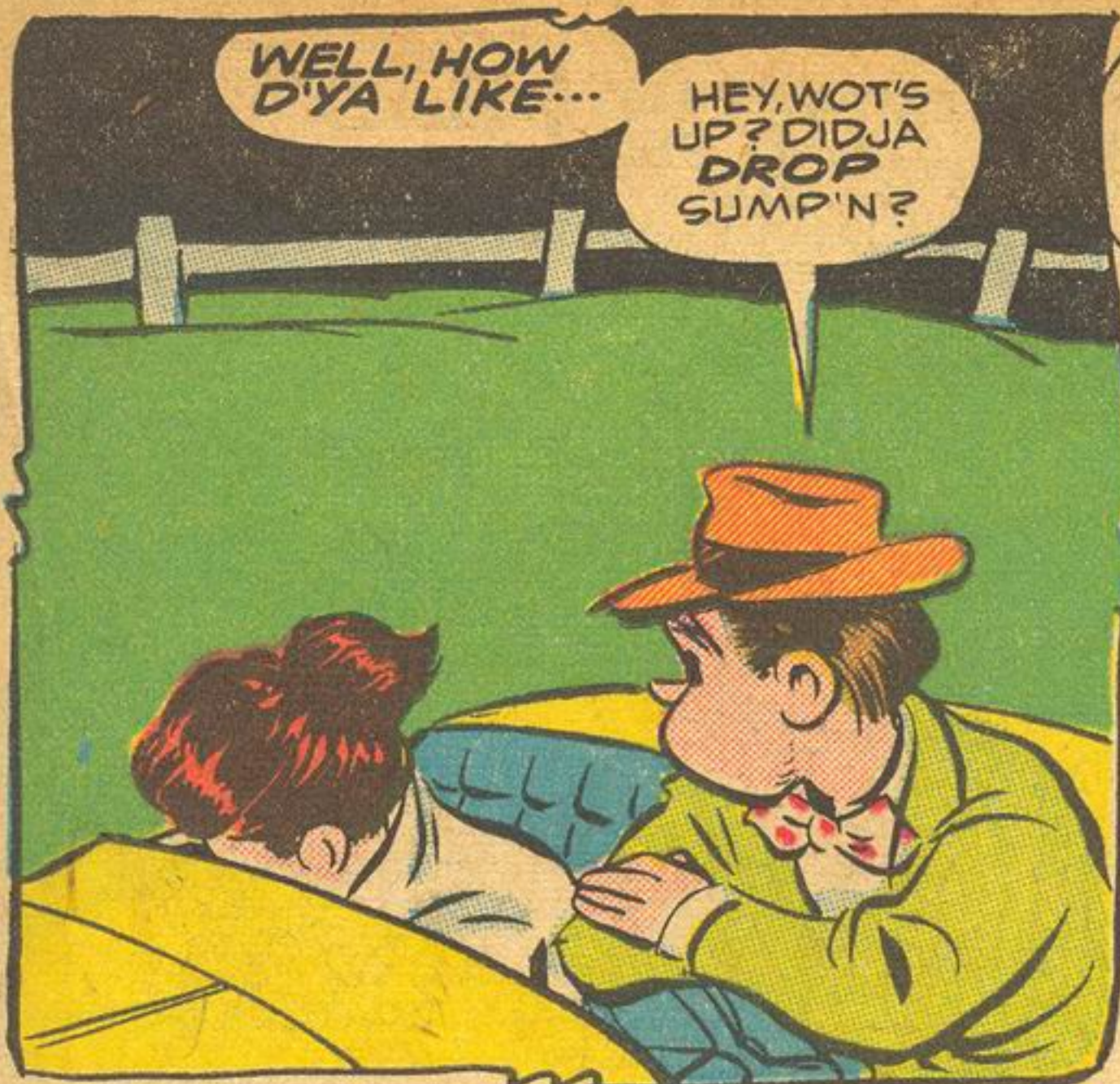
TO A FIRE, CHOWDERHEAD
...TO A FIRE!



BY GOLLY I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT GLOW UP AHEAD DOES LOOK LIKE A FIRE!

WELL, DONT JUST SIT THERE! LET'S GO!





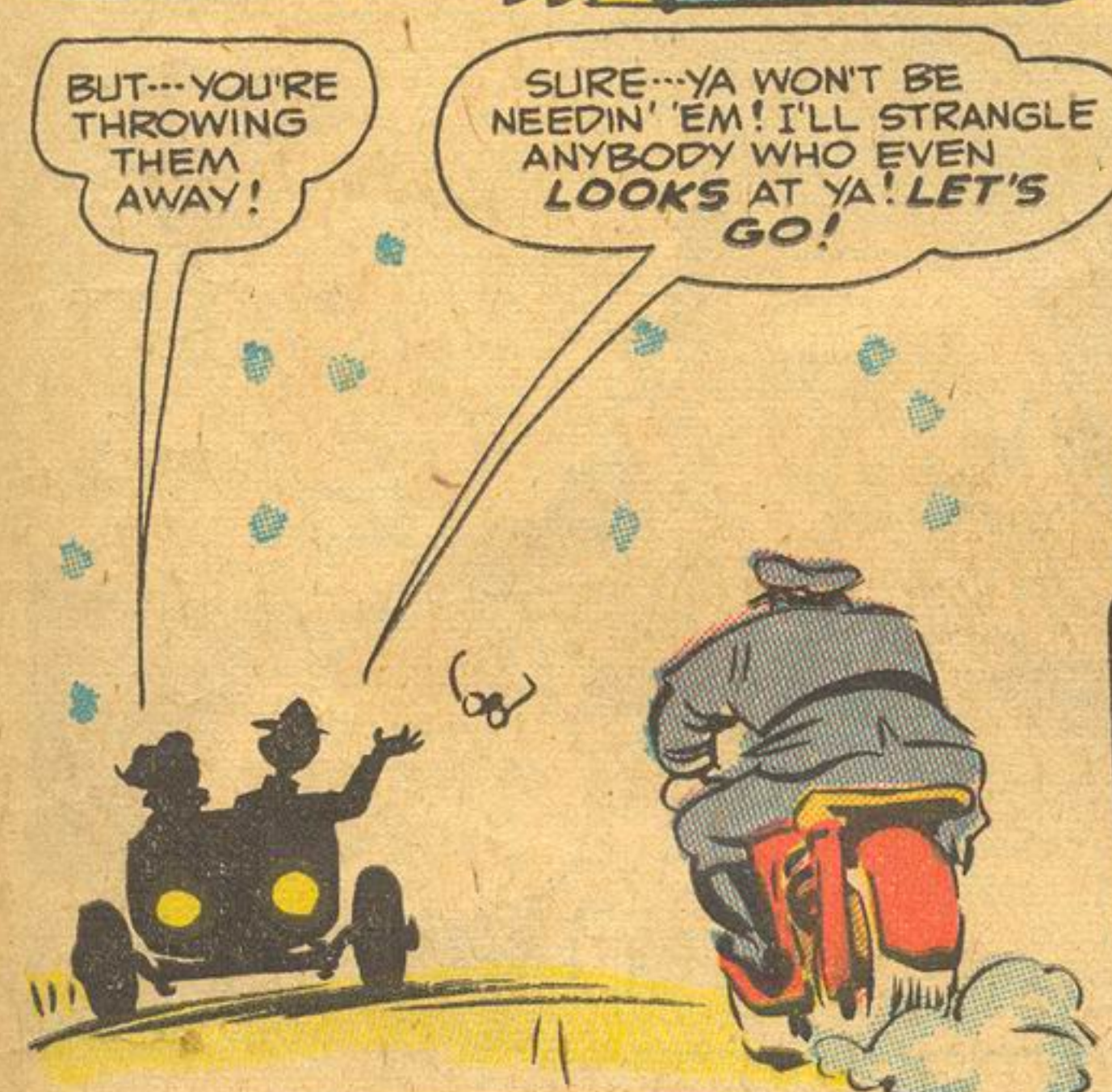
WELL, HOW D'YA LIKE...

HEY, WOT'S UP? DIDJA DROP SUMP'N?

YES, THESE GLASSES AND THAT SILLY ARTIFICIAL NOSE I WAS WEARING! AUNTIE INSISTED ON MY HAVING THEM ...TO DISCOURAGE ANY ADVANCES FROM THE BOYS AT THE DANCE!



JEEPERS!! YER...YER BEAUTIFUL! WOW!



BUT...YOU'RE THROWING THEM AWAY!

SURE...YA WON'T BE NEEDIN' 'EM! I'LL STRANGLE ANYBODY WHO EVEN LOOKS AT YA! LET'S GO!



ONE MINUTE, SONNY...I GOT BAD NEWS FOR YA! THAT WASN'T ANY FIRE AT ALL! SO I'LL HAFTA GIVE YA A TICKET FOR SPEEDIN'!

WHY...ER... YOU MUST BE THINKIN' OF MY TWIN BROTHER!



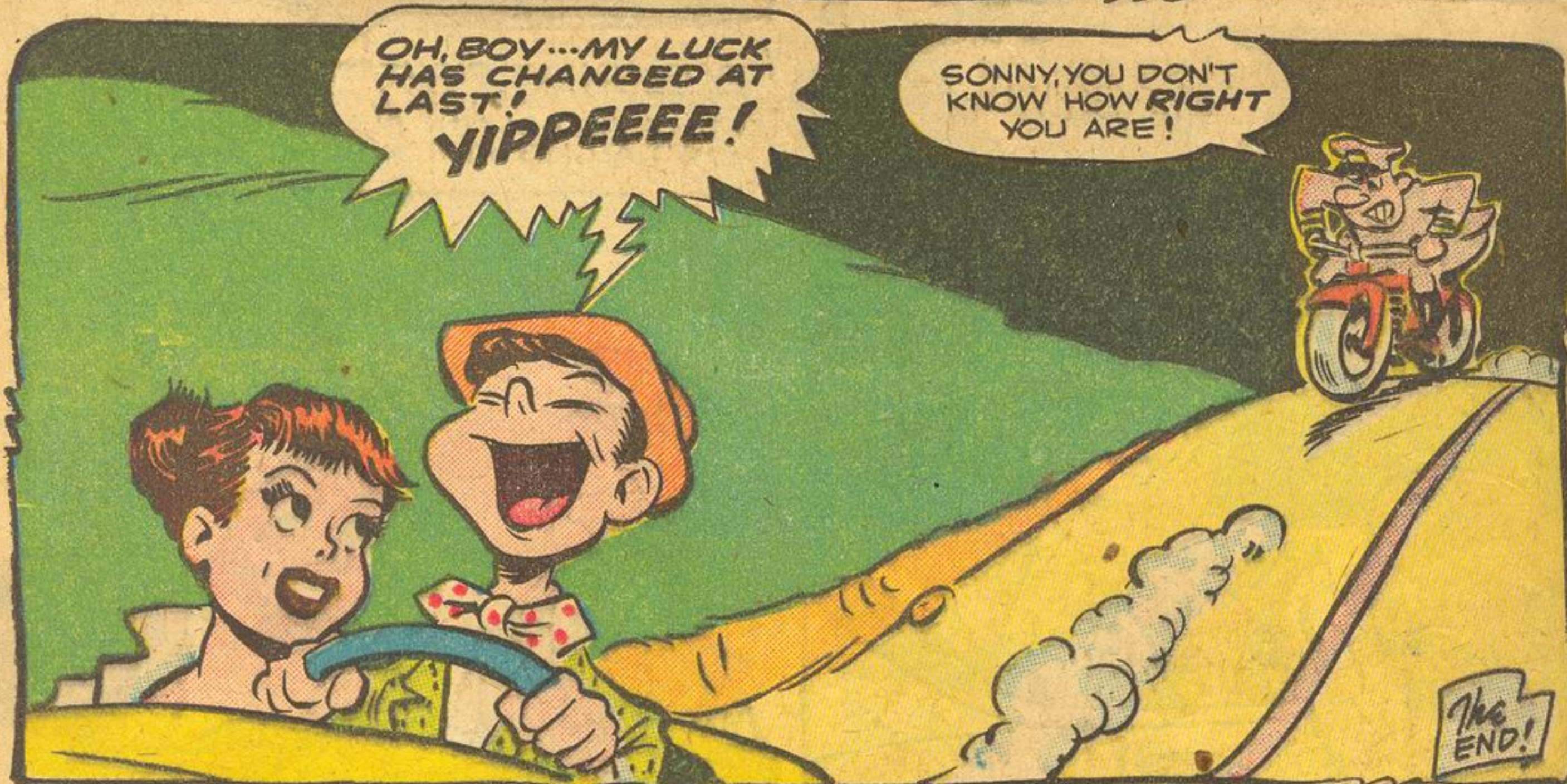
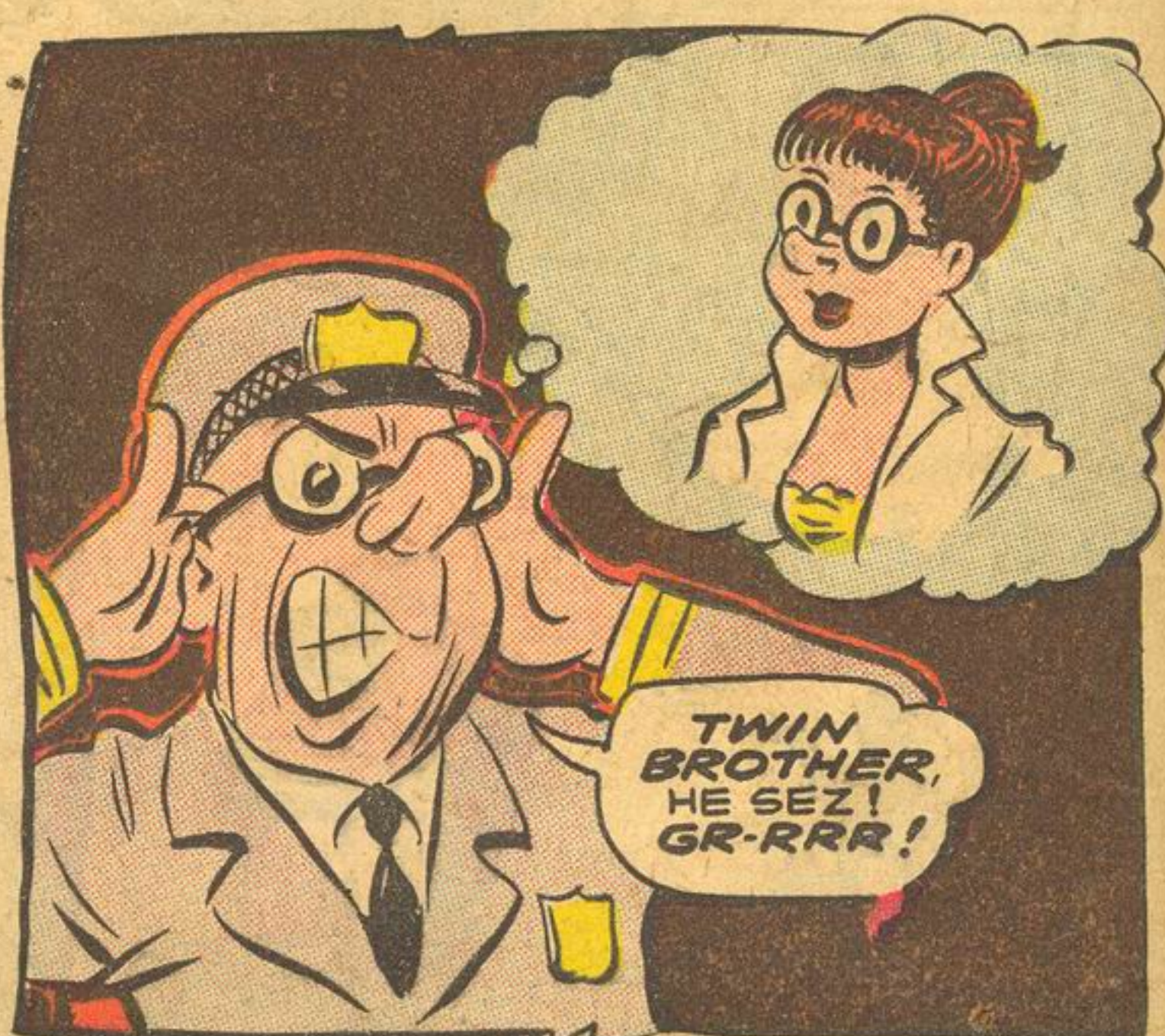
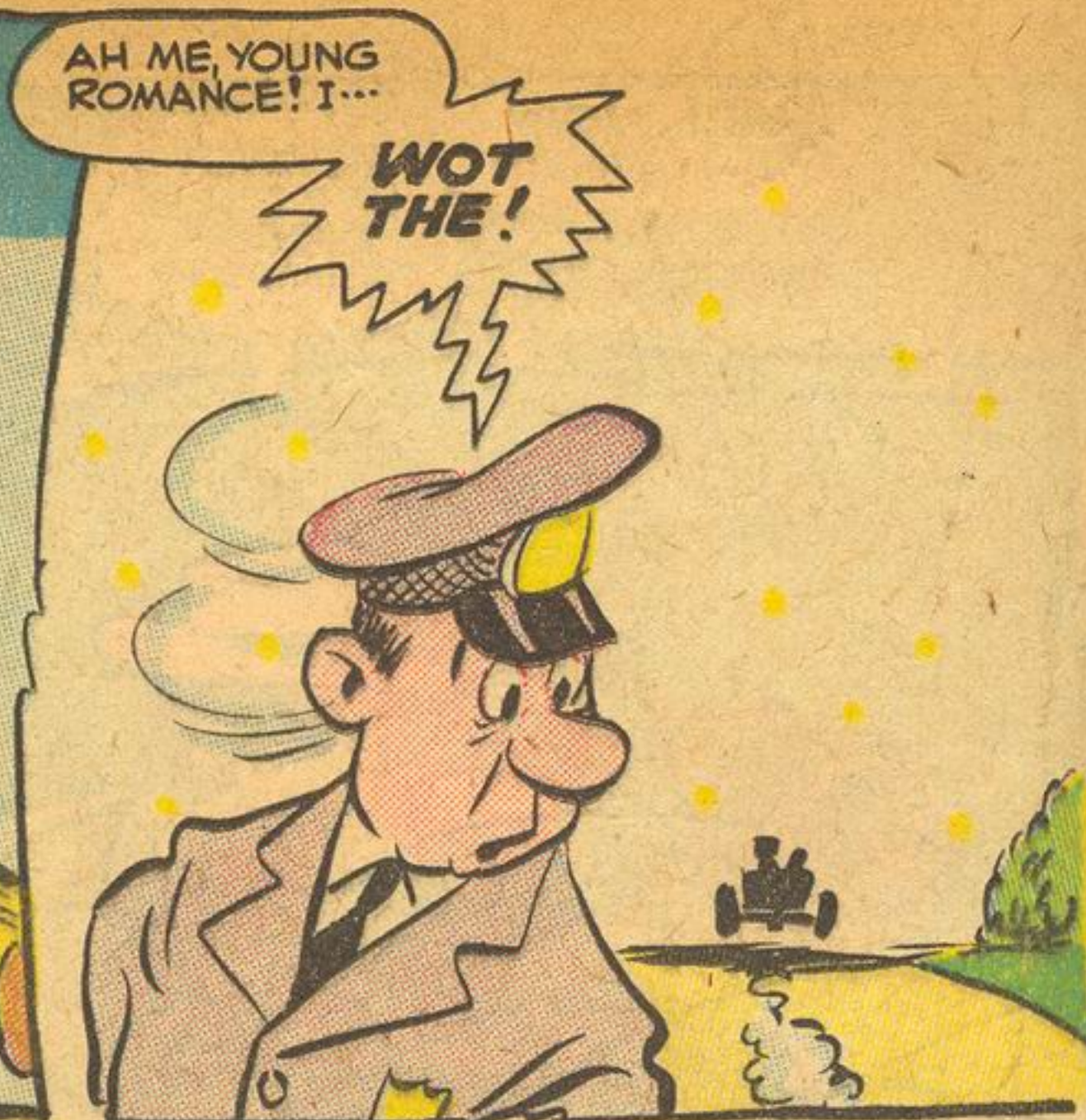
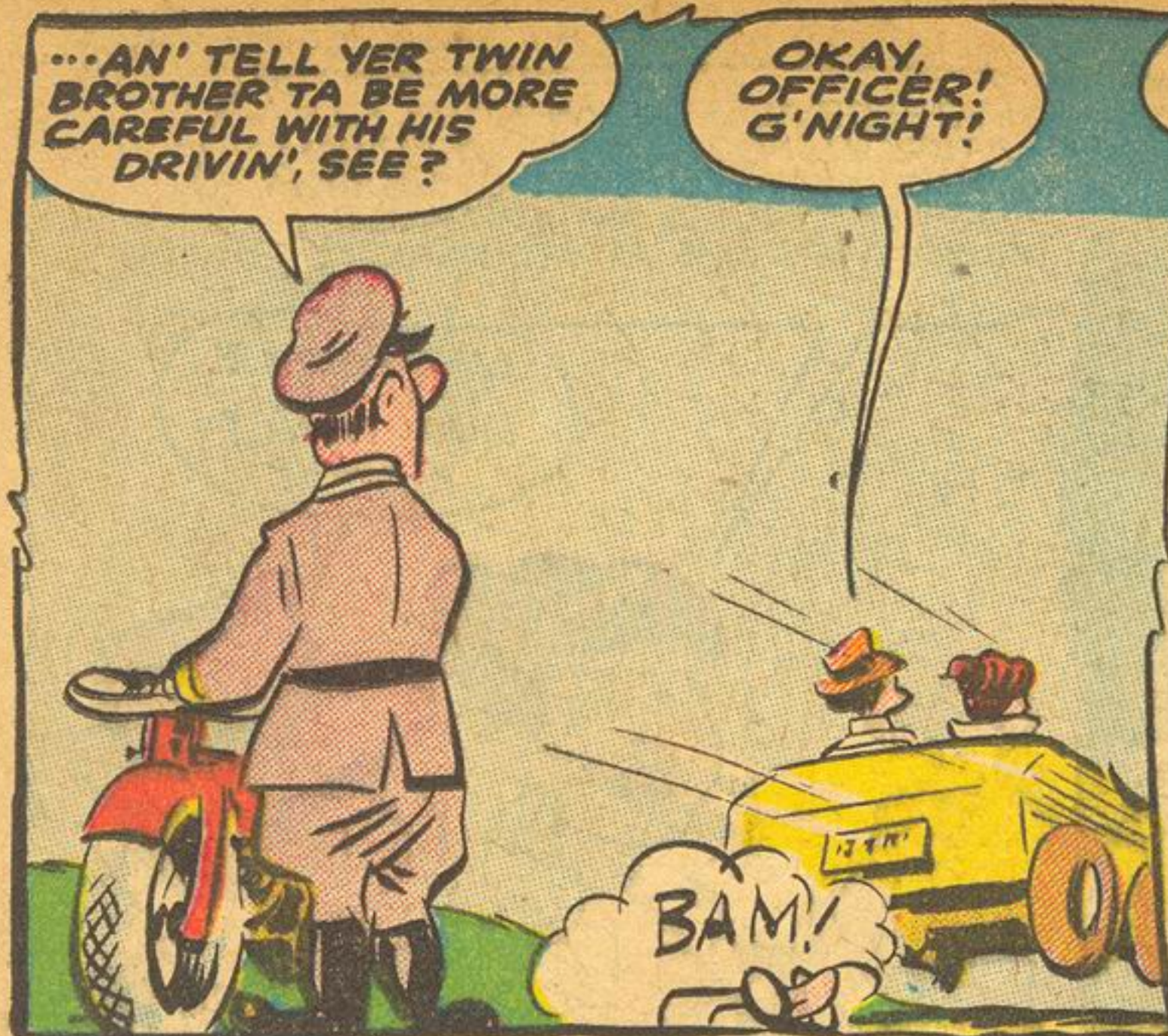
YOU GOT A TWIN BROTHER?

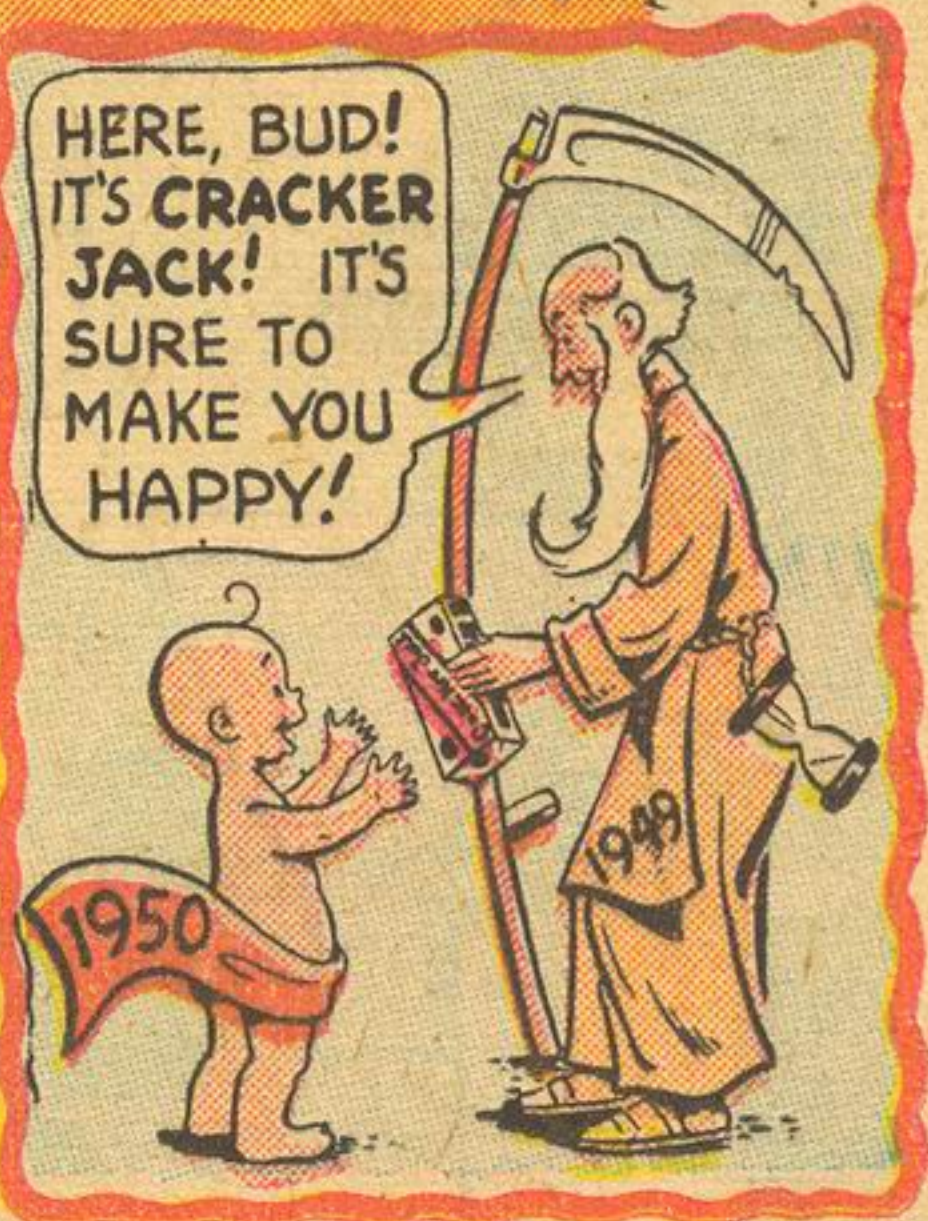
YEAH, YEAH! I'M THE ONE WITH THE TONI!



BY GOLLY, YER RIGHT! THIS OTHER GUY WAS WITH A GIRL WITH A BIG NOSE AN' GLASSES! ...GIT ALONG WITH YA NOW!

YES SIR!





For recommended reading...



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



ALL BIG
52
PAGES



They're the terrific ten...
THE GREATEST GROUP
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL
... REGULARLY ...
Read **AMERICAN!**

HOWDY HAIL

SMACK!

**WOW, SAL, YOUR KISSES
SURE PACK A WALLOP!!**

KA-
POW!

- by CLARK HAAS -

HOWDY KISSING SAL!!
HE'S IN THERE, BUT **GOOD!!**
THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!!

SMACK!

BATS! I **HATE** BEING ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN!! IF I COULD ONLY **RUB** THAT SQUEAKY-PIP OUTTA TH' PICTURE, MY TROUBLES WOULD BE OVER!..... **OR**.... MAYBE IF I COULD REMOVE SAL.... THEN.... HMMM!..... I THINK I **GOT** SOMETHING THERE!!

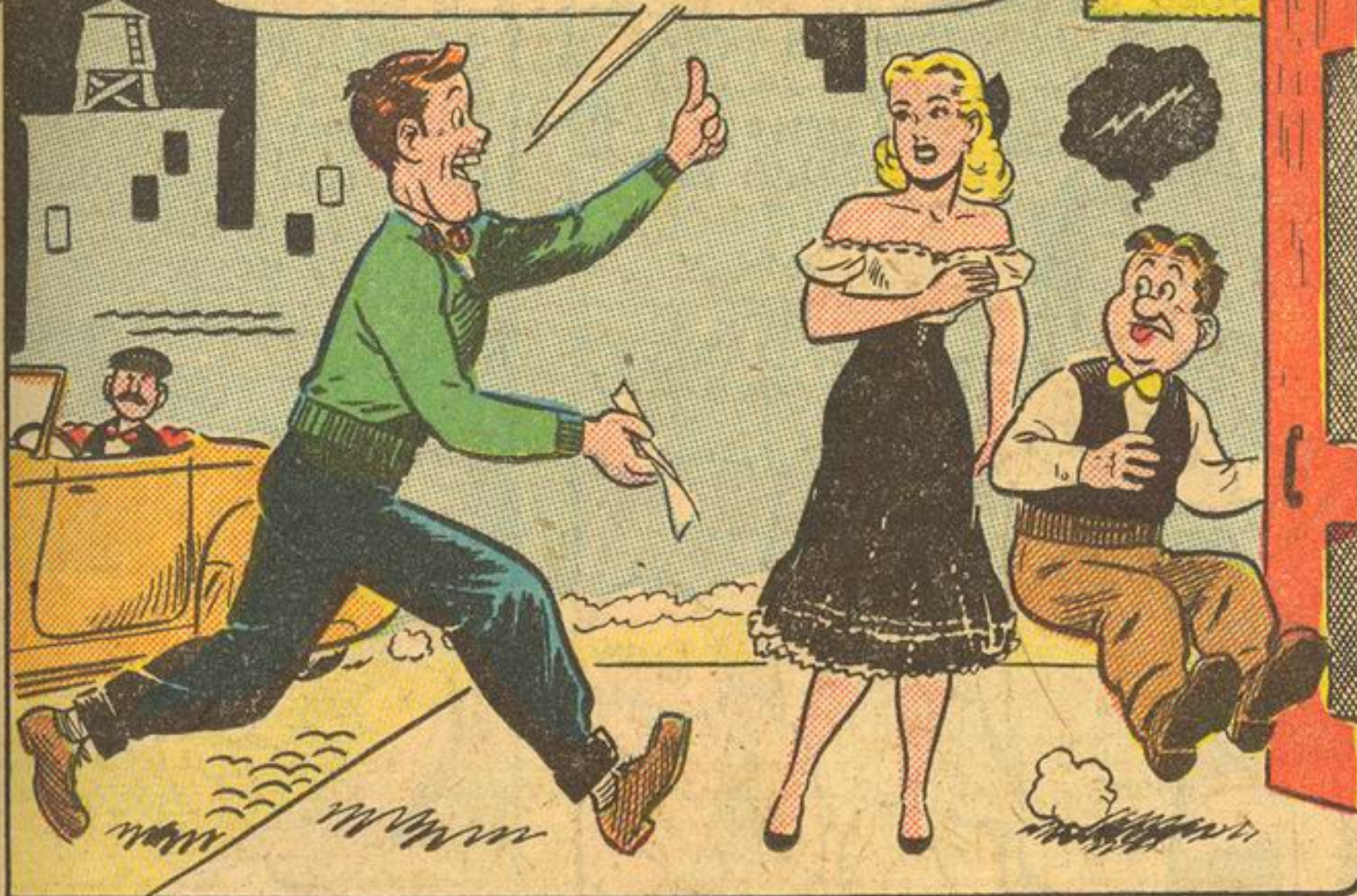
NEXT DAY,
SLINKY...

AH, HA! LOOK WHO'S HERE!
JUST THE TWO I'M LOOKING FOR!

UNCLE GUS'S...
ICE CREAM
PARLOR

I'VE GOT **GREAT** NEWS FOR
ALL OF US, BUT ESPECIALLY
SAL! MY UNCLE BIGWADLY
GOTLOTS, MIGHTY RICH, HAS
JUST WIRED AN INVITATION FOR
SAL TO SPEND HER VACATION
ON HIS TEXAS **RANCH!**

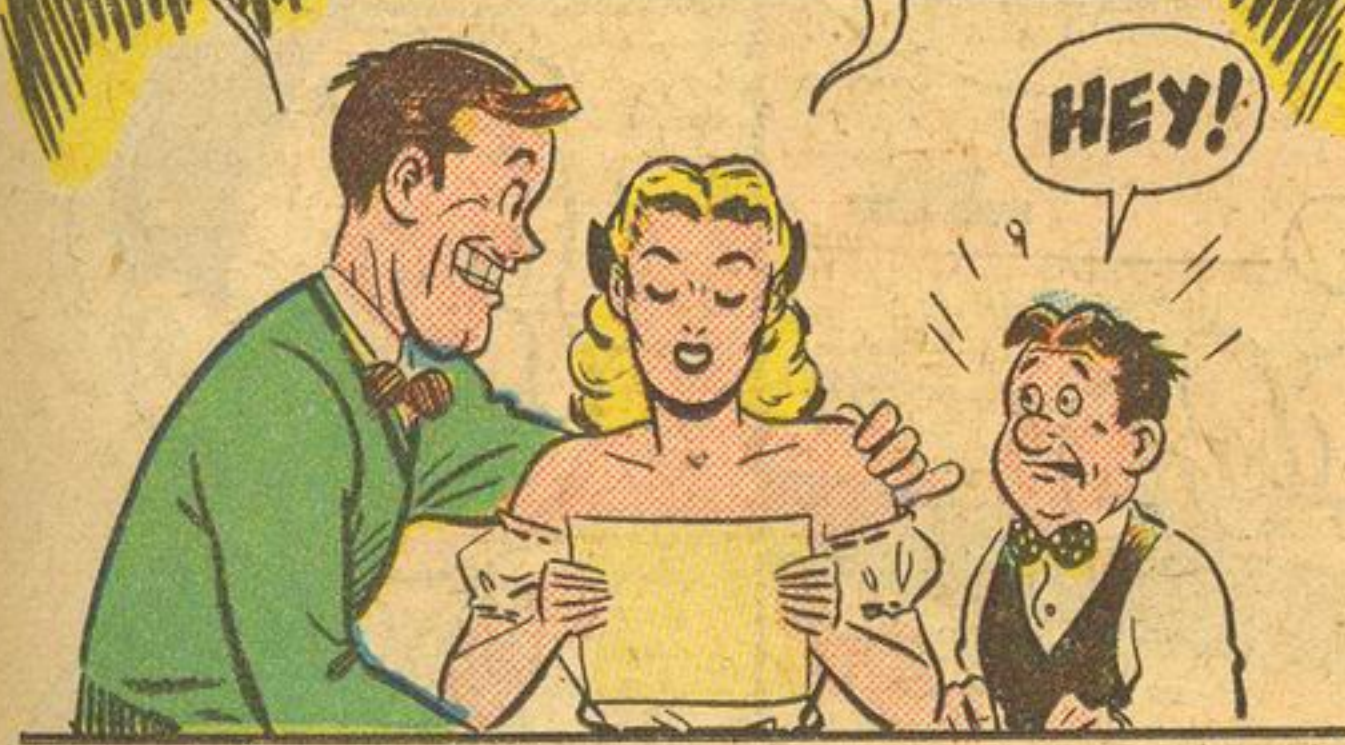
GOOD
GRACIOUS!



POOR SAL HAS BEEN LOOKING PALE LATELY--
PROBABLY THE COMPANY SHE'S BEEN KEEP-
ING! THIS TRIP WOULD BE JUST THE THING
TO PUT APPLES BACK IN HER CHEEKS! WE'VE
GOT TO THINK OF SAL'S HEALTH, Y'KNOW!

OH, GRACIOUS! HOW
EXCITING! I'VE NEVER
BEEN ON A RANCH BEFORE!

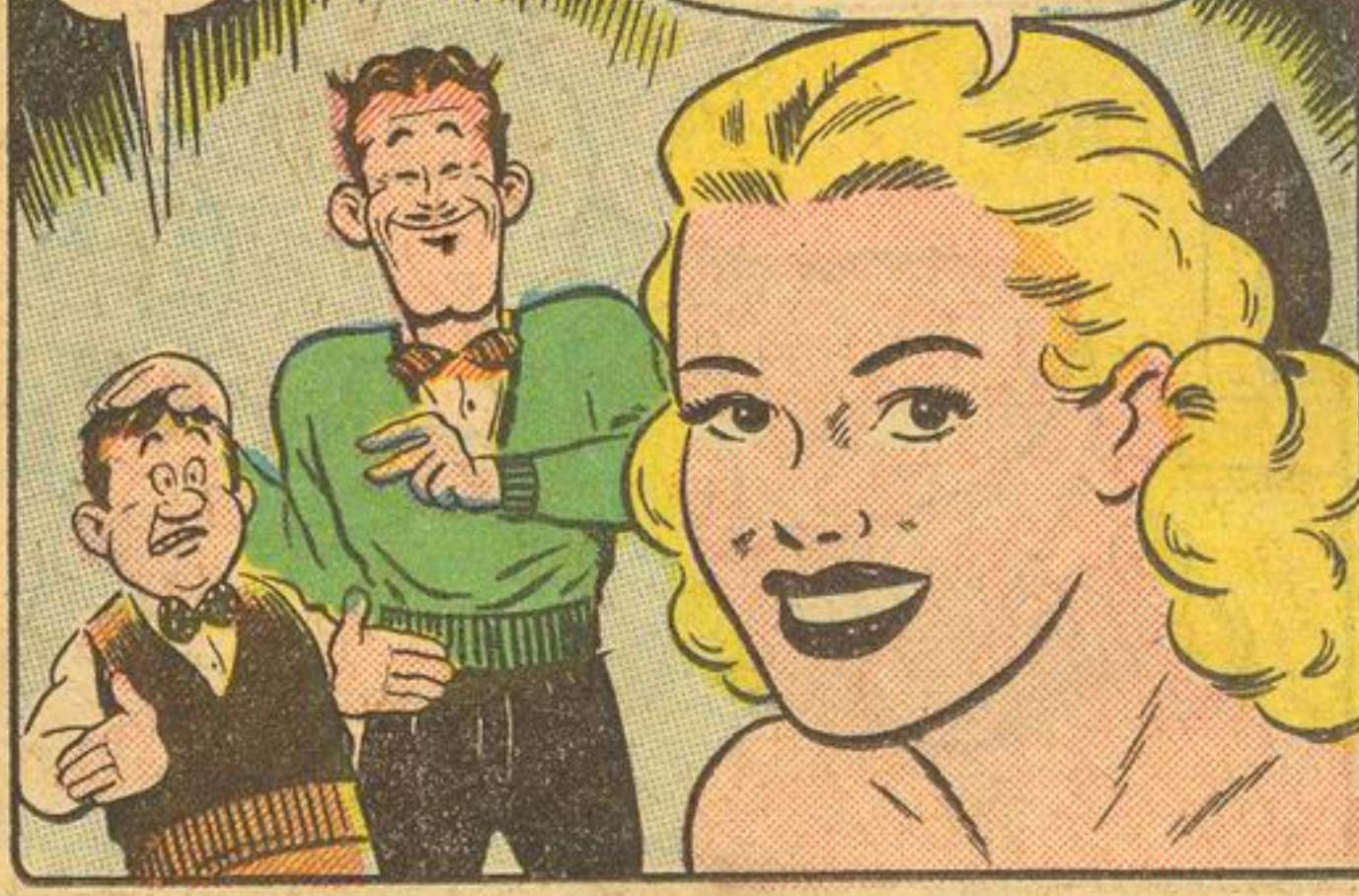
HEY!



WELL...
I...
DO YOU
THINK...
!?

NOW, TUT-TUT, LITTLE MAN, YOU
WOULDN'T WANT TO STAND IN THE
WAY OF SAL'S HAPPINESS, WOULD
YOU?

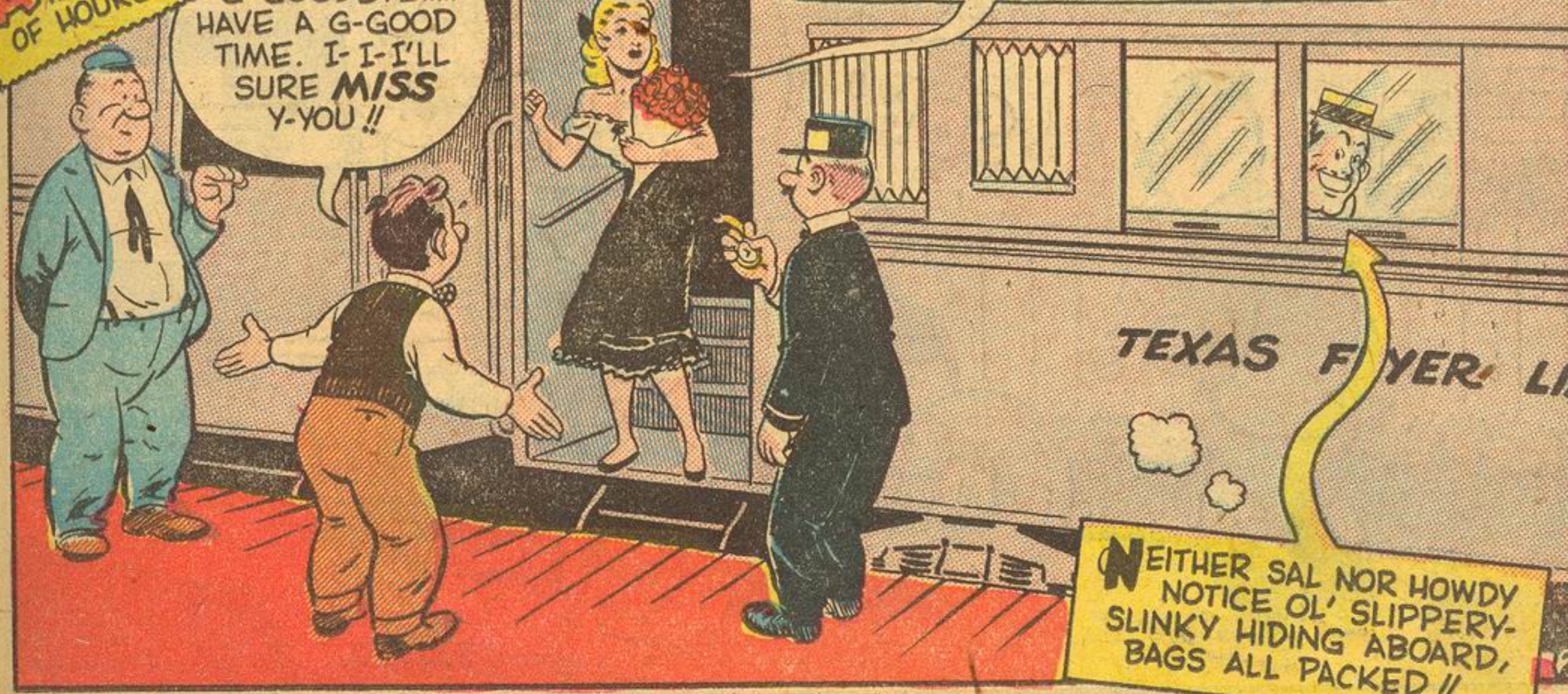
MMM - **TEXAS**,
SUNSHINE, THE GREAT
OUT O'DOORS!!



AND IN A
MATTER
OF HOURS:

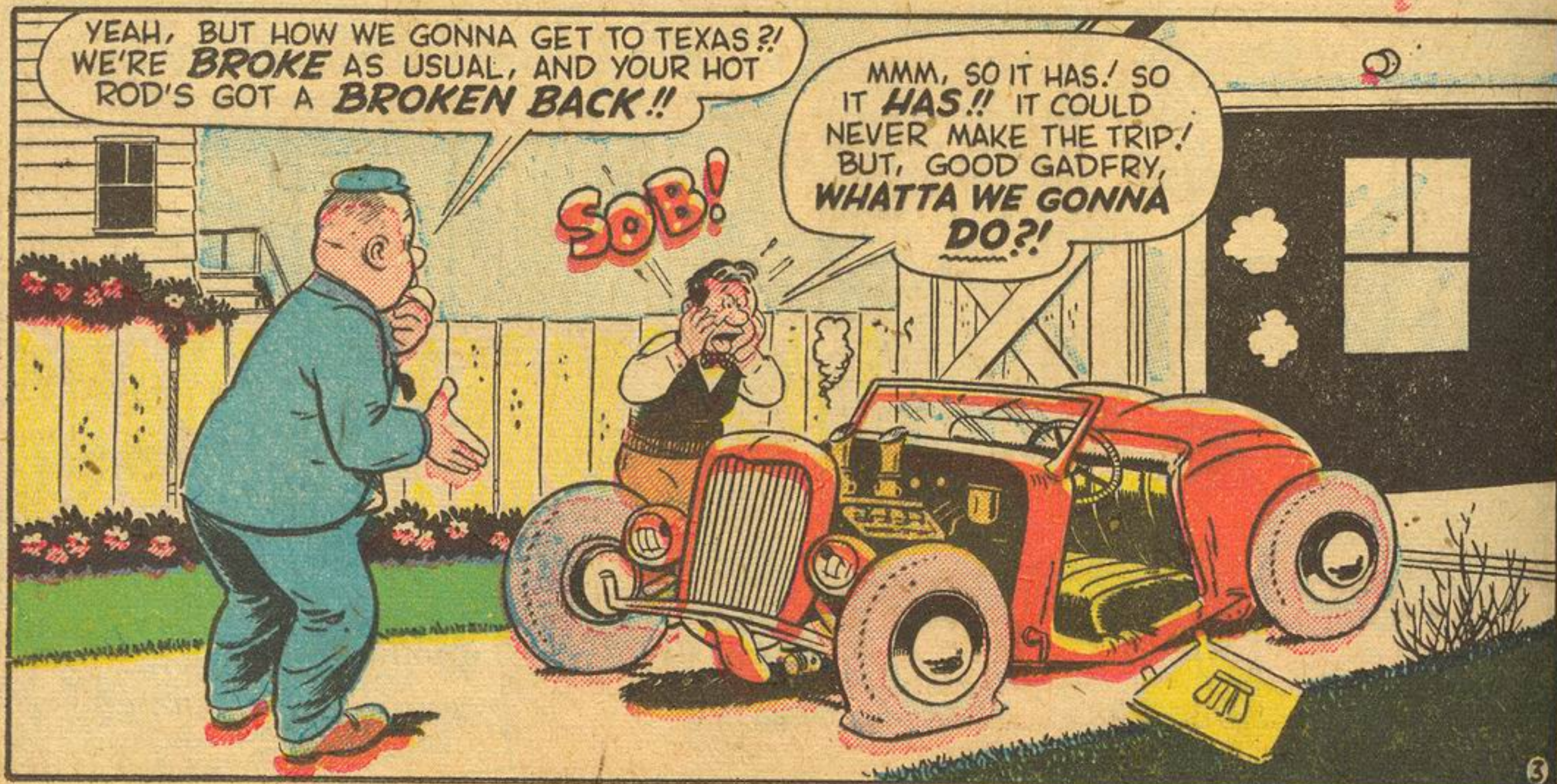
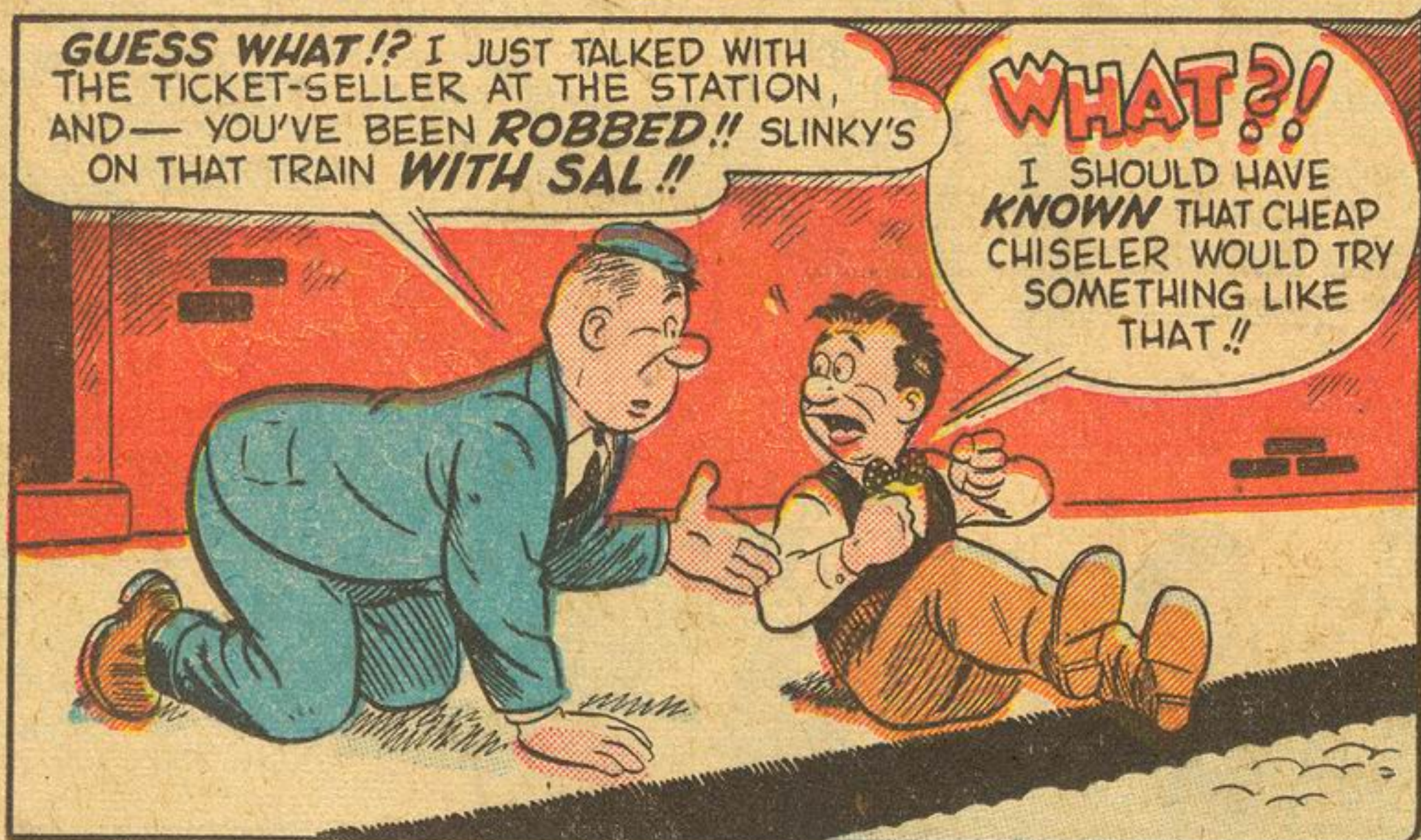
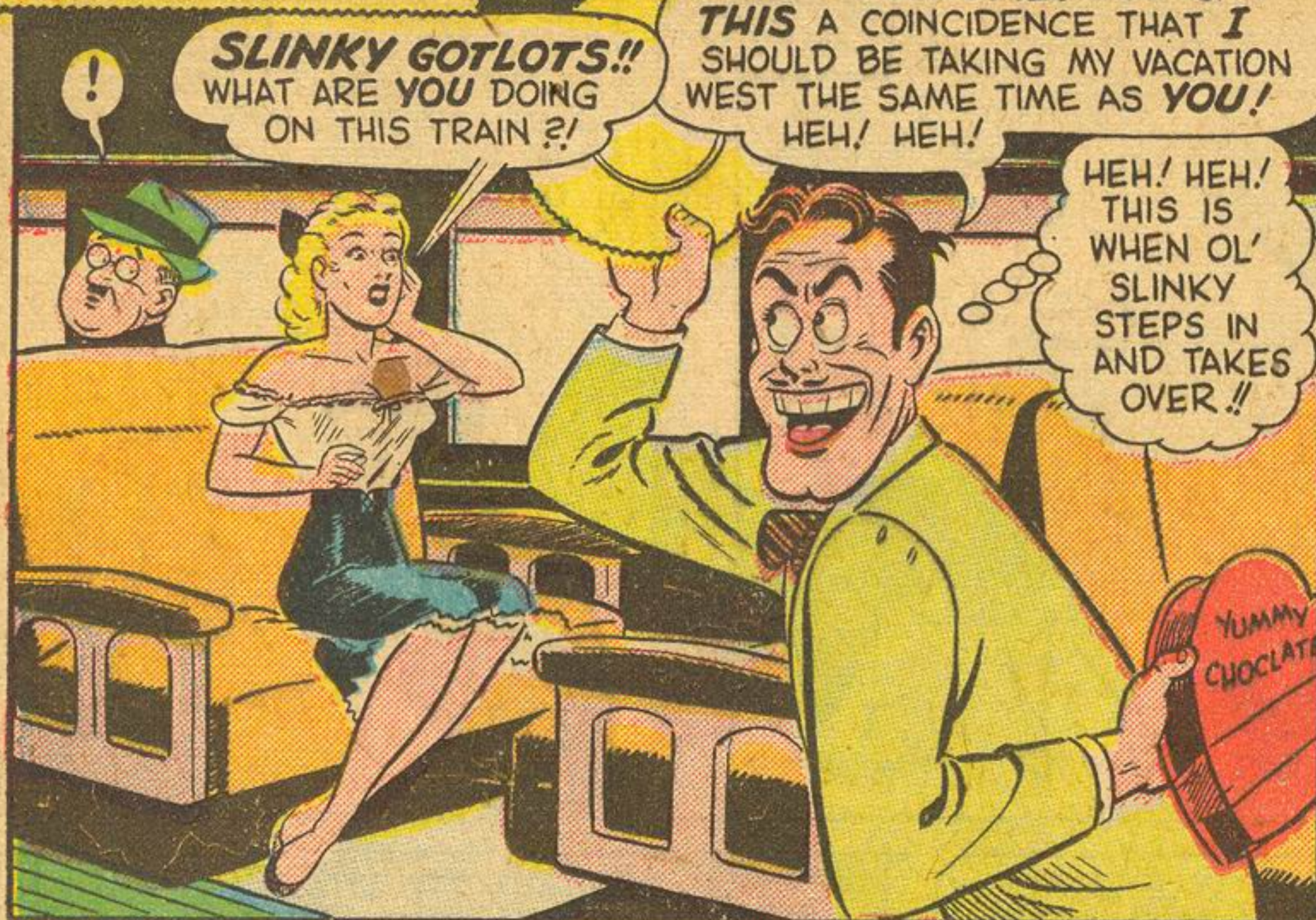
G-GOSH, SAL,
G-GOODBYE....
HAVE A G-GOOD
TIME. I-I-I'LL
SURE **MISS**
Y-YOU!!

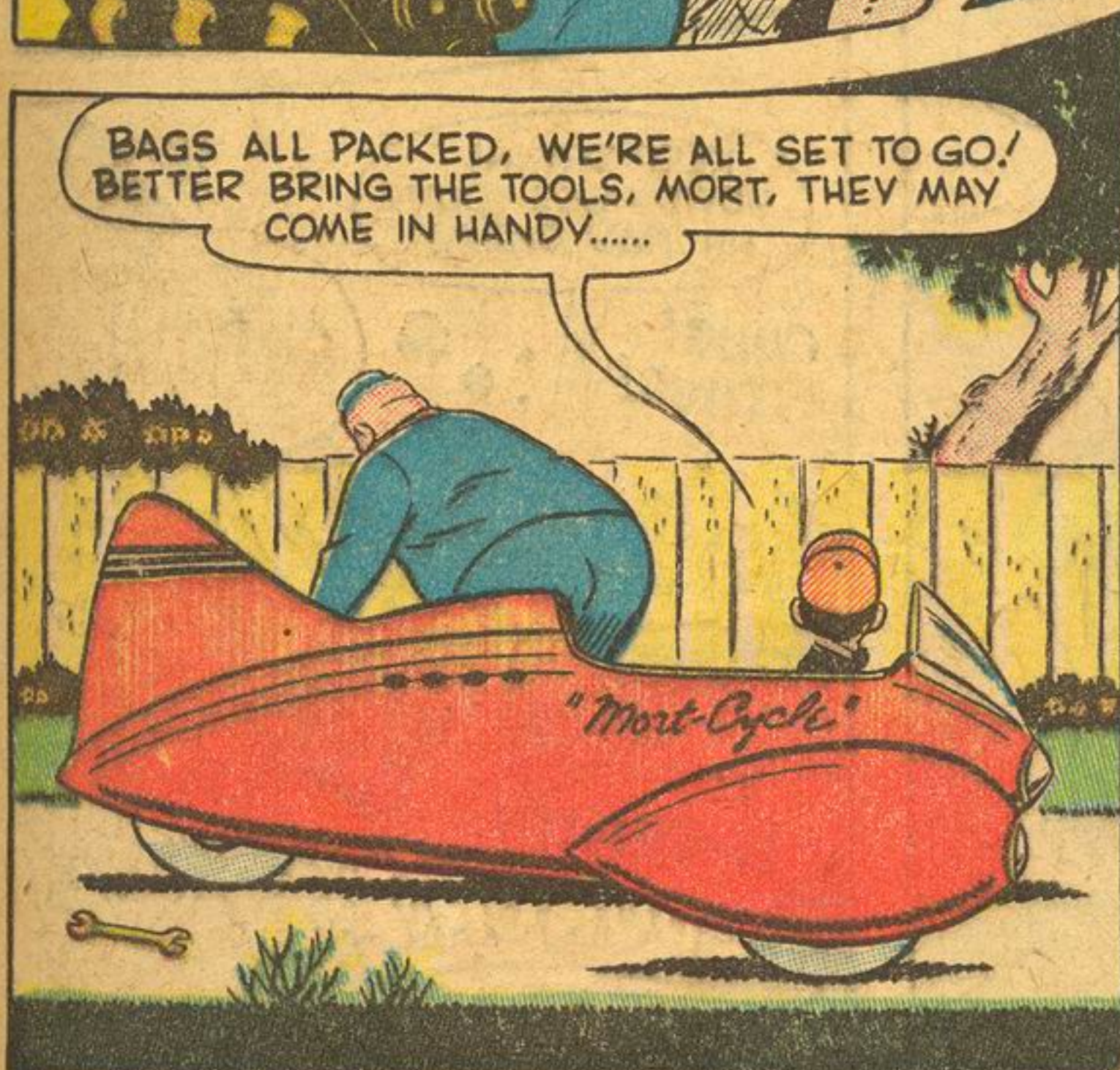
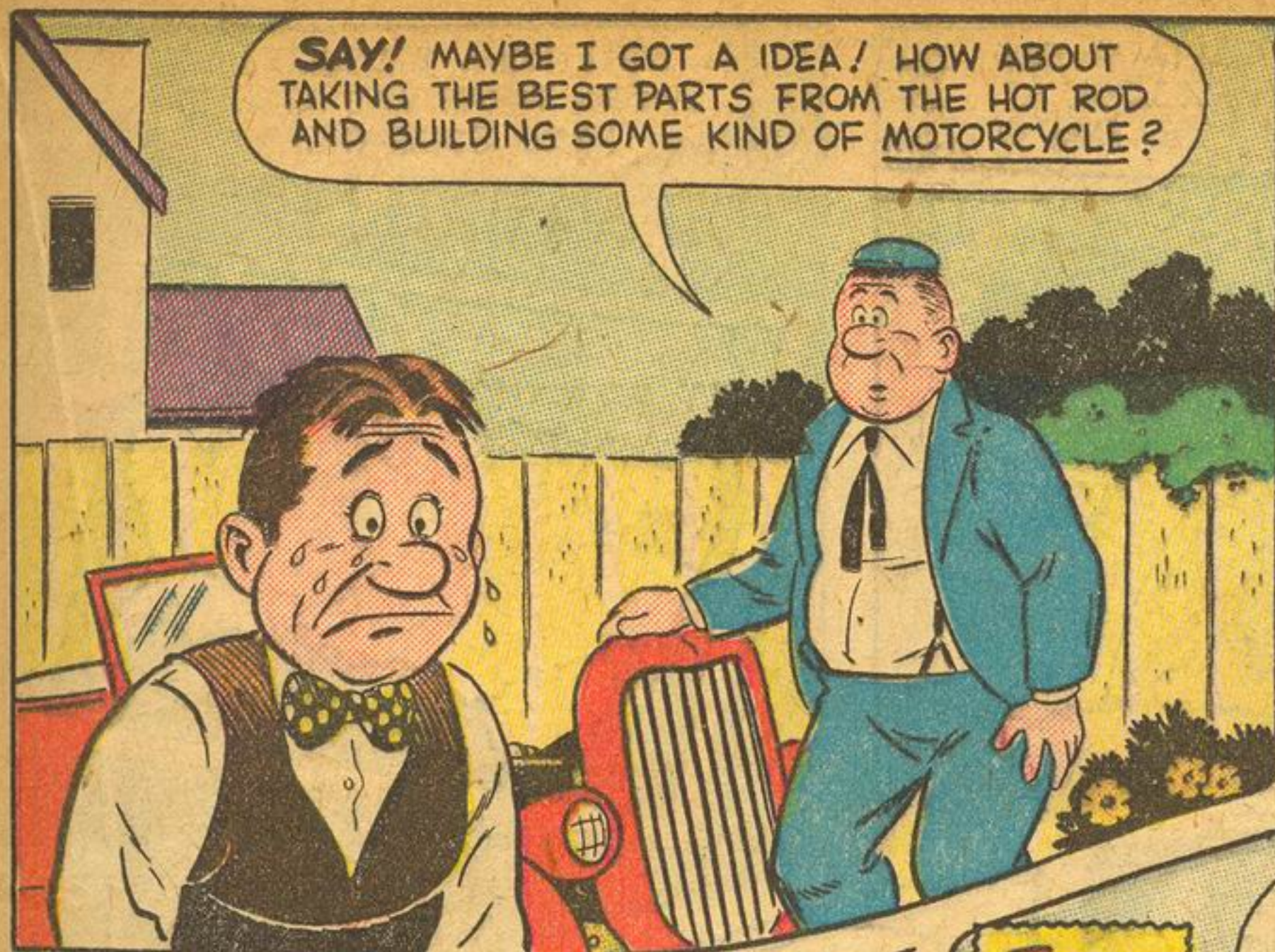
WONDER WHY SLINKY WASN'T HERE TO SEE
ME OFF? I WANTED TO THANK HIM!

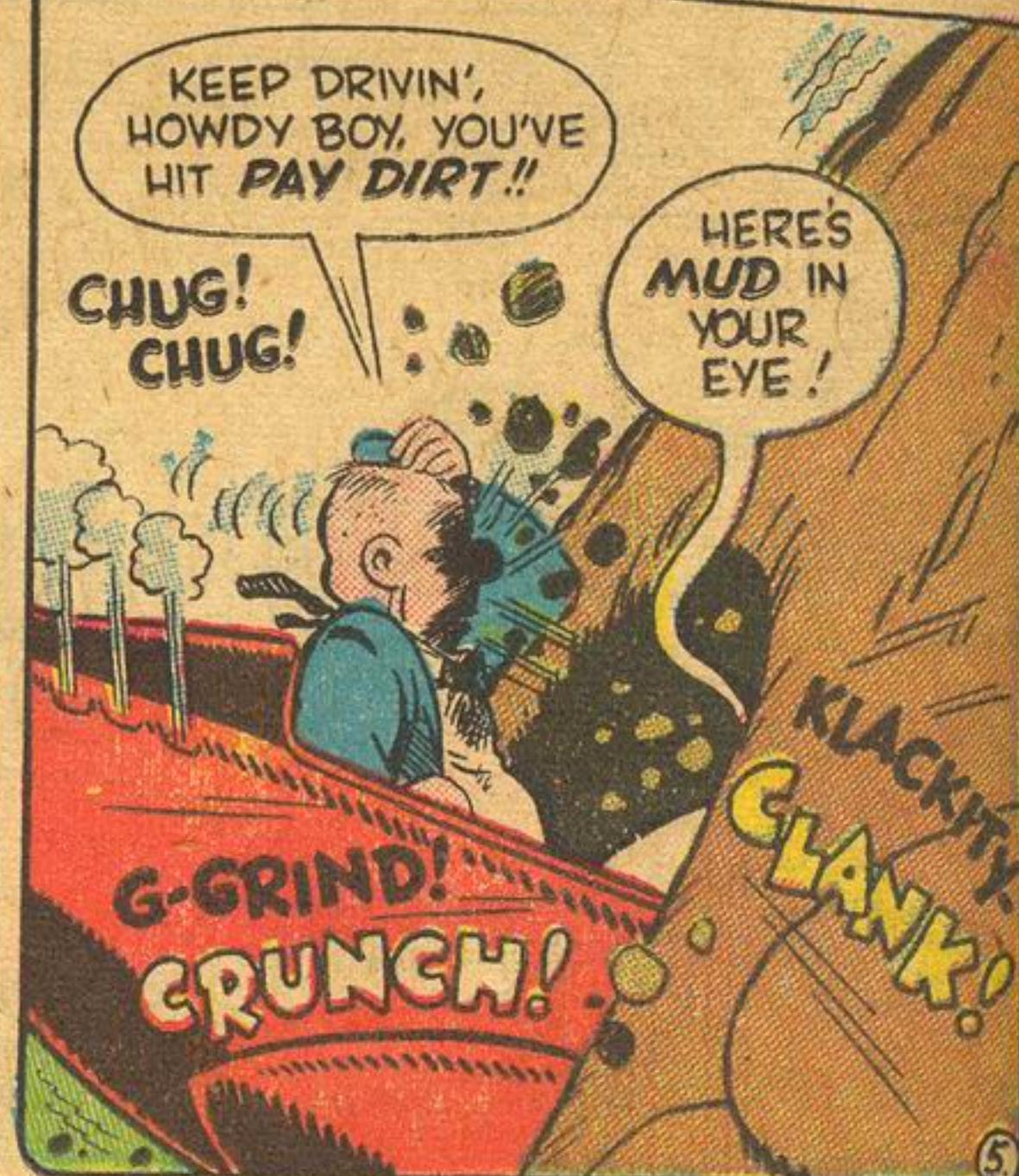
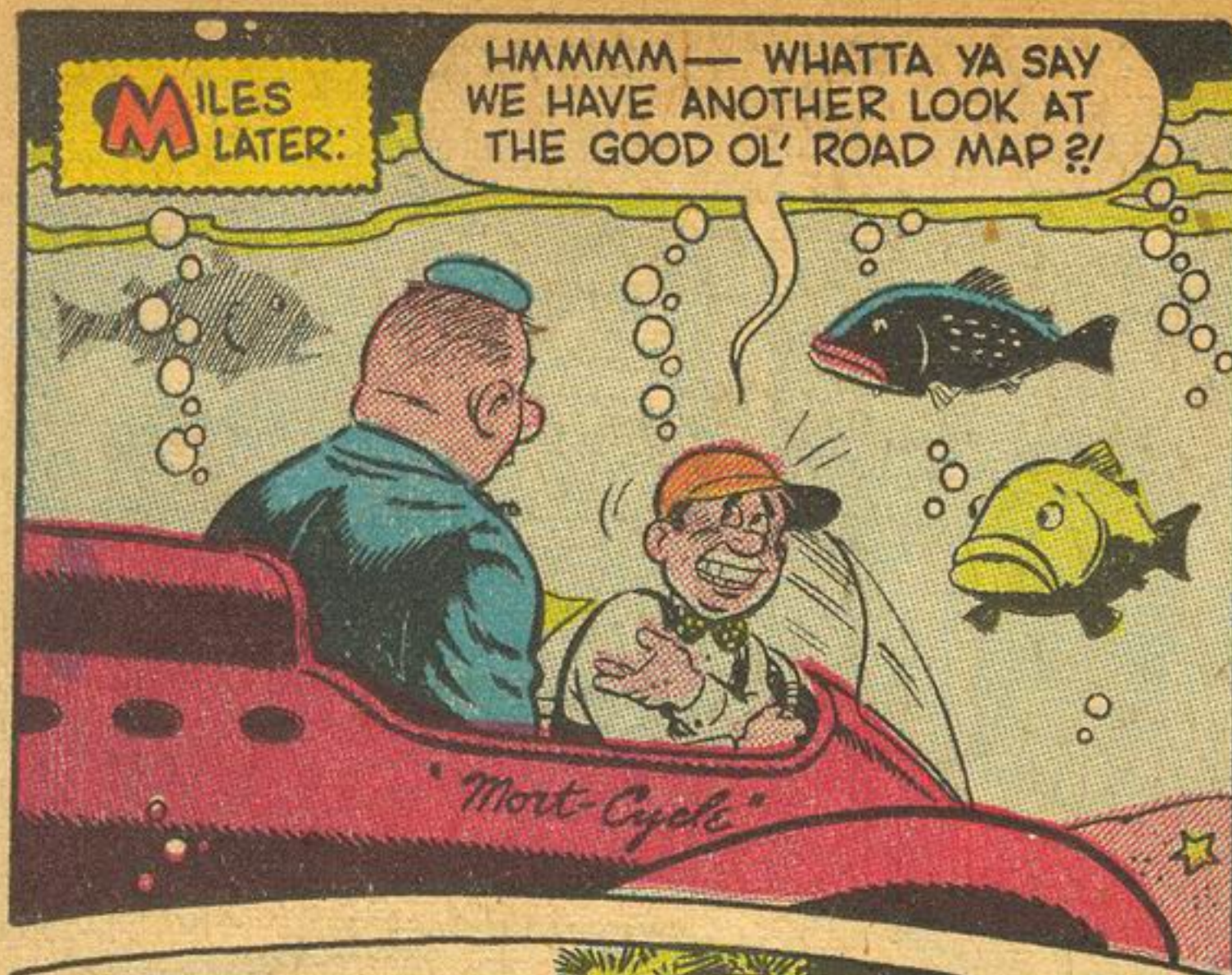


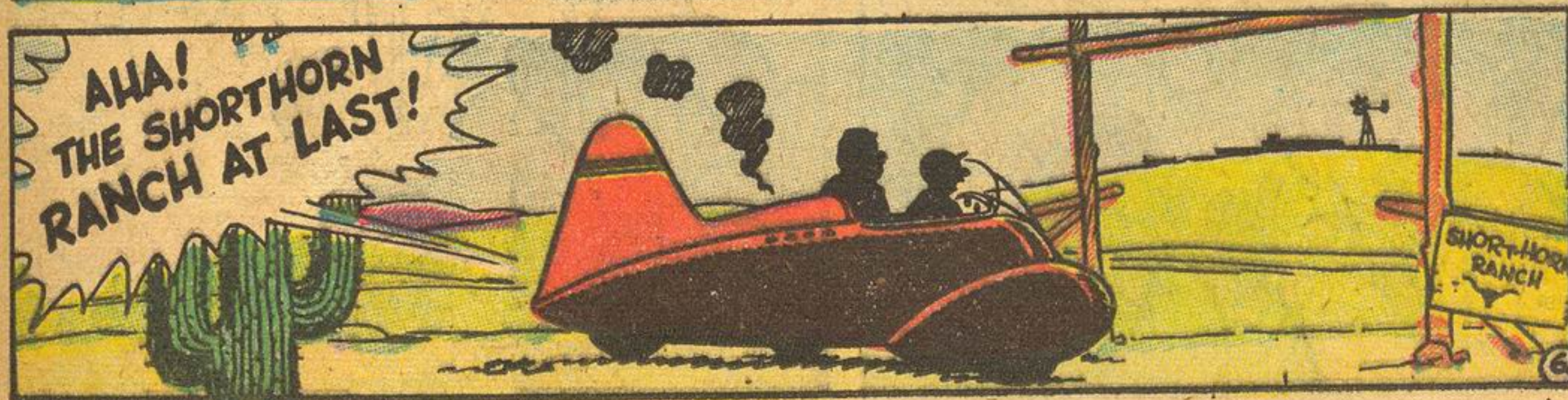
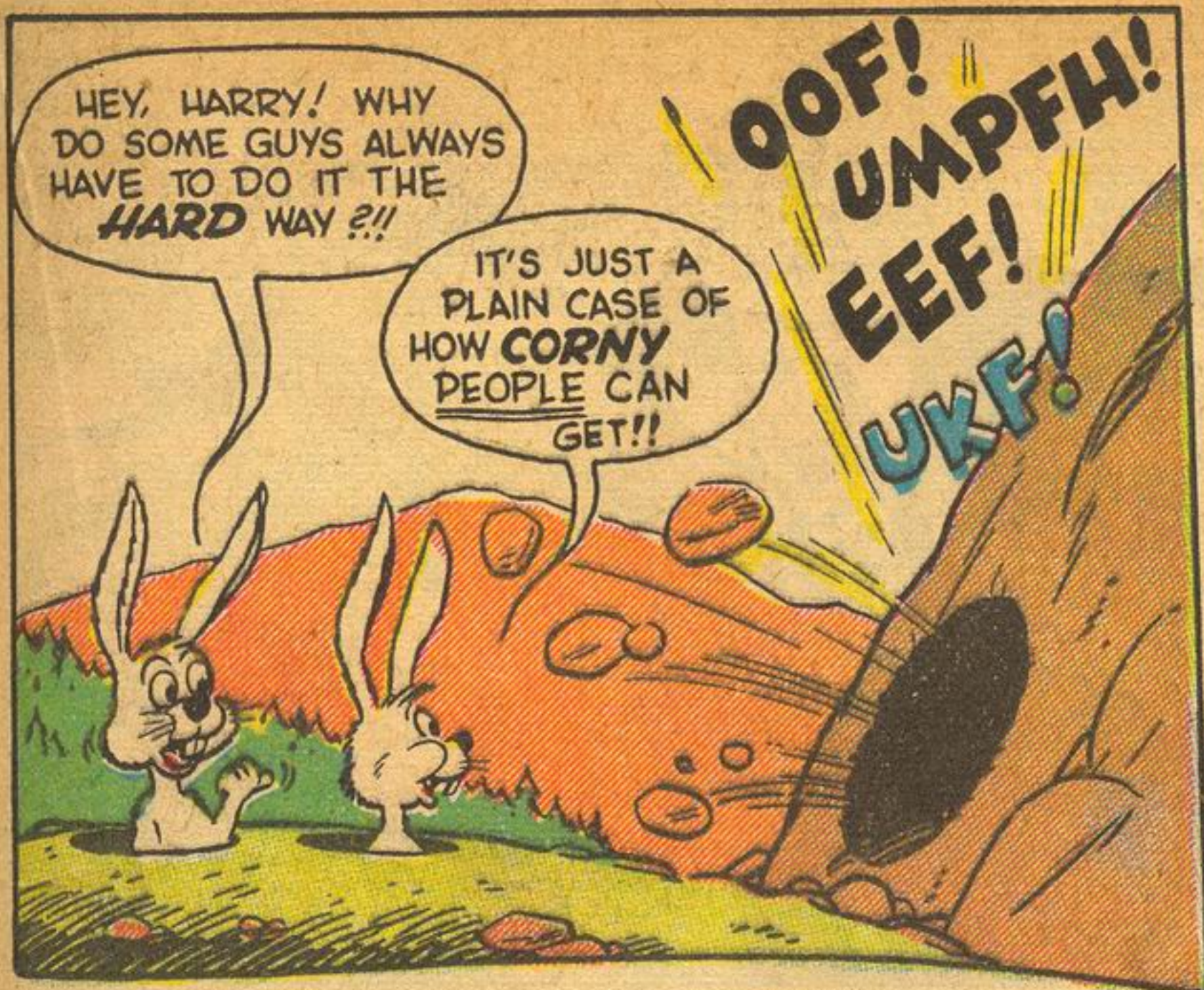
NEITHER SAL NOR HOWDY
NOTICE OL' SLIPPERY-
SLINKY HIDING ABOARD,
BAGS ALL PACKED!!

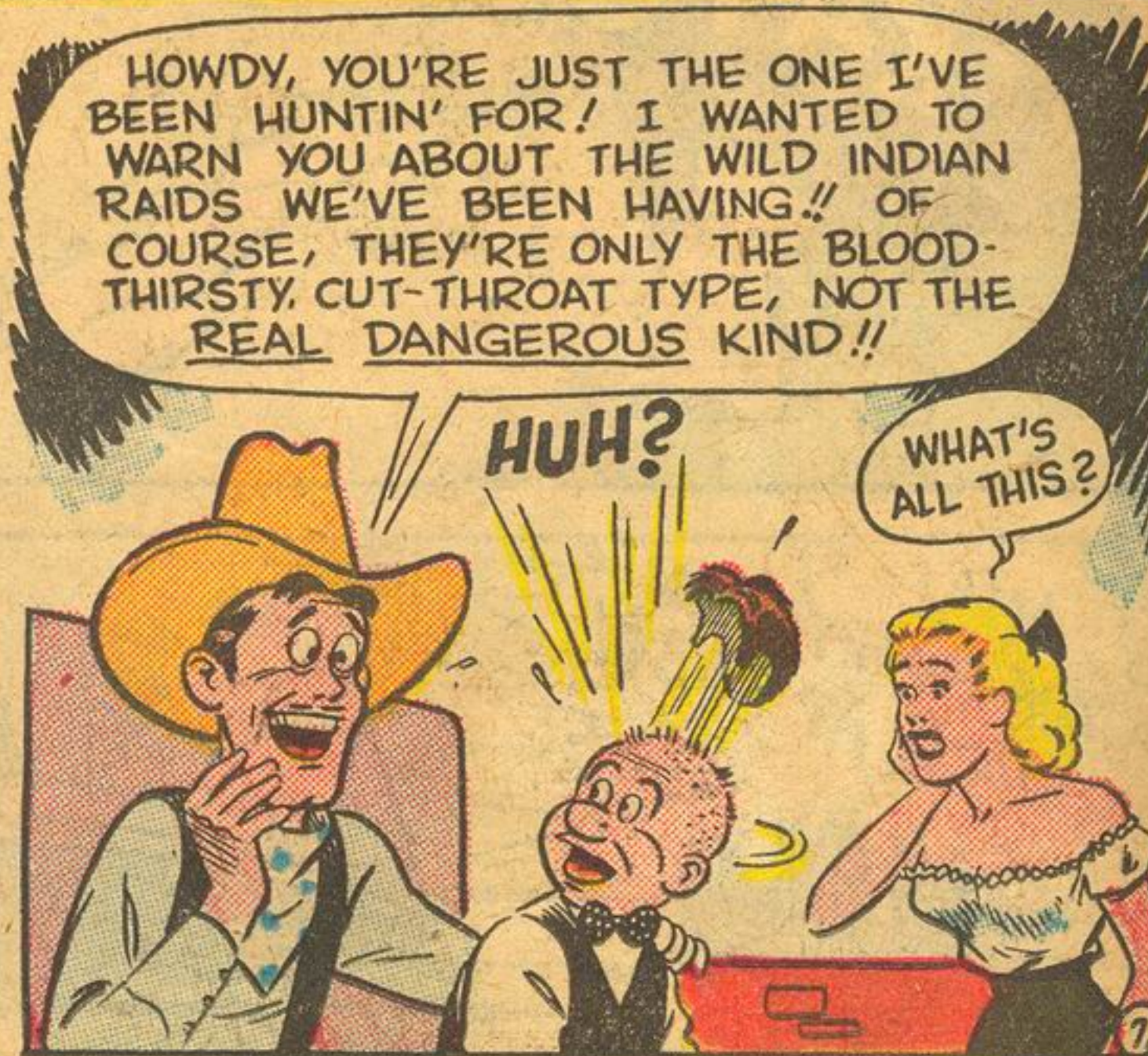
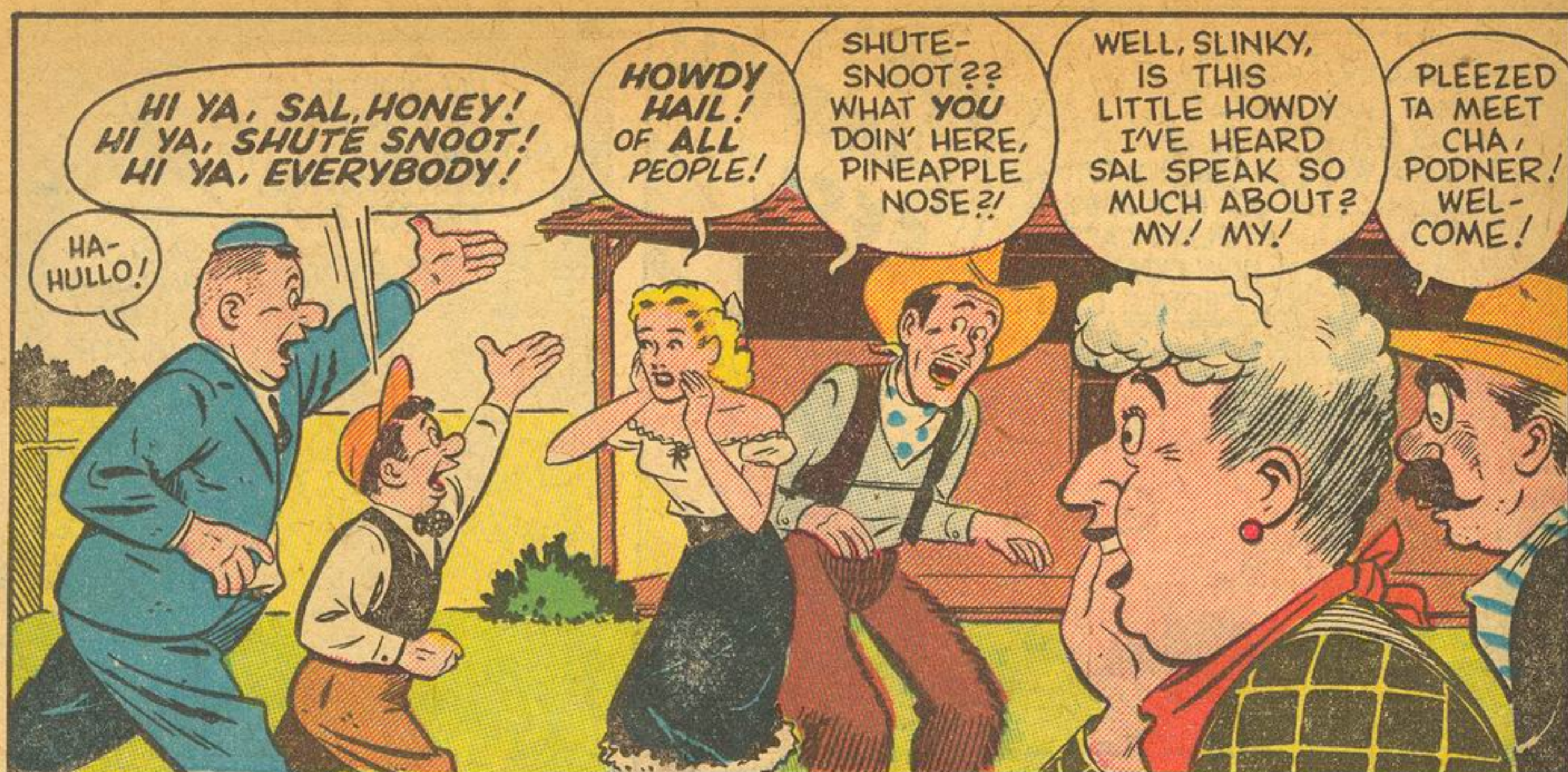
AND AFTER SAL'S TRAIN IS WELL UNDER WAY:

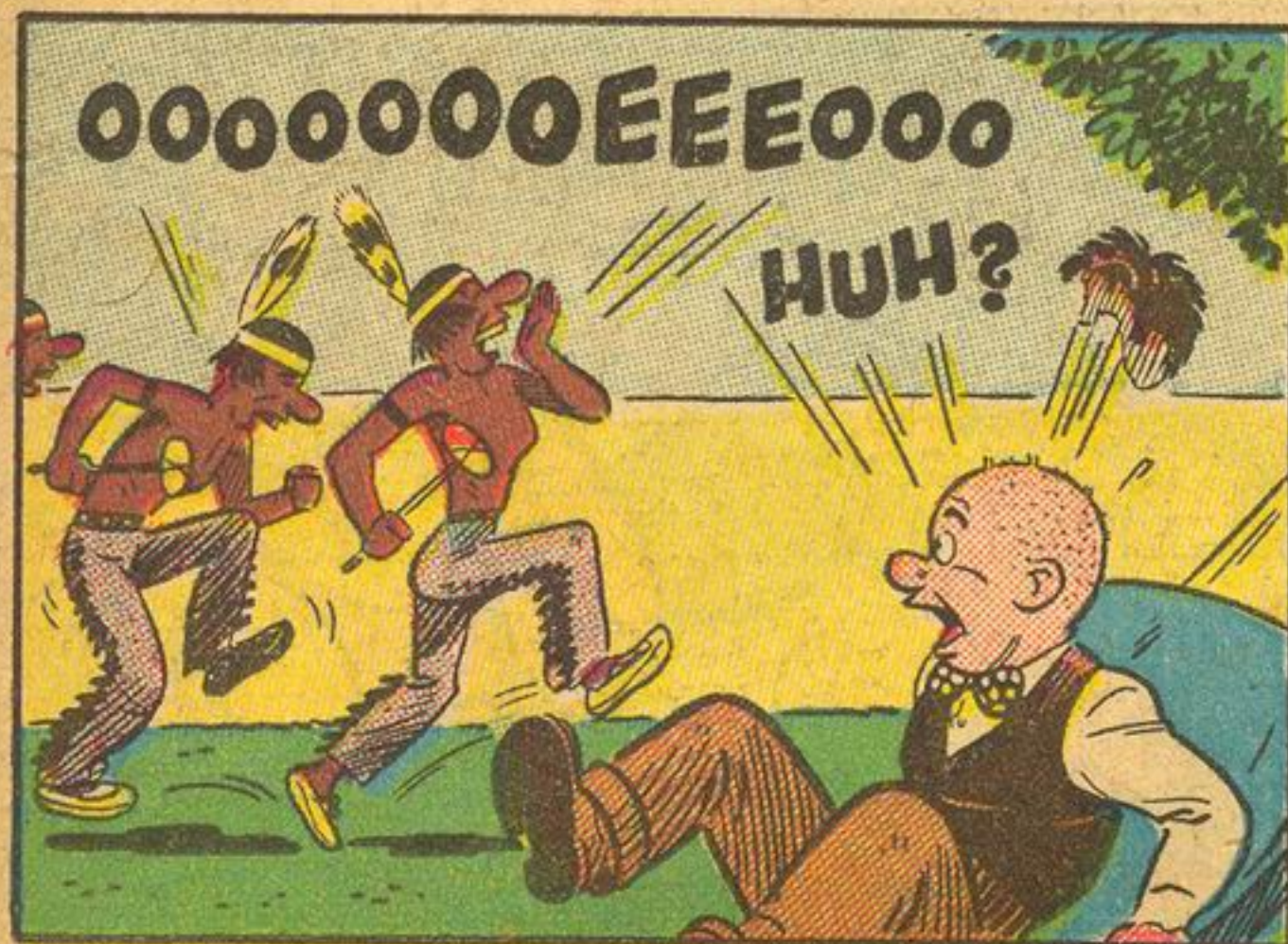
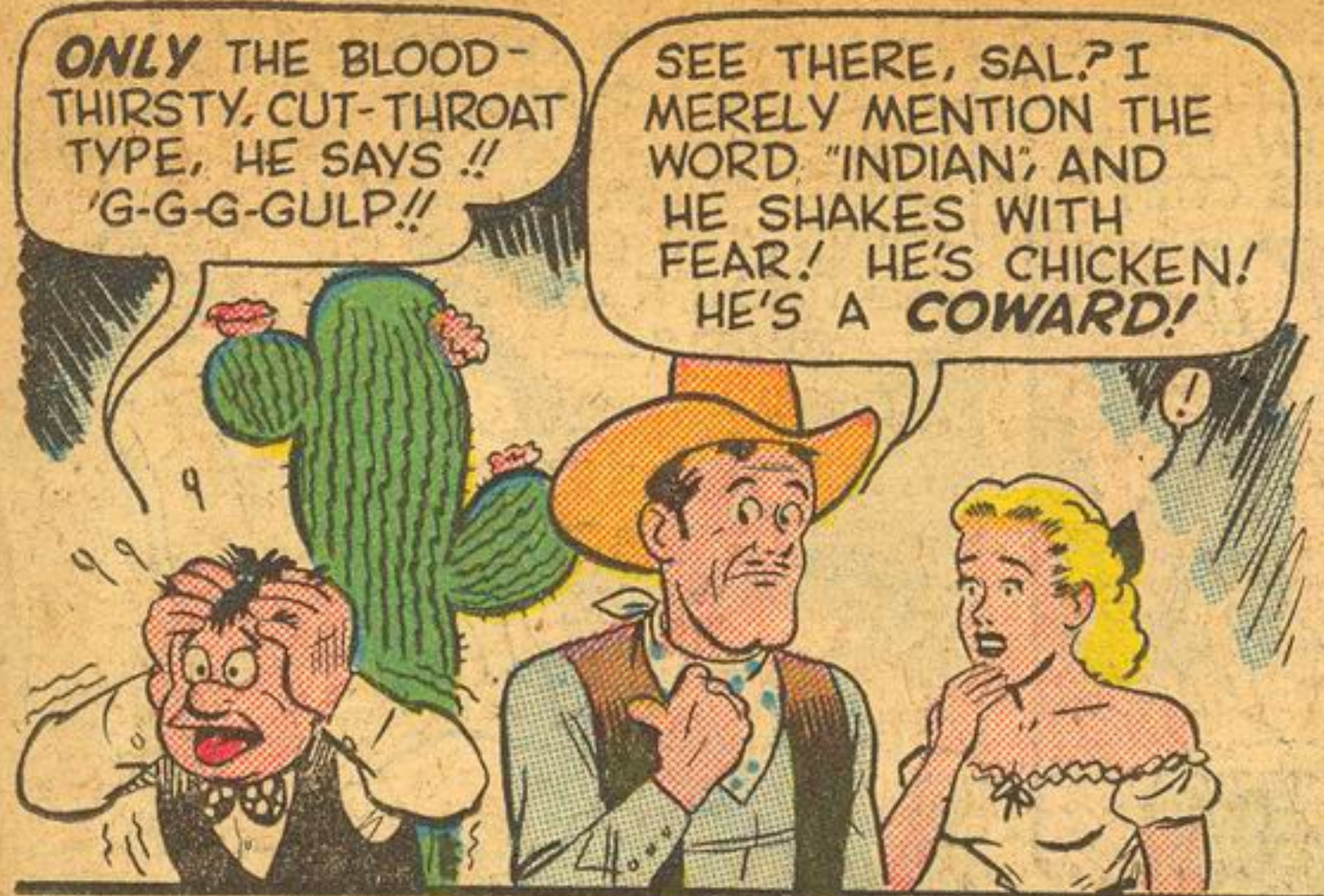


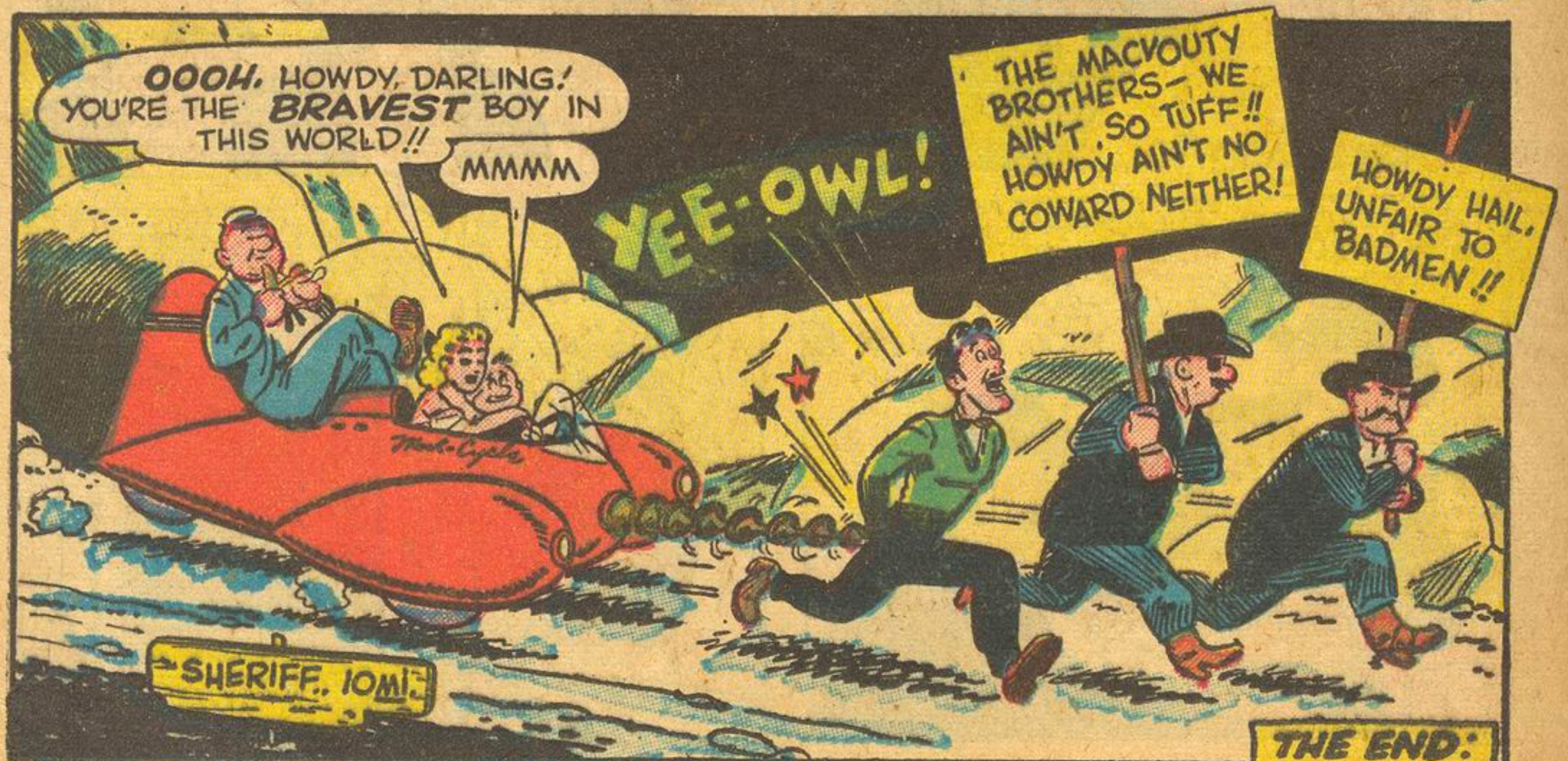
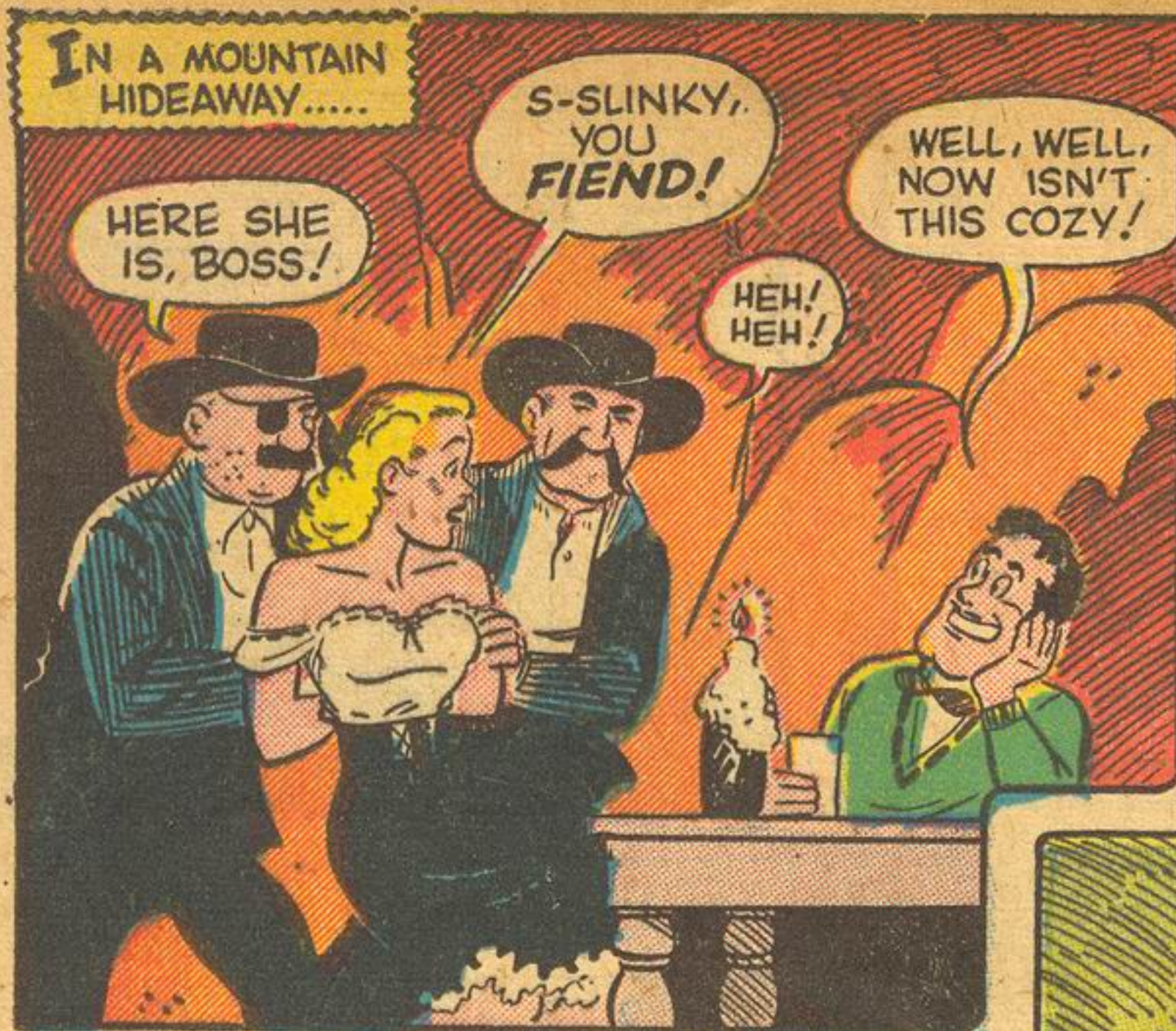












CLOUD *over* COOKIE

The Soda Jerkerie was not its usual self that afternoon. Instead of laughter, gloom filled the ice cream joint . . . deep, dark gloom! Crowded around a table, Angelpuss, Cookie, Jit and Zoot held conference.

"Harelip High needs a bigger stadium an' a bigger ballfield!" Jit said solemnly. "Yessir! A bigger stadium an' a bigger ballfield!"

"Oh, Jit!" Angelpuss was impatient. "That's what we've been saying for weeks! But where are we going to get them? *That's* the question!"

"From your old man. *that's* where!" Zoot smacked the table-top so hard that they all jumped. "He owns the lot right near our ballfield, doesn't he, Angel? An' he oughta be willin' ta kick in some dough for the stadium! We could call it *Witherspoon Stadium!* Howzzat?"

"Who's gonna make him do it?" Cookie demanded.

"*You!* Cookie O'Toole!" Zoot's answer was prompt. "You're Angel's boyfriend, which it could happen ta me an' I wouldn't be sore! He's bound ta listen ta you! I move we volunteer Cookie O'Toole ta convince Mr. Witherspoon ta give us a bigger stadium an' ballfield!"

It was shortly before five o'clock that afternoon, when Cookie, trembling like a leaf in a high wind, headed for the imposing offices of the Witherspoon Enterprises. He had begged, he had pleaded to be excused from this ordeal, but Zoot had shamed him into it, with loud cries of "Where's yer school spirit? and "Don't be selfish!"

It had taken Cookie almost two hours to prepare a speech, explaining the stadium problem to Mr. Witherspoon. As he was ushered into the great man's office, he rehearsed it quickly and silently. At the most telling point, he found himself standing in front of Mr. Witherspoon's desk, with Mr. Witherspoon himself glaring over a heap of important-looking papers.

Cookie cleared his throat. "Mr.

Witherspoon," he began, "we, the student body of Harelip High . . ." He got no further.

Mr. Witherspoon emitted an anguished shriek. "Five o'clock, and already my messenger boy has gone home!" he wailed. "I've got to get this delivered to Mr. Gormer today! It means a big contract for the firm! *You!*" he shouted at Cookie. "You will deliver these quotations! Hurry, hurry, hurry, you've got to get there before five-thirty!"

Dazed and bewildered, Cookie found himself saying, "But. Mr. Witherspoon, we, the student body of Harelip High . . ." to empty air. Someone had poked a large manila folder under his arm, someone else had hustled him to an elevator with plenty of vigor, and someone else (probably Mr. Witherspoon) had shouted after him, "Remember, it's *urgent!* It's a crucial order! I *must* have it!"

At Mr. Gormer's office, things seemed to be just a hectic. Mr. Gormer, a red-faced gentleman with a furious temper, snatched the envelope from Cookie with a snarl. "About time!" he rasped, glancing down a column of figures. "What's *this?* Old Witherspoon's quotations? Ridiculous! That man's a *robber!* A *highwayman!* A *pickpocket!* His prices are *impossible!*"

As Cookie heard these words, his temper began to rise. How could this man talk that way about the father of the girl he loved, the employer of his own dad, the man who was, no doubt, about to give Harelip High a bigger stadium and a bigger ballfield?

"Mr. Witherspoon is *not* a robber!" he shouted, right at Mr. Gormer. "You have no right ta talk like that about Mr. Witherspoon! You oughta be *ashamed* of yerself!"

Mr. Gormer turned redder than ever and began to splutter. "Get *out!*" he yelled. "Tell Witherspoon I'm through doing business with him *or* his impertinent messengers! Get *out!*"

By the time Cookie got back to Mr. Witherspoon's office, he was more tired

and confused than ever. Wasn't there something about a stadium and a ball-field he was supposed to discuss? If only Mr. Witherspoon would *listen*! But Mr. Witherspoon was waiting for him with blood in his eyes!

"So!" he snarled at Cookie. "You had to talk back to Gormer! Don't try to explain. I know all about it! He called me after you left . . . said he'd never do business with me again! You had insulted him . . . you . . . you little whippersnapper! Now, young man, I never want to see you again, either here or in my home! Leave now, before I *really* get angry!"

Cookie left the office in a daze. How did it happen? What had he done that was so awful? What a mess he was in! Mr. Witherspoon hated him! Angelpuss would hate him, because her father did! His own pop would be sore, because Mr. Witherspoon was his boss. Then mom would get sore, too! And the kids at school would be hoppin', on account of no stadium! Except Zoot. Zoot would be glad because he was in the doghouse, all around!

"There's only one thing ta do an' I'm gonna do it!" Cookie told Jit mournfully, as they sat on the back porch together, later that night. "Skip town! I'll go someplace where I'm not known an' start all over again!"

There were tears in Jit's eyes as he tried to persuade his buddy to remain and face the music. But Cookie was adamant. "Tomorra mornin'!" he announced bleakly. "I'll go out of everybody's life, quietly!"

It was indeed early in the morning when Cookie, stony-faced and dry-eyed, stole onto the train that headed for parts unknown. Gravely, he selected a seat near an old, kind-faced gentleman, and settled down to think. As the train picked up speed, Cookie could hear the words in his head, the words that went with the chugging of the

train. "Angelpuss . . . Angelpuss . . . mom . . . mom . . . pop . . . Angelpuss . . ." Suddenly, he sniffed loudly and rubbed his eyes with his knuckles.

The old gentleman looked at him thoughtfully. "As man to man," he said, "is there anything I can do for you?" Cookie looked at him, and in one torrent of confidence, the entire story came pouring out . . . stadium, ballfield, Mr. Witherspoon, *everything*!

The old gentleman said nothing to Cookie. He listened silently, and when the story was over, he excused himself and went to find a trainman. "I want to send a telegram," he said.

As the train pulled into the next station, Cookie was shocked to find that two men were approaching him, grim and determined. "You're under arrest, Cookie O'Toole," they said. The rest was hysterical confusion. The jouncing ride back home, the fears, the worries, the shame, and, at the end of it all . . . *a hero's welcome*!

Everyone was there! The school band played, Angelpuss kissed him, Mr. Witherspoon pumped his hand up and down, mom cried with pride and pop kept saying, "That's *my* boy!" Cookie could not make it out, until long after the shouting had died down and the mysterious old gentleman on the train had somehow reappeared. *He* was the key to the mystery!

"A fine, loyal lad with fire and spirit!" he had decided, after hearing Cookie's story. "I'll give this Witherspoon a contract myself! But *only* on condition that the school get a bigger stadium and ballfield!"

There was only one gloomy face on view that day. Zoot! He looked enviously at Cookie, who was surrounded by friends and admirers. "Aah," he sighed, "the lucky stiff! He always winds up on top!"

But everyone else thought Cookie deserved it!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946, OF "COOKIE" published bi-monthly at St. Louis, Missouri for October 1st, 1949. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Richard E. Hughes, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of "COOKIE" and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher Michel Publications, Inc., 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis 7, Mo. Editor Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 83rd Street, New York, N. Y. Managing editor None. Business manager Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Michel Publications, Inc., 420 DeSoto

Avenue, St. Louis 7, Mo. B. W. Sanger, 7 West 81st Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) Richard E. Hughes, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of Sept., 1949
Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public (My Commission expires March 30, 1951.)

"COOKIE"

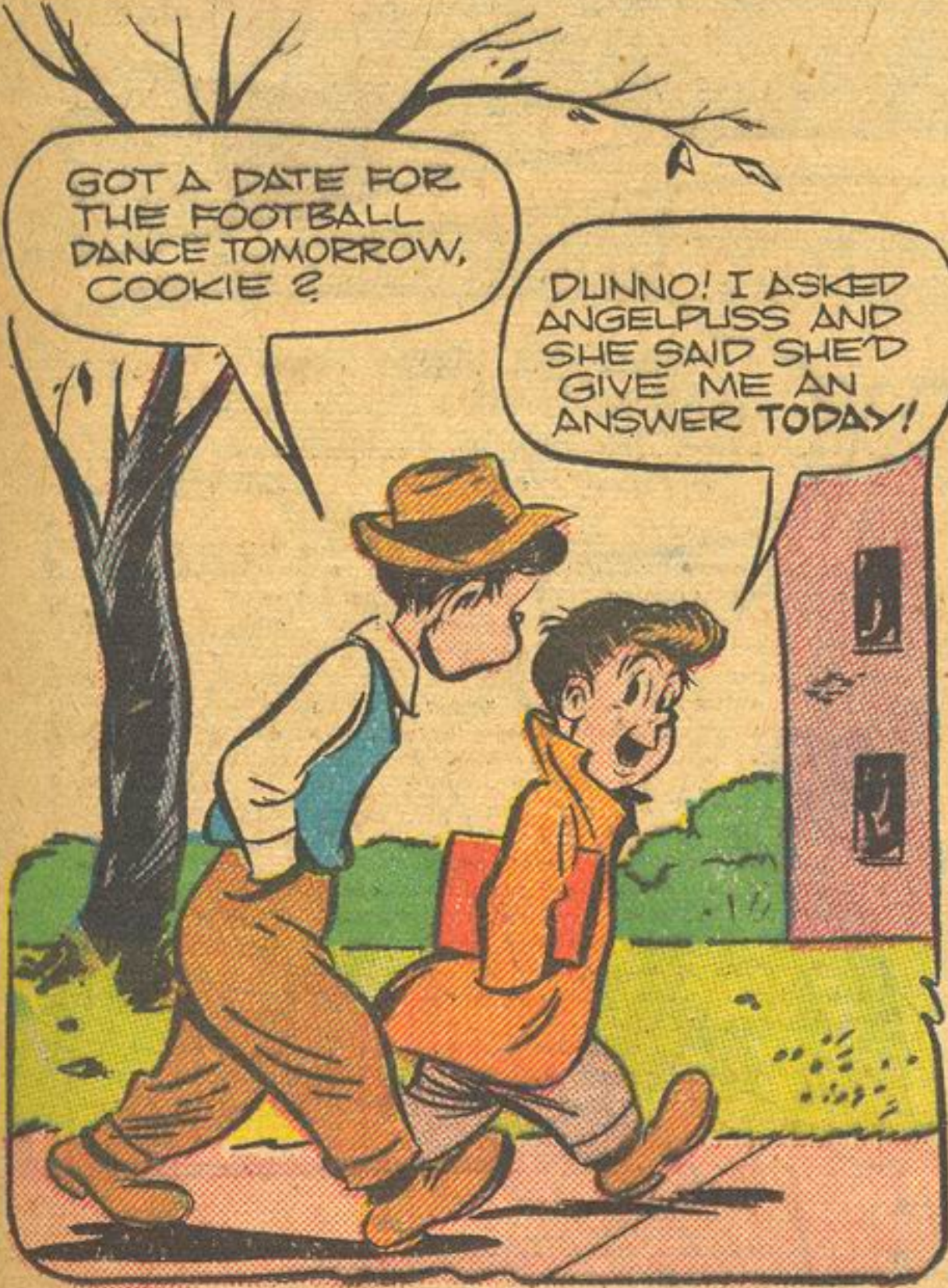
HARELIP HIGH SCHOOL
1891 - HEROES - 1950

GEE, COOKIE!
IT DOESN'T LOOK
ANYTHING LIKE YOU!



YEH, I
WONDER
WHY?

ARE
YOU
KIDDIN'?



GOT A DATE FOR
THE FOOTBALL
DANCE TOMORROW,
COOKIE?

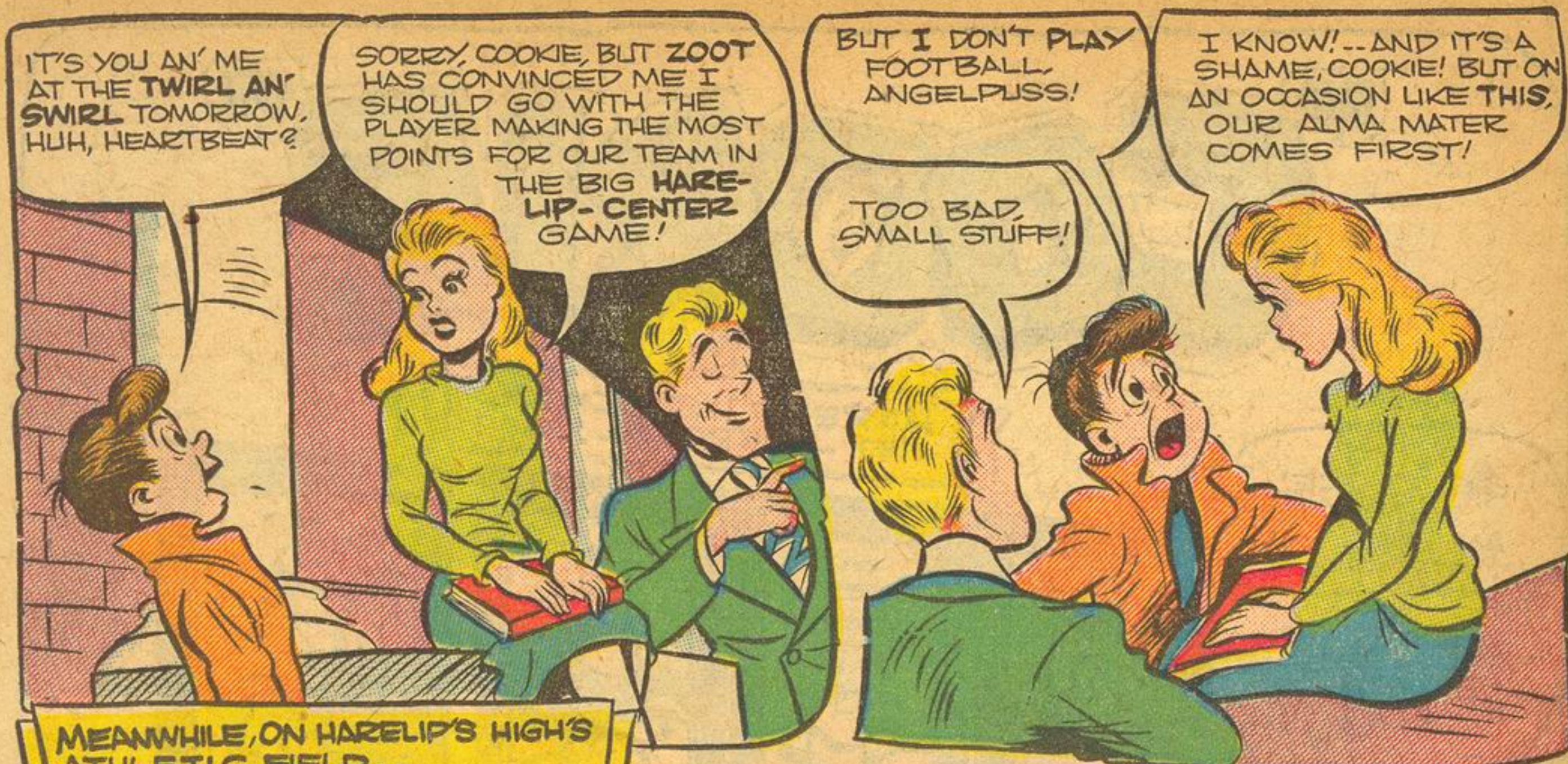
DUNNO! I ASKED
ANGELPUSS AND
SHE SAID SHE'D
GIVE ME AN
ANSWER TODAY!



HEY, THERE SHE
IS!... HI YA,
ANGELPUSS!

HELLO,
COOKIE!

INTO EVERY
LIFE A LITTLE
RAIN MUST FALL
-- AND HERE
COMES A
CLOUDBURST!



IT'S YOU AN' ME AT THE TWIRL AN' SWIRL TOMORROW. HUH, HEARTBEAT?

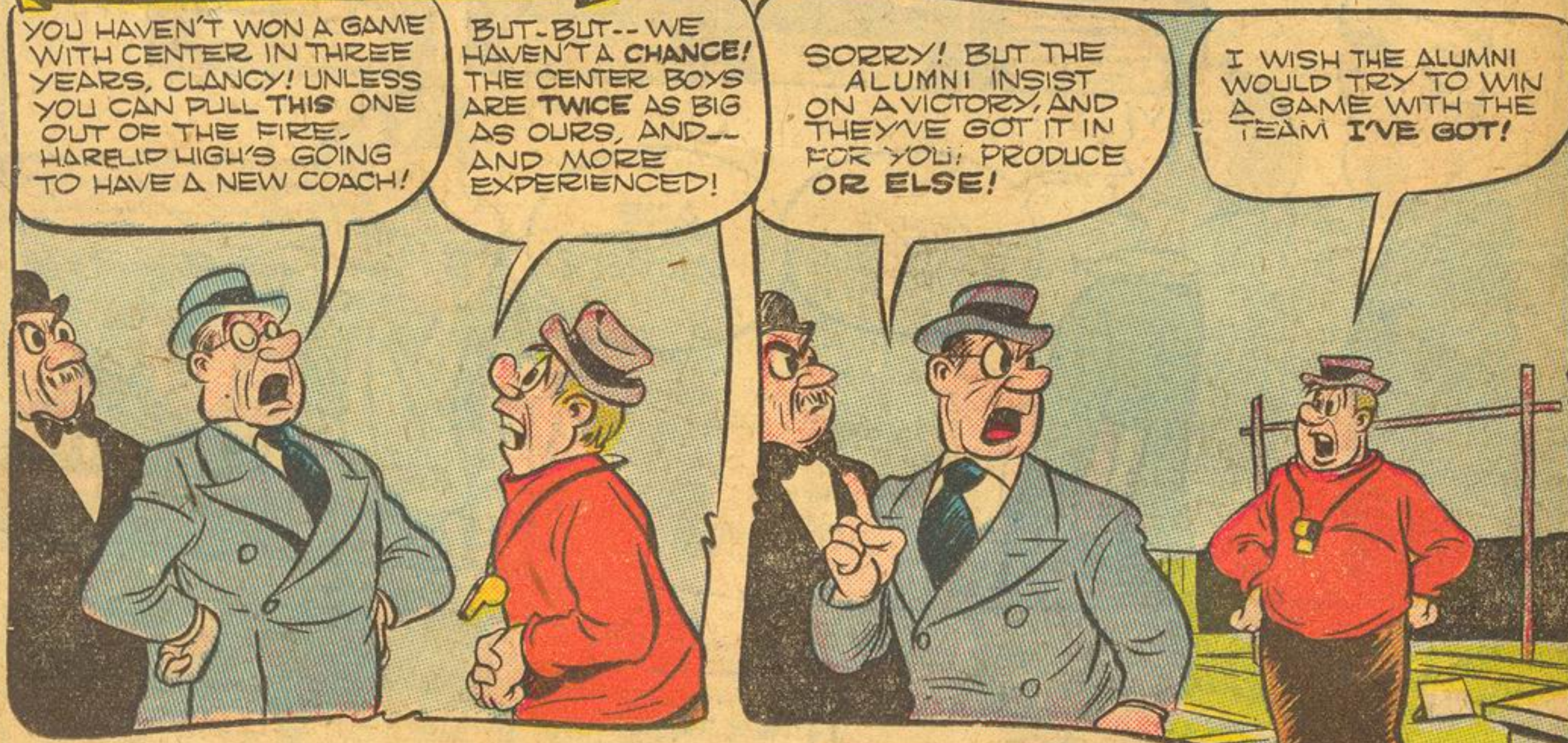
SORRY, COOKIE, BUT ZOOT HAS CONVINCED ME I SHOULD GO WITH THE PLAYER MAKING THE MOST POINTS FOR OUR TEAM IN THE BIG HARE-LIP-CENTER GAME!

BUT I DON'T PLAY FOOTBALL, ANGELPUSS!

I KNOW!...AND IT'S A SHAME, COOKIE! BUT ON AN OCCASION LIKE THIS, OUR ALMA MATER COMES FIRST!

TOO BAD, SMALL STUFF!

MEANWHILE, ON HARELIP'S HIGH'S ATHLETIC FIELD--

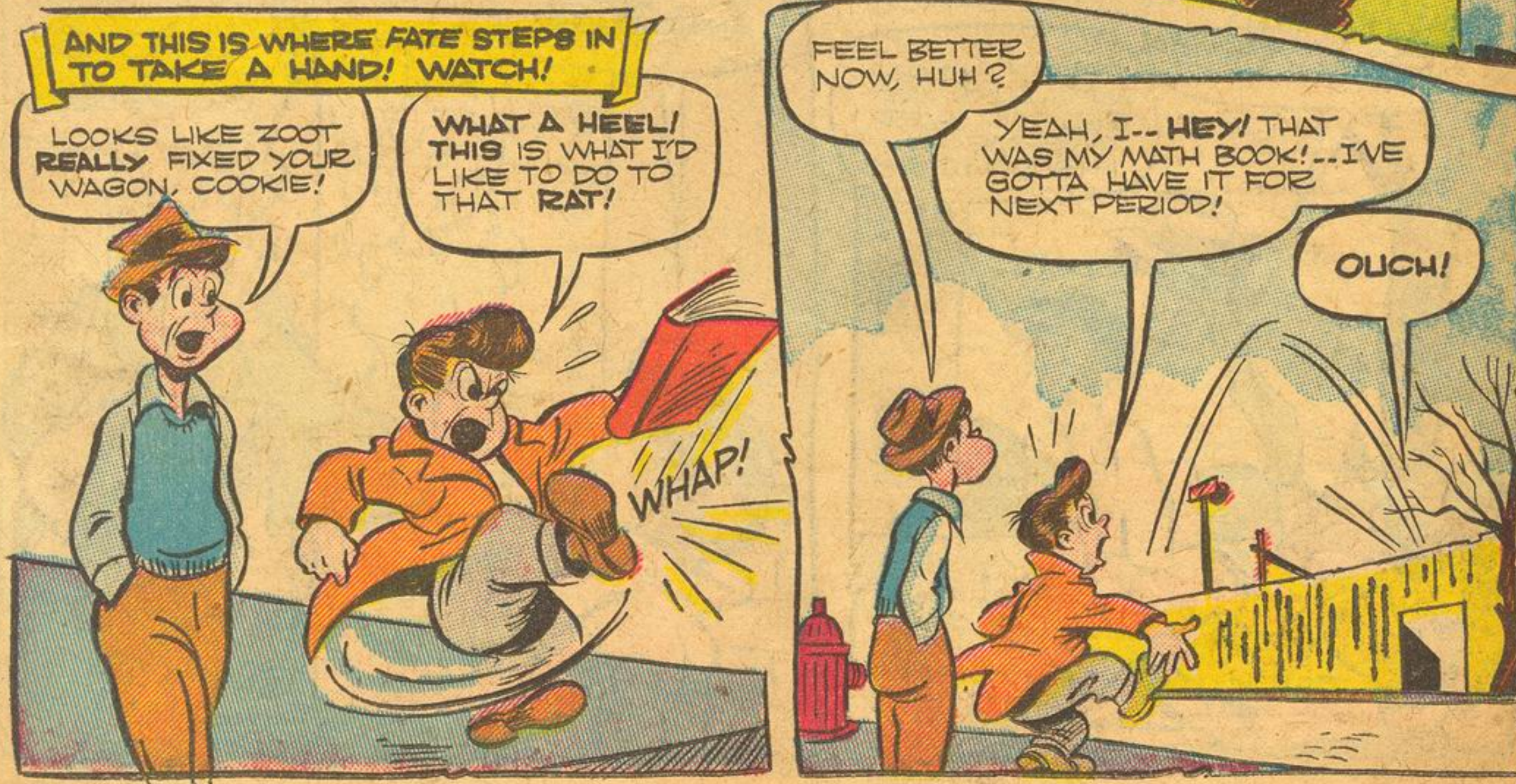


YOU HAVEN'T WON A GAME WITH CENTER IN THREE YEARS, CLANCY! UNLESS YOU CAN PULL THIS ONE OUT OF THE FIRE, HARELIP HIGH'S GOING TO HAVE A NEW COACH!

BUT...BUT... WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE! THE CENTER BOYS ARE TWICE AS BIG AS OURS, AND... AND MORE EXPERIENCED!

SORRY! BUT THE ALUMNI INSIST ON A VICTORY, AND THEY'VE GOT IT IN FOR YOU; PRODUCE OR ELSE!

I WISH THE ALUMNI WOULD TRY TO WIN A GAME WITH THE TEAM I'VE GOT!



AND THIS IS WHERE FATE STEPS IN TO TAKE A HAND! WATCH!

LOOKS LIKE ZOOT REALLY FIXED YOUR WAGON, COOKIE!

WHAT A HEEL! THIS IS WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO TO THAT RAT!

FEEL BETTER NOW, HUH?

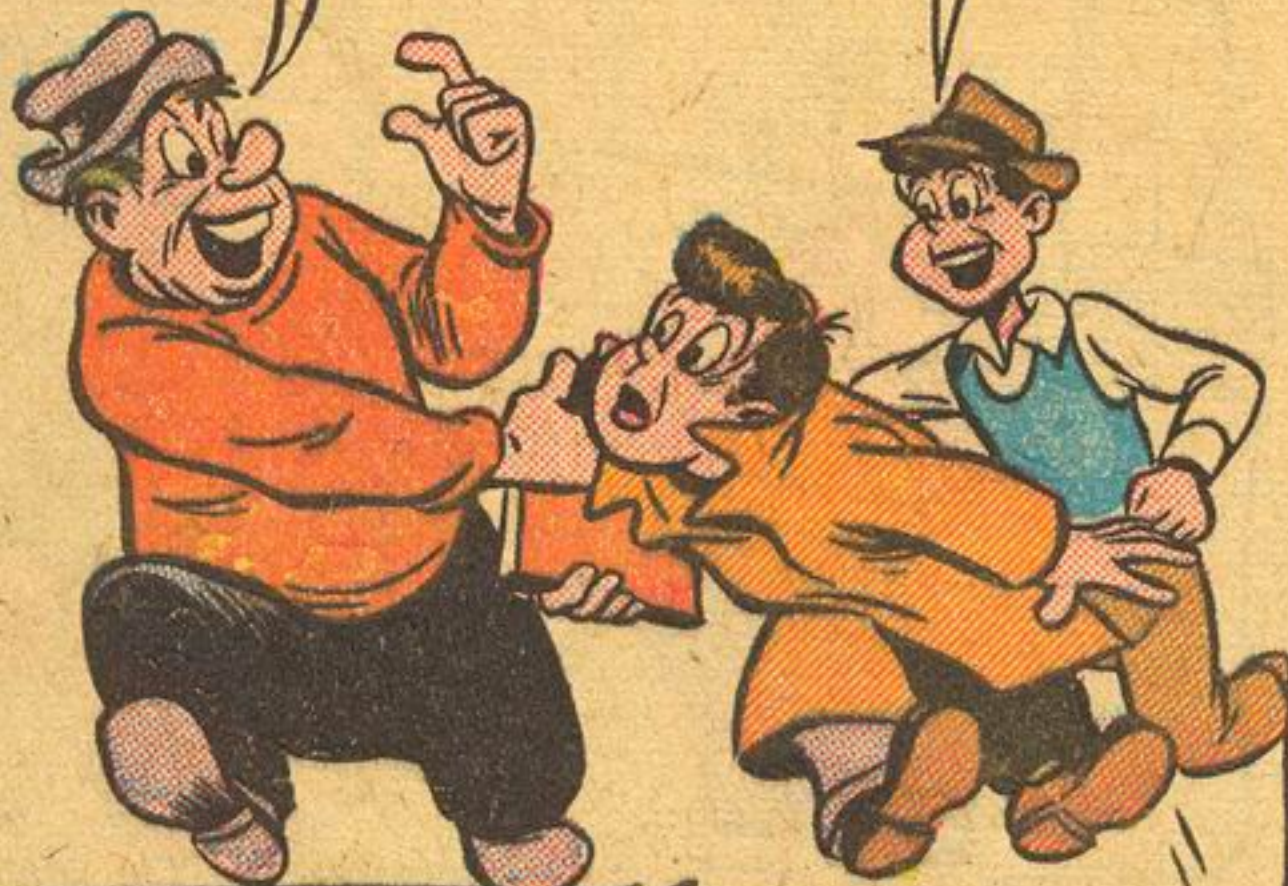
YEAH, I... HEY! THAT WAS MY MATH BOOK!...I'VE GOTTA HAVE IT FOR NEXT PERIOD!

OUCH!



WELL, COME ON--WE'LL FIND OUT!--YOU, THERE, JITTERBUCK--COME ALONG! I WANT YOU TO HOLD THE BALL FOR HIM!

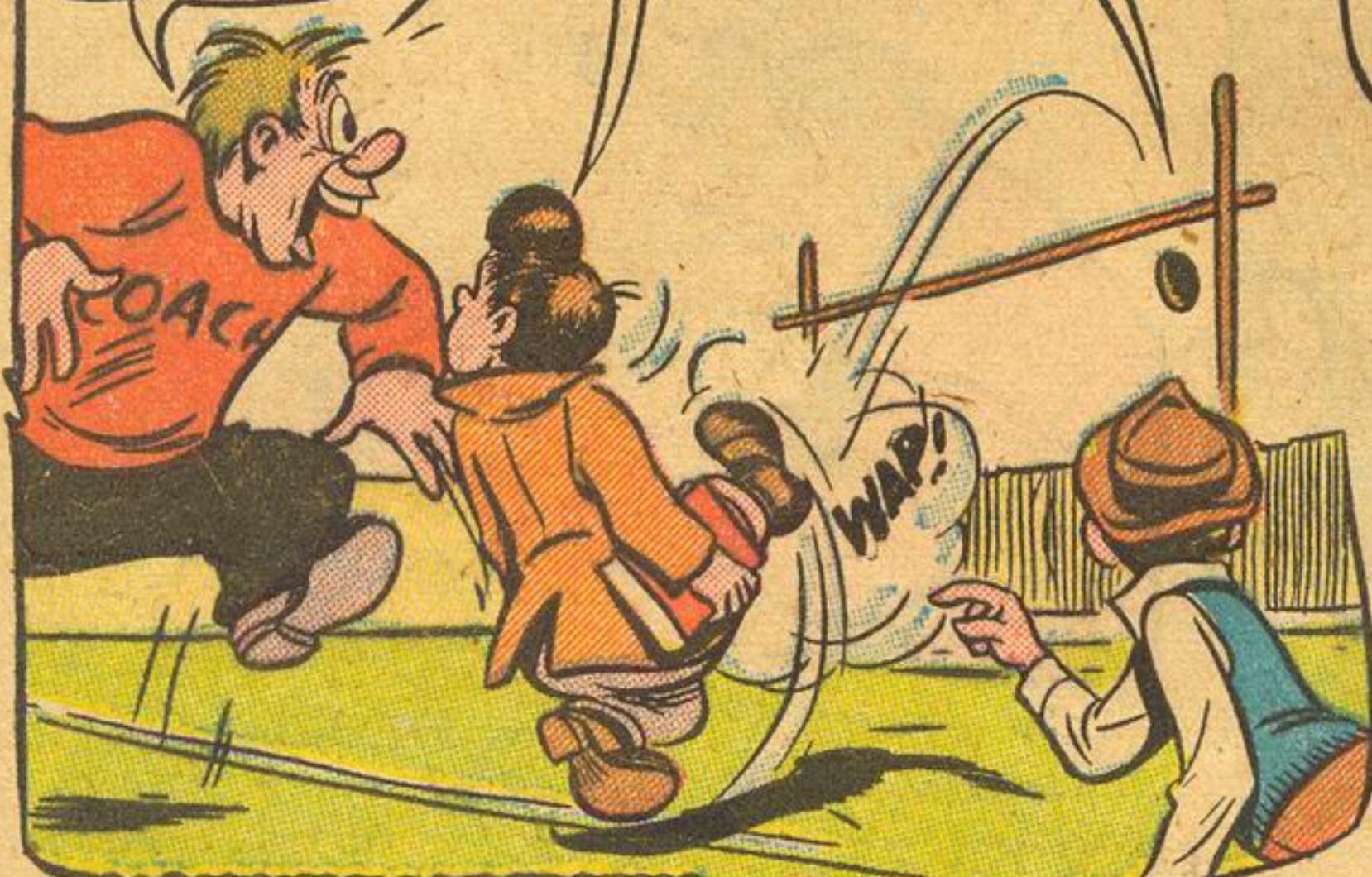
SURE! SURE, COACH!



YA MEAN LIKE THIS?

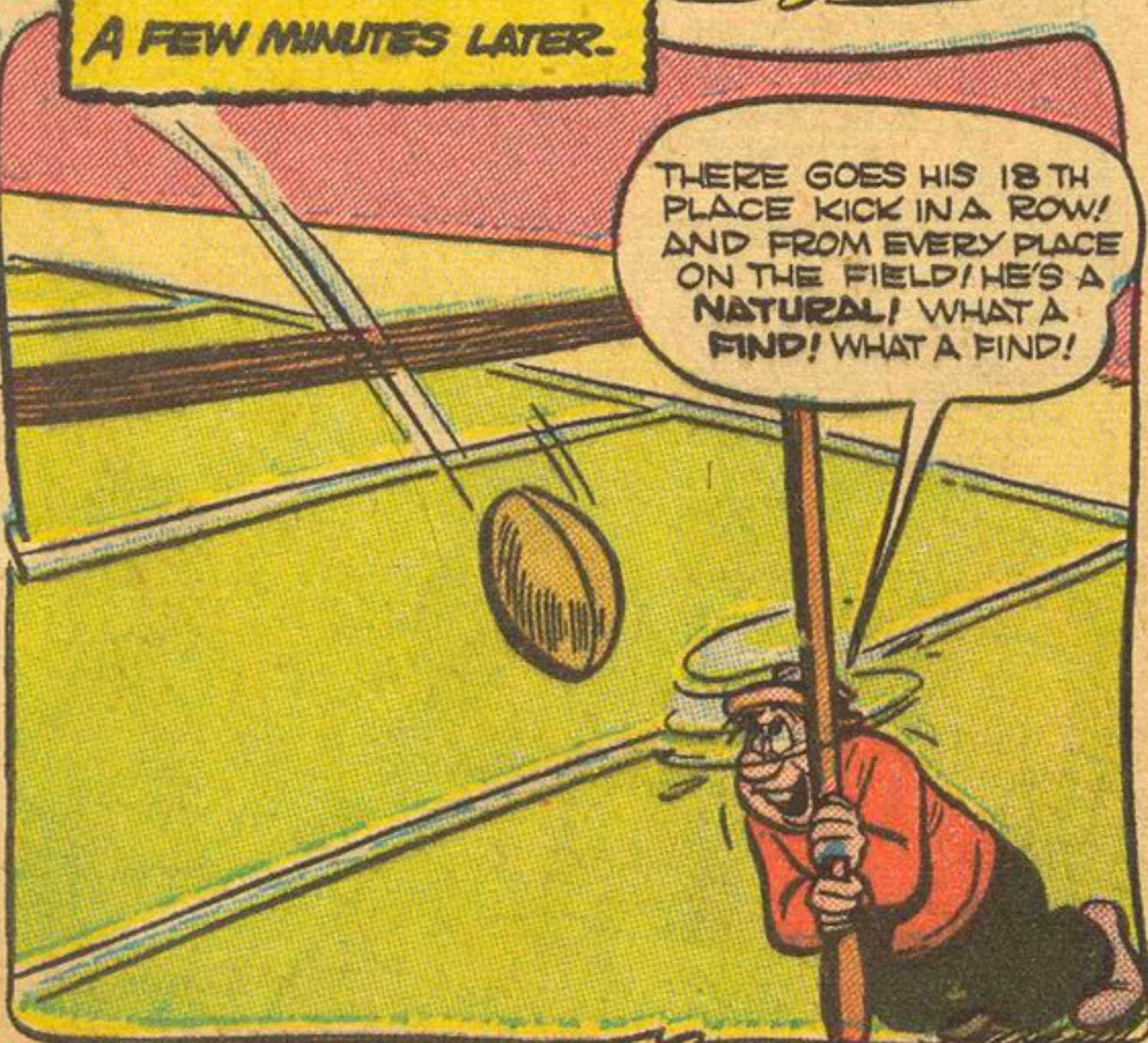
A FIELD GOAL FROM MID FIELD!

JEEPERS!

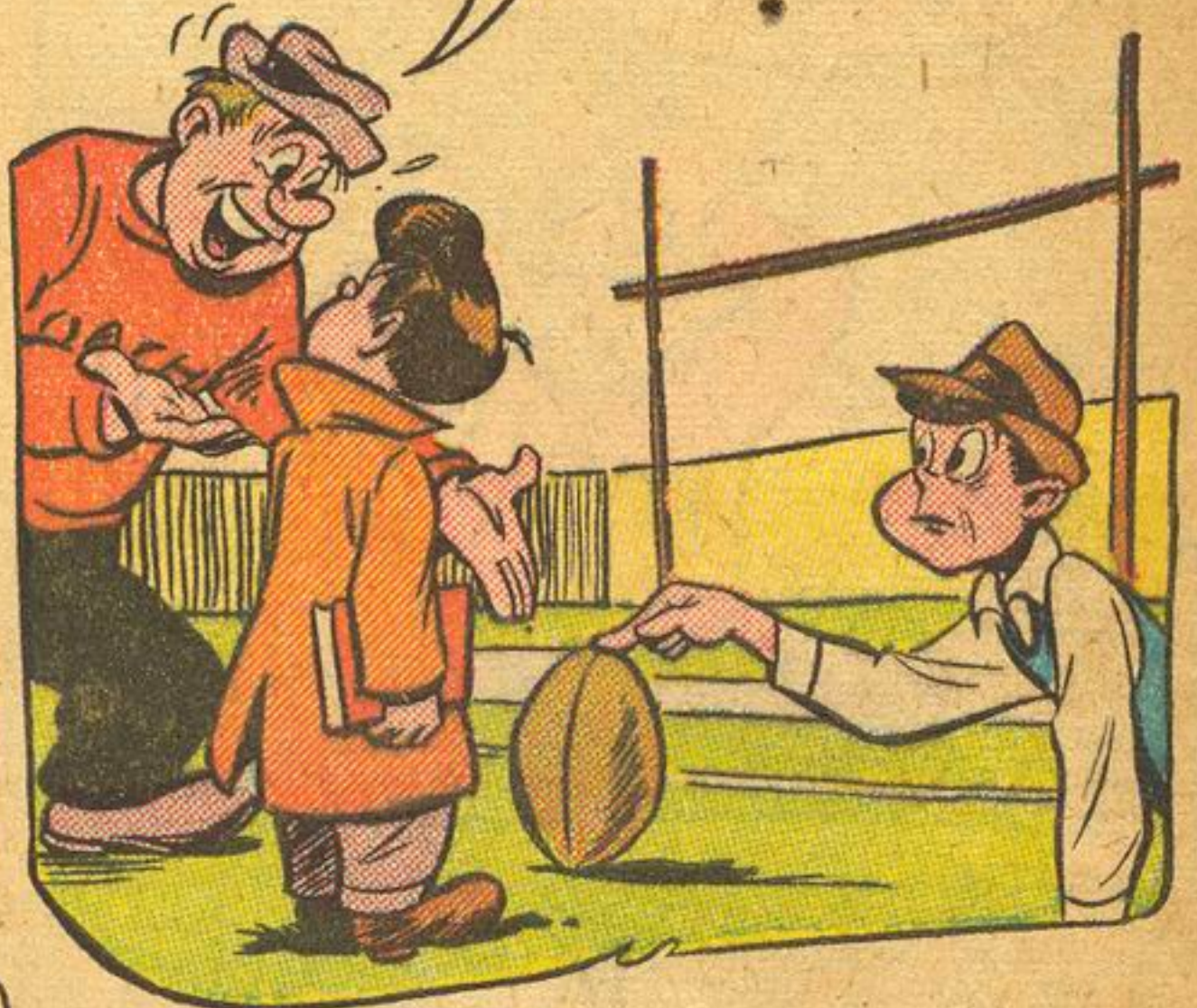


A FEW MINUTES LATER.

THERE GOES HIS 18 TH PLACE KICK IN A ROW! AND FROM EVERY PLACE ON THE FIELD! HE'S A NATURAL! WHAT A FIND! WHAT A FIND!

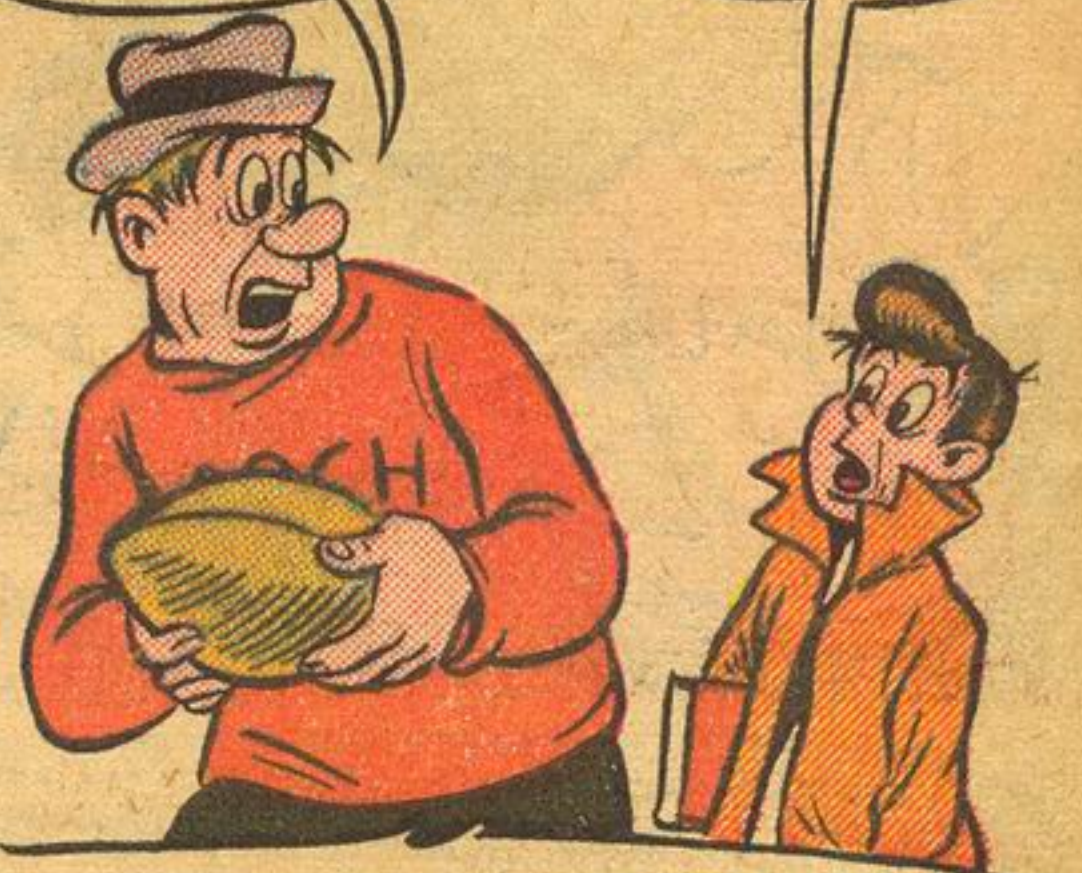


NOW LOOK, THE BALL IS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIELD! ALL I WANT YOU TO DO IS TRY TO KICK IT!



IT-IT MUST'VE BEEN AN ACCIDENT! WE'LL TRY IT A FEW MORE TIMES--FROM DIFFERENT ANGLES!

OKAY, BUT GOSH! I'M GONNA BE LATE FOR MY MATH, COACH!



O'TOOLE, AS OF NOW YOU'RE ON THE VARSITY! WITH YOU, WE CAN'T LOSE THE GAME TOMORROW---AND I CAN'T LOSE MY JOB!

YOU MEAN YOU EXPECT ME TO PLAY FOOTBALL WITH ALL THOSE BIG SLUGS? NO THANKS!



YOU WON'T PLAY! BUT O'TOOLE! WOULD YOU SEE YOUR SCHOOL'S PRIDE AND HONOR TRAMPLED?-- WOULD YOU ALLOW THE PURPLE AND GOLD OF HARELIP HIGH TO BE DRAGGED IN THE DUST BY THAT AWFUL CENTER TEAM?

THAT'S BETTER THAN LETTIN' 'EM DRAG ME!



WAIT! WAIT, MY BOY! LOOK! THAT'S MY WIFE AND KIDDIES! IF WE LOSE TOMORROW, THEY'LL STARVE! WOULD YOU BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR DOOM?

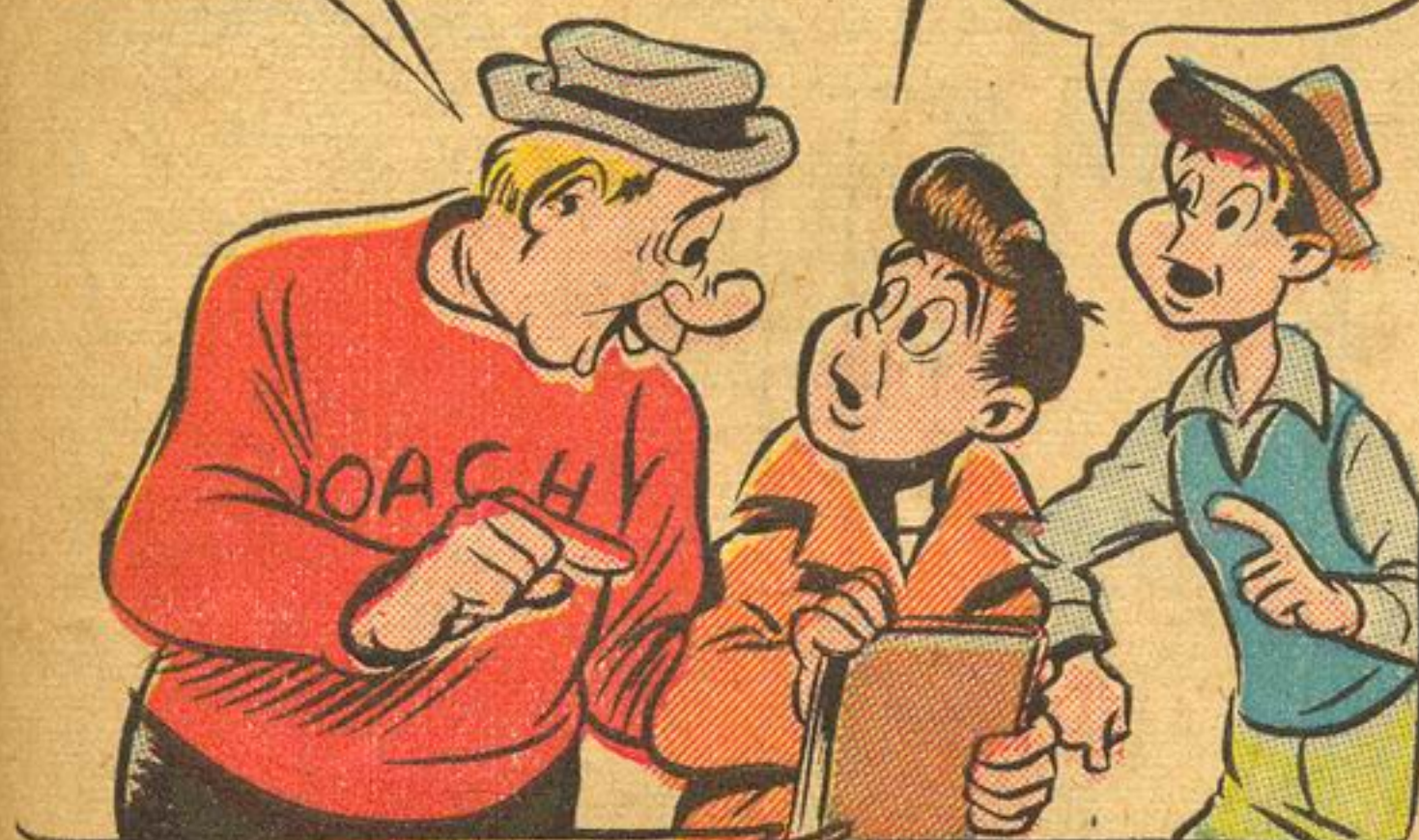
GULP! BUT-BUT I'M TOO SMALL! THOSE BIG CHARACTERS WOULD CRUSH ME!



IS THAT ALL YOU'RE WORRYING ABOUT? WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?-- WHY, MY BOY, THEY'LL NEVER TOUCH YOU! I PUT YOU IN-- YOU KICK A FIELD GOAL-- I YANK YOU OUT AGAIN! GET IT?

WELL, I DON'T KNOW, COACH! I'M ---

COACH, LET ME TALK TO HIM A MINUTE!



YA DOPE! ARE YA FORGETTIN' THAT THE ONE MAKIN' THE MOST POINTS IN THE GAME TOMORROW TAKES ANGELPUSS TO THE HOP?-- THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE-- AND YOU CAN'T GET HURT!

GOSH, THAT'S RIGHT! -- I'LL BEAT THAT HEEL, ZOOT, AT HIS OWN GAME! OKAY-- I'M ON THE VARSITY!

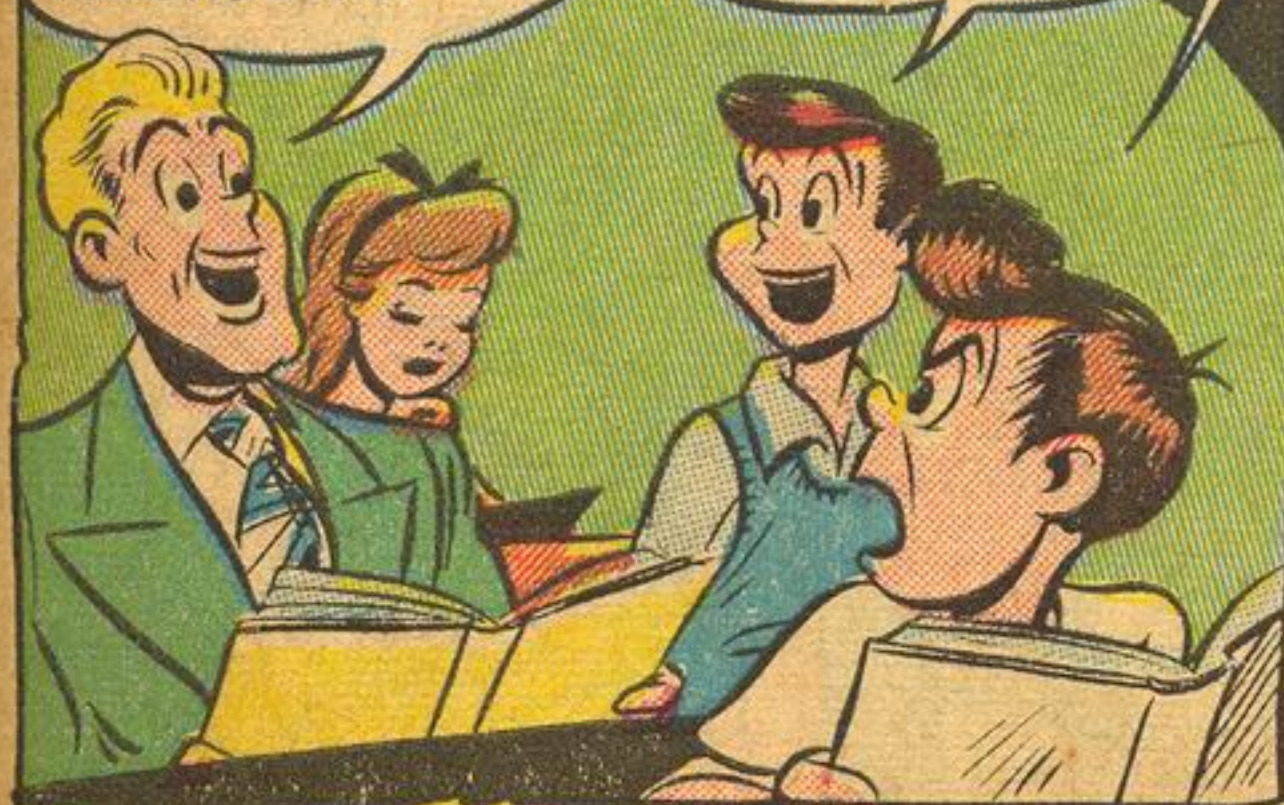


LATER.

CLEVER IDEA OF MINE TO BOOST OUR TEAM MORALE, HUH, SHORT AND UGLY? OF COURSE, ME BEIN' QUARTERBACK, YA KNOW WHOSE NUMBER I'M GONNA CALL WHEN IT'S TIME TO MAKE A TOUCHDOWN!

LET THE OTHER FELLAS DO THE WORK WHILE YOU GET THE GLORY AND THE DATE WITH ANGELPUSS, HUH?

YOU'RE IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE AT PRACTICE LATER, DRACULA!

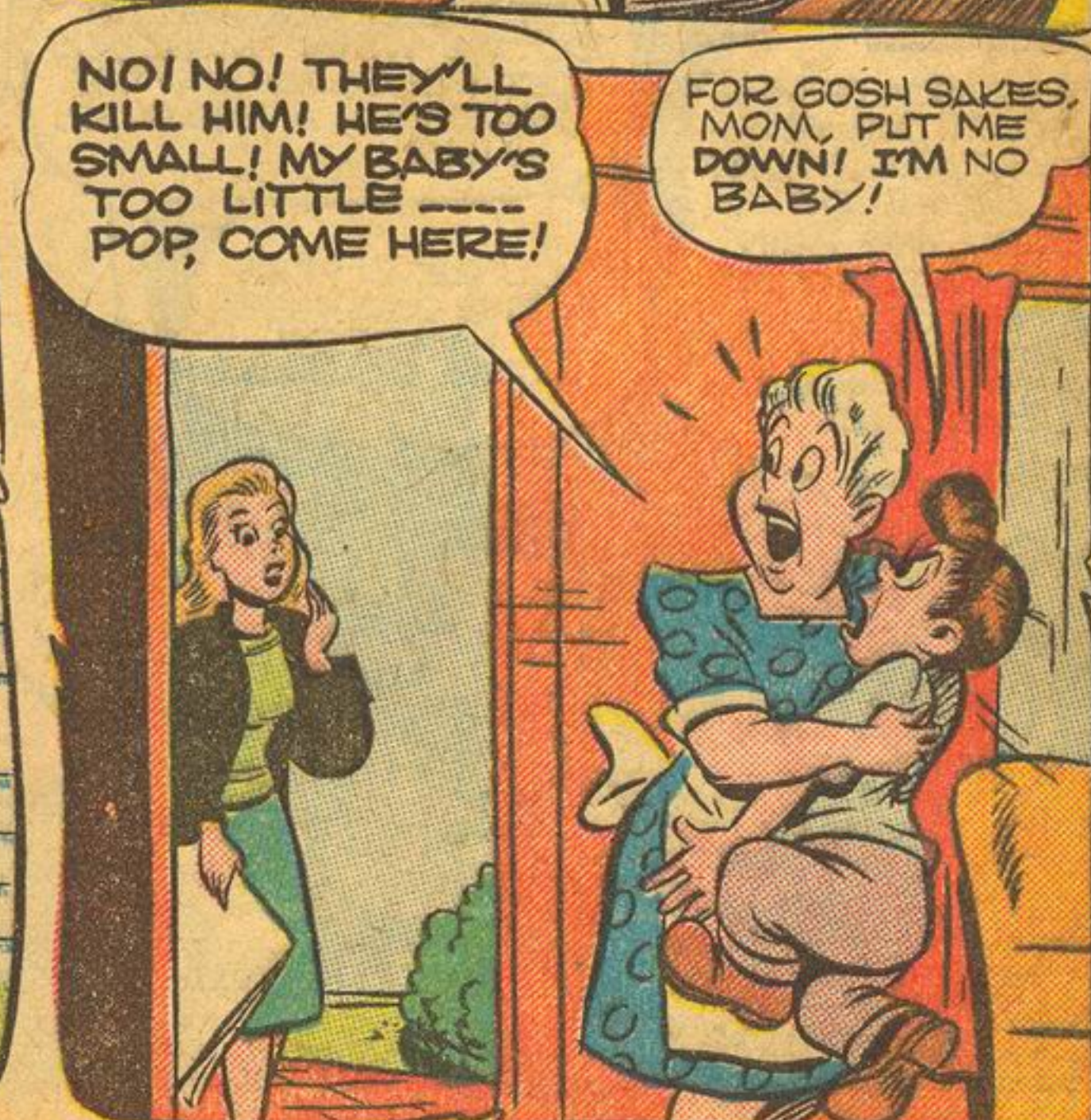


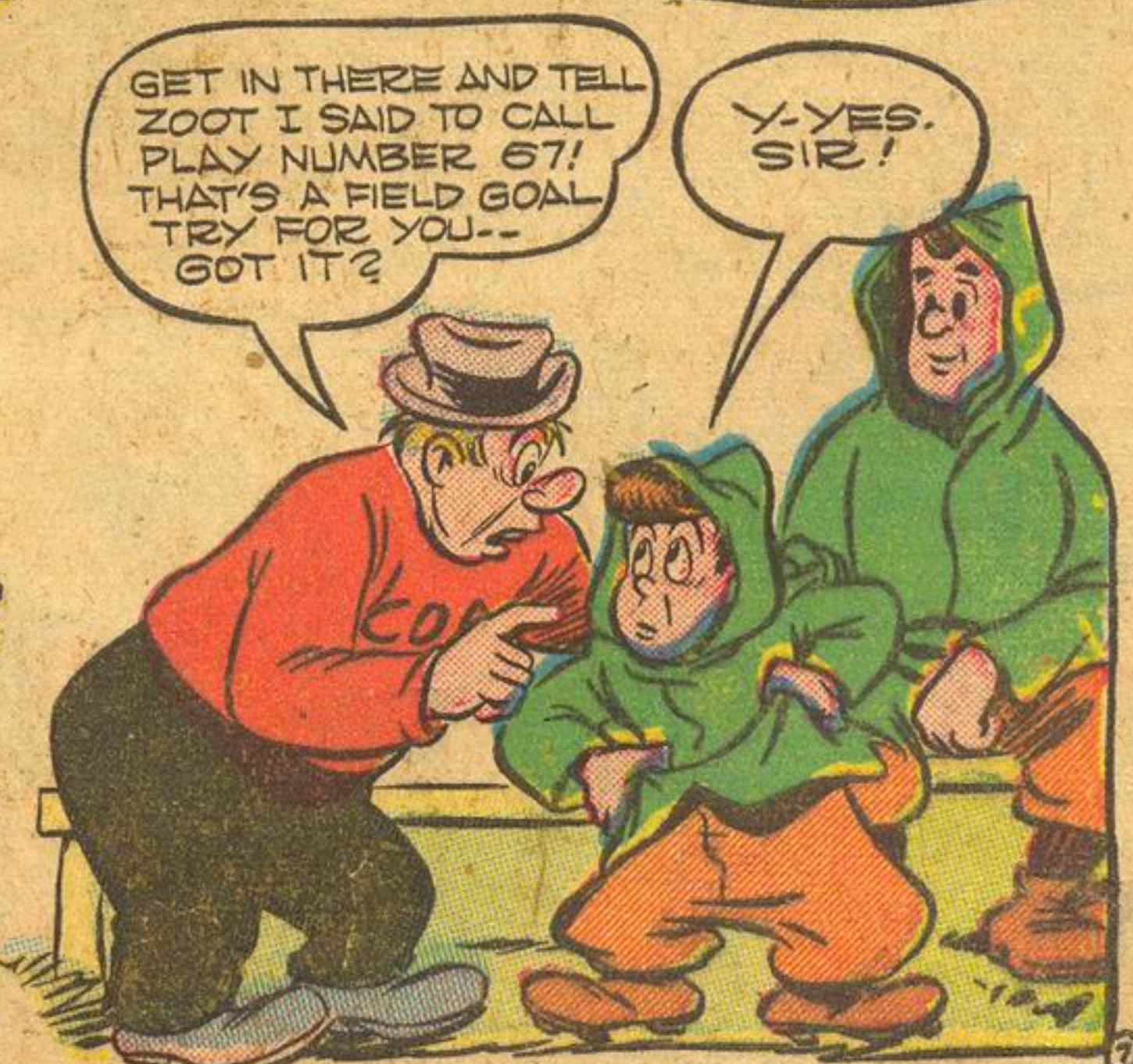
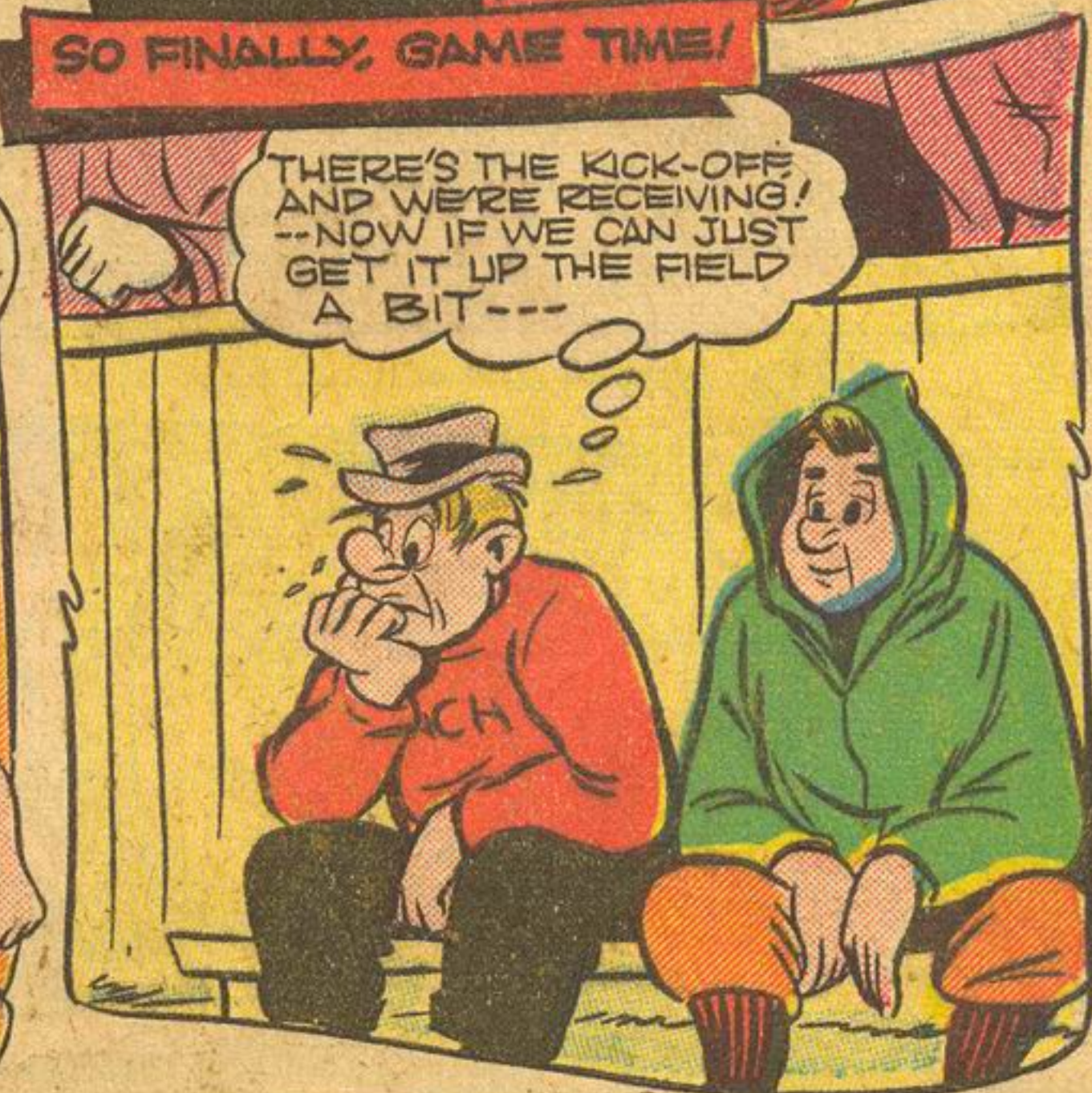
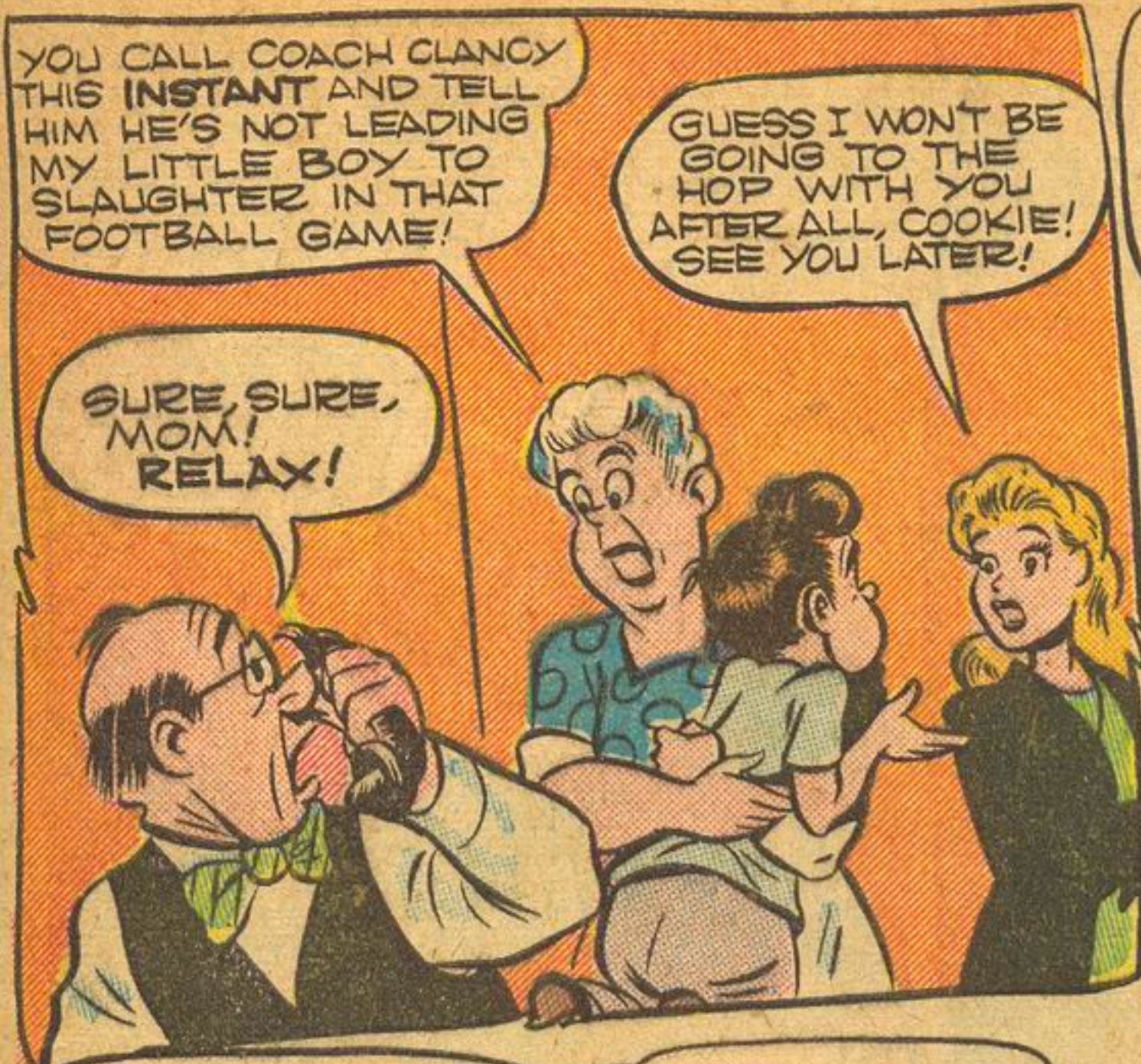
3 O'CLOCK AND THE HARELIP SQUAD IS ON THE FIELD FOR ITS LAST PRACTICE BEFORE THE BIG GAME!

GATHER 'ROUND, FELLAS! I'VE GOT SOME NEWS FOR YOU!

OKAY, COACH!

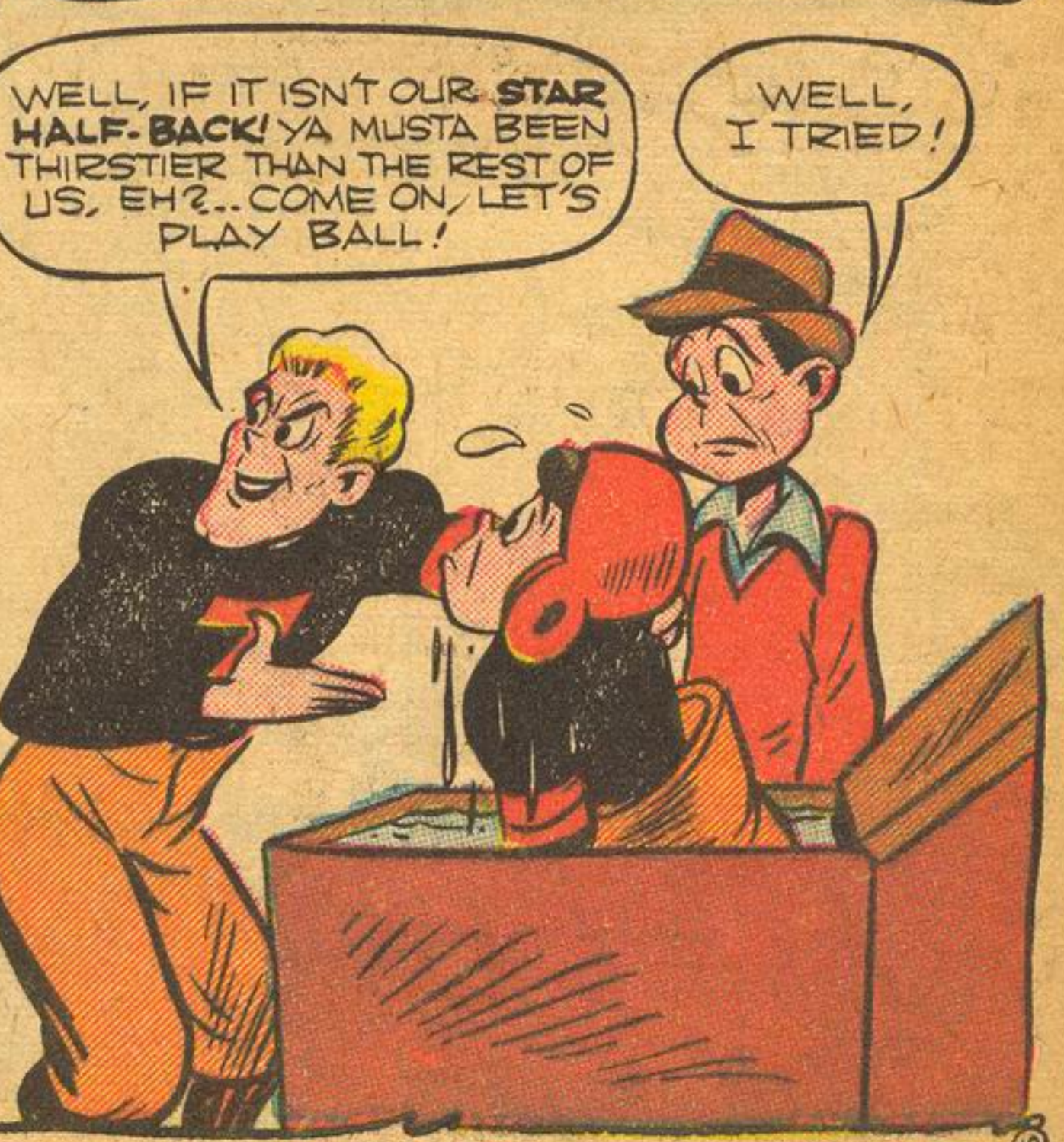
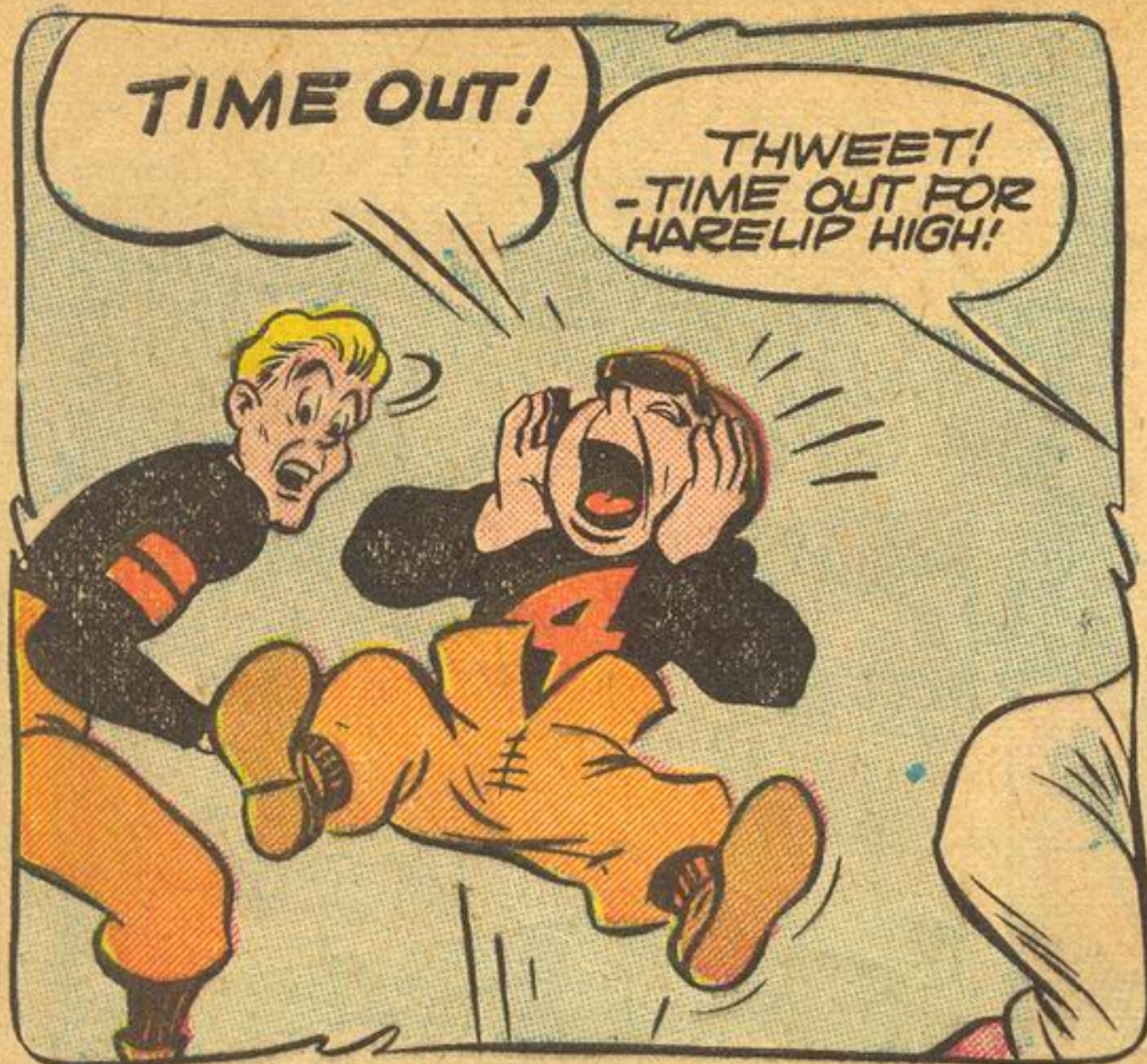


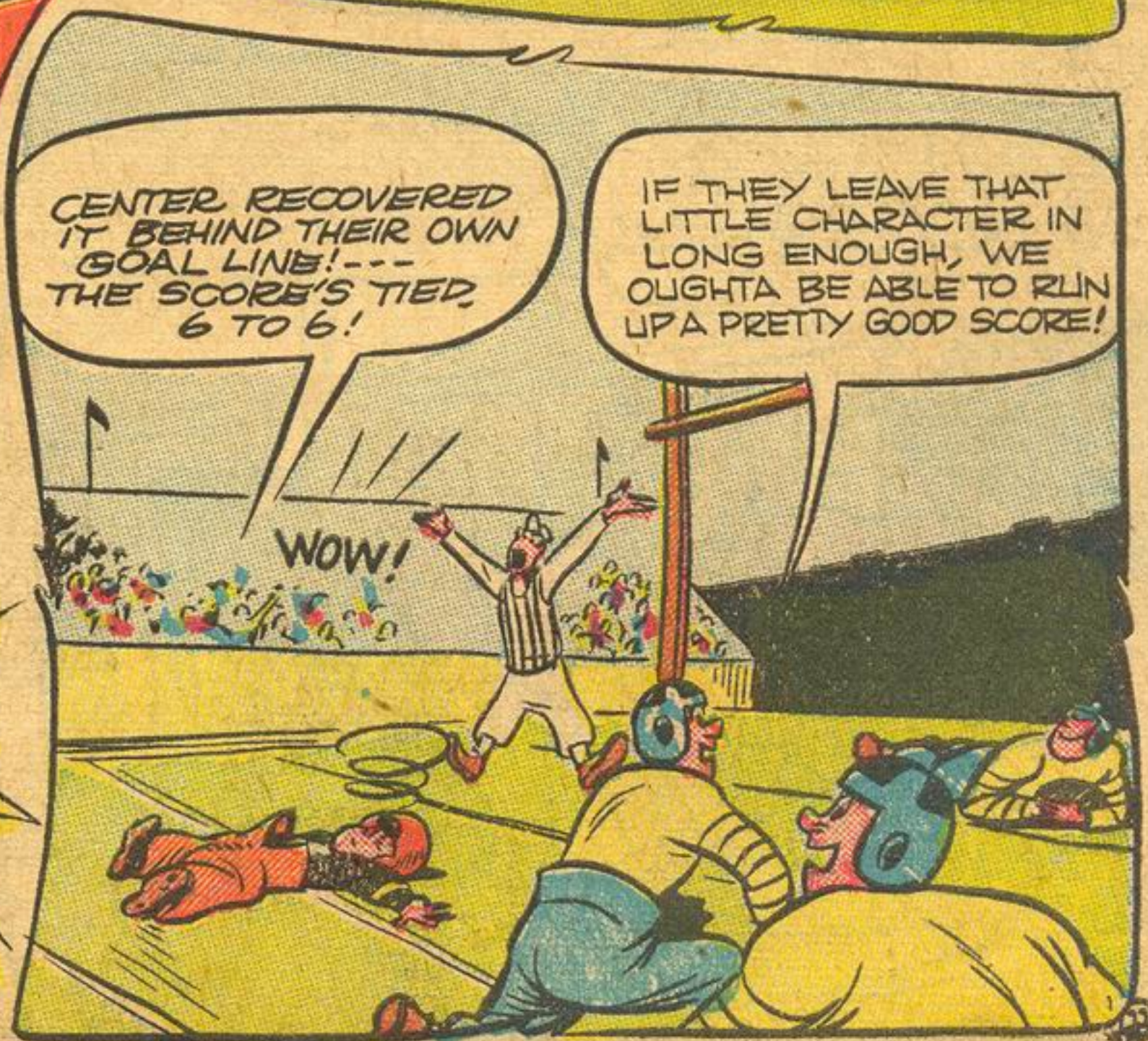


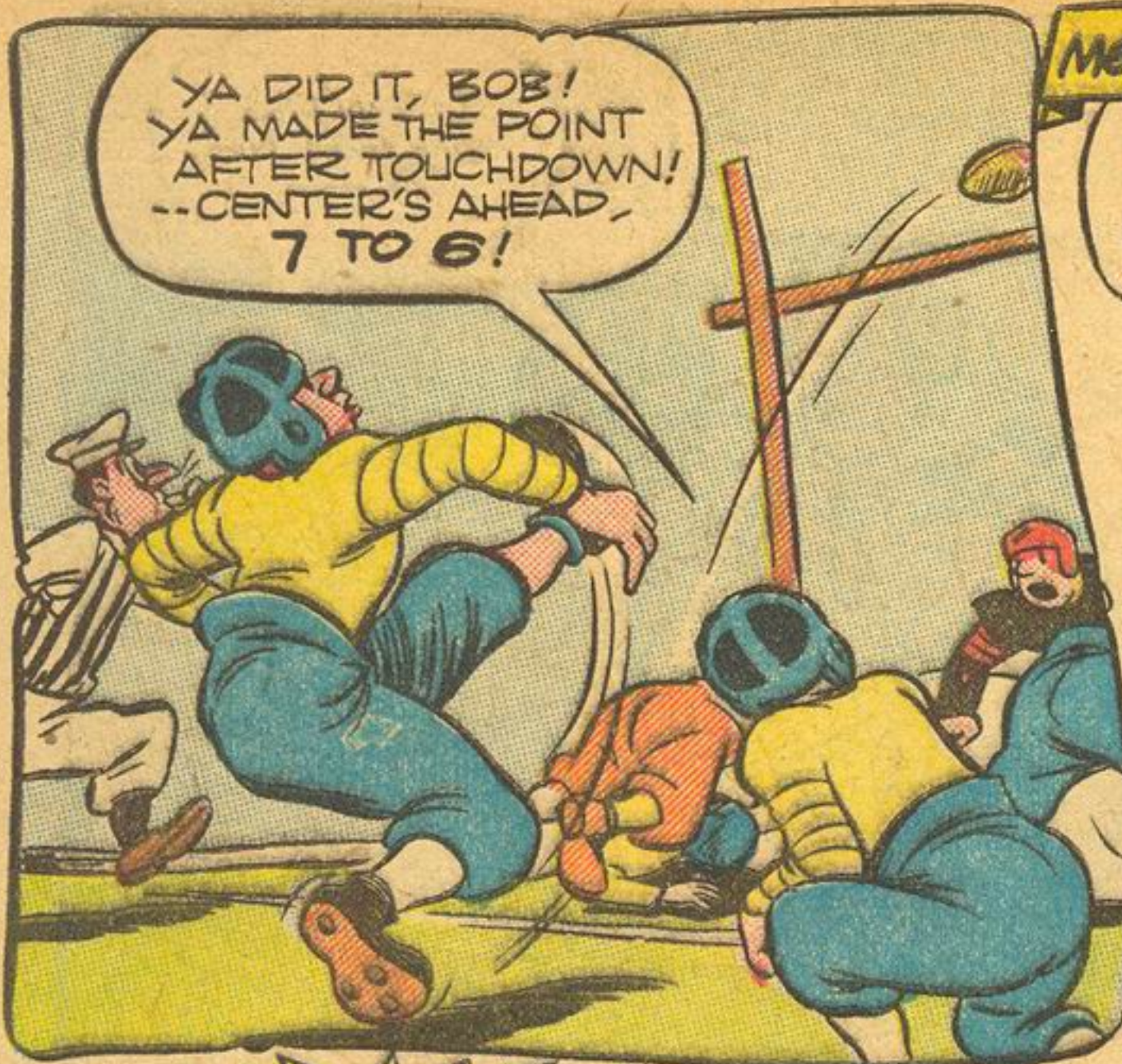










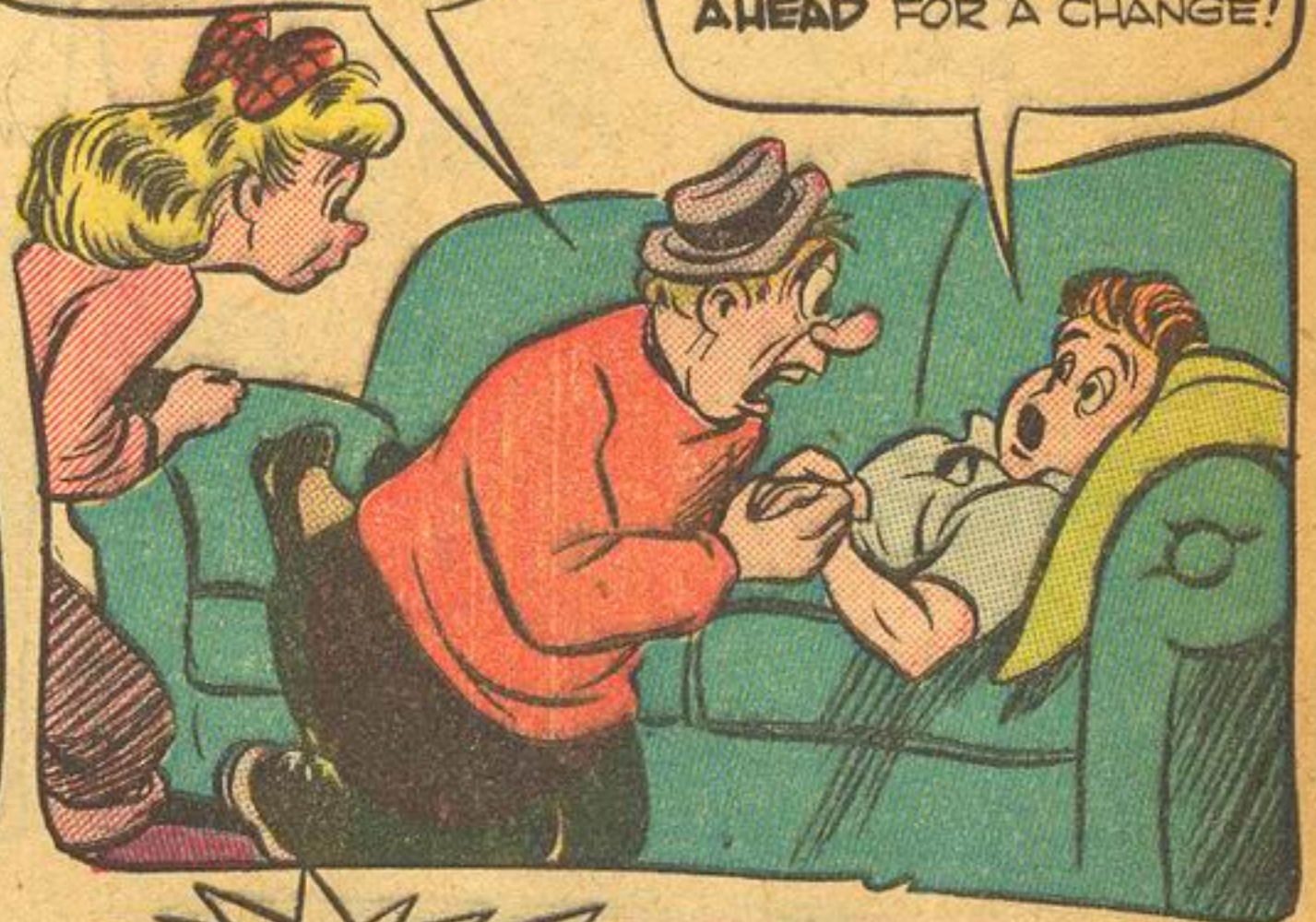


YA DID IT, BOB!
YA MADE THE POINT
AFTER TOUCHDOWN!
--CENTER'S AHEAD,
7 TO 6!

Meanwhile, at Coach Clancy's home.

MARY! MARY!
SPEAK TO ME!--
WHAT HAPPENED?

NOTHING!--I
JUST FAINTED FROM
SHOCK WHEN I HEARD
ON THE RADIO THAT
YOUR TEAM WAS
AHEAD FOR A CHANGE!

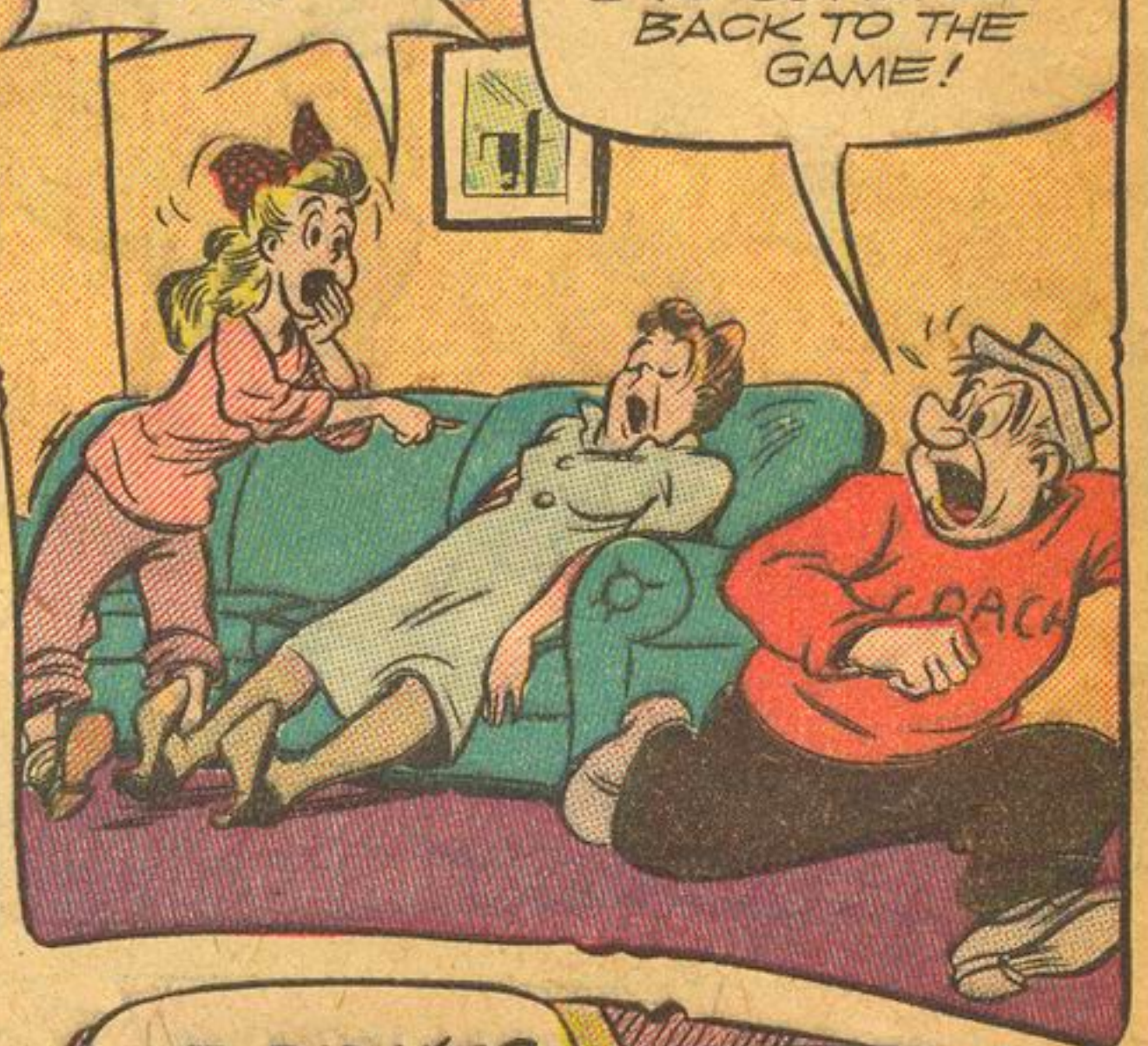


WE'RE STARTING THE SECOND
HALF, FOLKS -- AND HARELIP
HIGH HASN'T HAD A SUBSTITUTION
SINCE THE FIRST QUARTER --
OWING TO THEIR COACH'S
ABSENCE! -- THE SCORE
AGAIN -- **CENTER**
LEADING, 7 TO 6!

WHAT?
YOUR TEAM'S
BEHIND NOW?
OOOH!

POP, MOM'S
HAD ANOTHER
FIT!

SO THROW A GLASS
OF WATER ON HER!
I'VE GOTTA GET
BACK TO THE
GAME!



THANK GOODNESS, I'M IN
TIME! CENTER HASN'T
SCORED ANY MORE ON
US -- IT'S STILL 7 TO 6!
--O'TOOLE, COME HERE!

HE'S NOT ON THE BENCH,
COACH!-- YOU DIDN'T
TAKE HIM OUT BEFORE
YA LEFT!



I DIDN'T?
WE'RE SUNK!
WHAT HOSPITAL
DID THEY TAKE
HIM TO?

NONE! HE'S
STILL OUT
THERE --
SOMEPLACE!





FOR GOSH SAKES, SAY ZOOT!-- HE REFUSES TO CALL MY NUMBER FOR A PLACE KICK-- AND WE'VE STILL GOT TIME FOR A TRY, HALLAHAN, IF YOU CALL '67!

OKAY, COOKIE!-- HALLAHAN IN FOR ZOOT, REF!

THANK YOU! THANK YOU VERY MUCH-- I APPRECIATE YOUR ARRIVING AT A DECISION!-- HALLAHAN FOR ZOOT AT QUARTER!



LOOK! COOKIE COLLAPSED AFTER HIS KICK!

Later--

IT'S-- IT'S ALL MY FAULT, MRS. O'TOOLE! I FORGOT HE WAS IN THERE!-- AND I'VE KICKED ZOOT OFF THE TEAM FOR TRYING TO THROW THE GAME! IS-- IS IT ANYTHING SERIOUS?

MY, NO, COACH! THE DOCTOR SAID HE WAS JUST EXHAUSTED AND BRUISED UP!-- HE'LL ONLY HAVE TO REST FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS!

AND I STILL DON'T GET TO TAKE ANGELPUSS TO THE BIG FOOTBALL DANCE!



That Evening--

MIGHTY SWEET WRITE-UPS THAT BOY OF OURS GOT! I'M PROUD OF HIM-- AND HE SHOULD BE PROUD OF HIMSELF!

IT DOESN'T MEAN A THING TO HIM, NOW THAT HE COULDN'T GO TO THAT FOOTBALL DANCE! POOR BOY! ----- MY, THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!



And So--

WHY, HELLO, ANGEL!

GOOD EVENING, MRS. O'TOOLE! I FIGURED THAT AS LONG AS COOKIE COULDN'T TAKE ME TO THE BIG FOOTBALL DANCE -- WELL-- I DECIDED TO BRING THE CELEBRATION TO HIM!

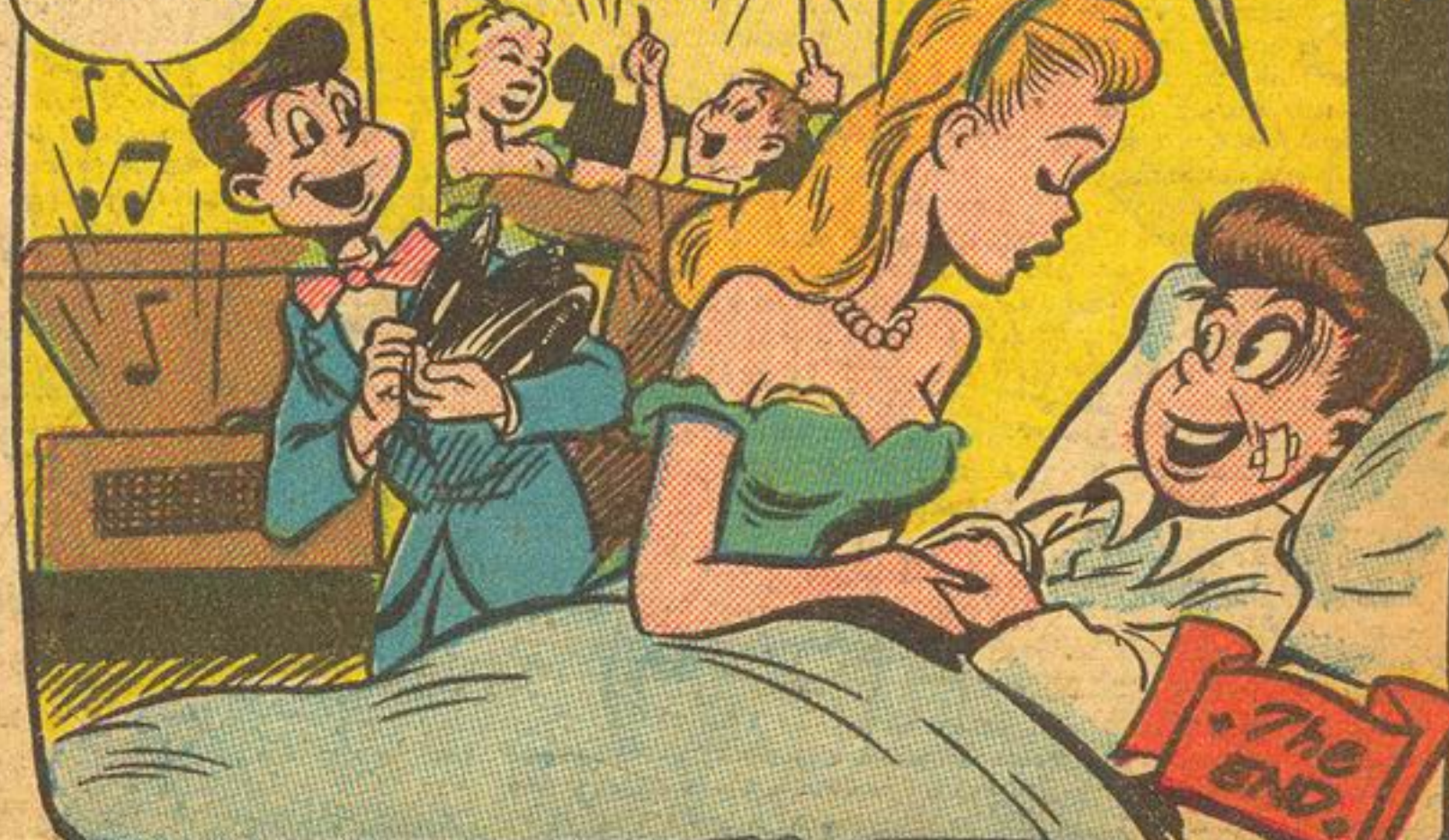
PUT ON THAT DORSEY PLATTER NEXT, HUH, JIT?

IT'S TOO BAD, WE CAN'T DANCE, COOKIE!

AW, I DON'T KNOW--- I LIKE THIS BETTER, ANGELPUSS! --AH--HH!



REET!



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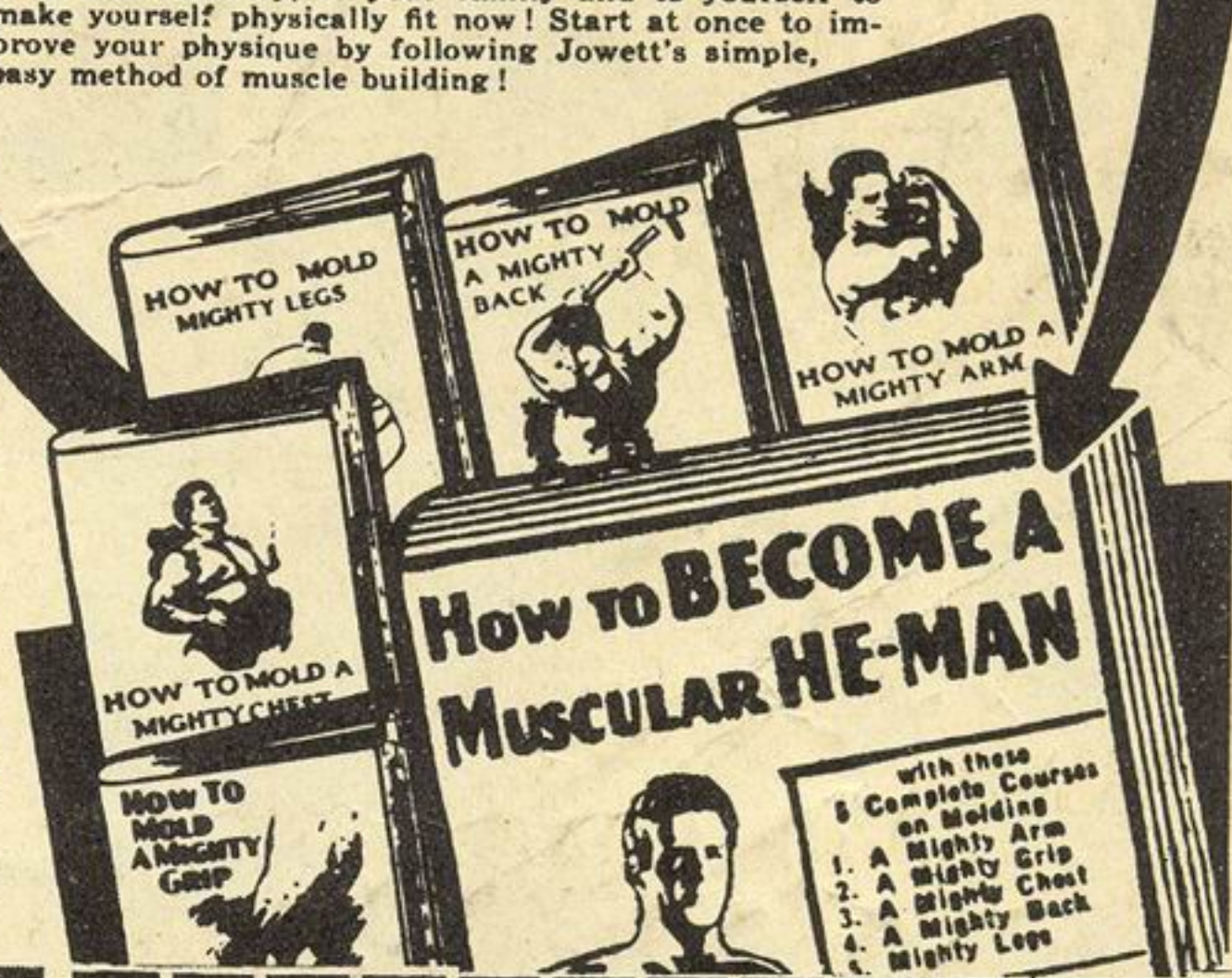


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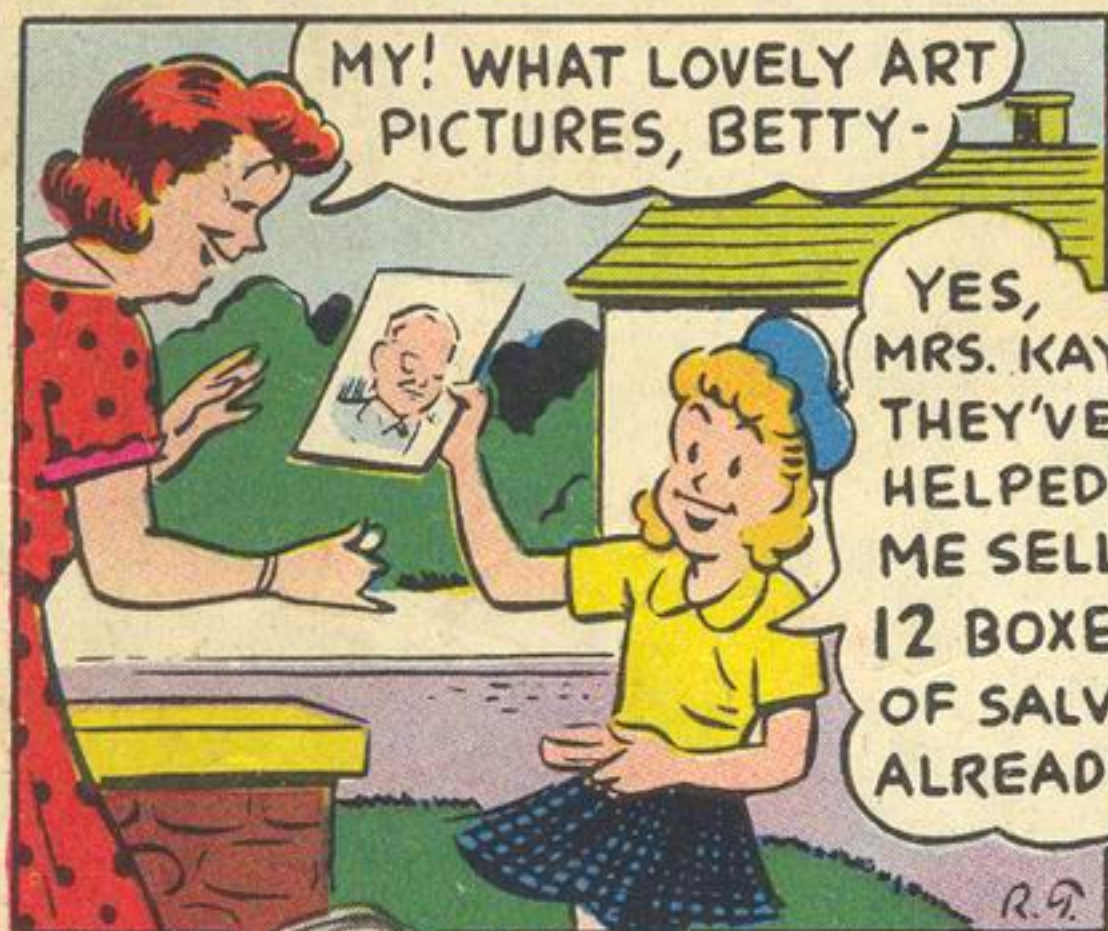
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